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WEARS THE PANTS IN YOUR FAMILY?

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ALSO The True Life Story of Amos 'n' Andy

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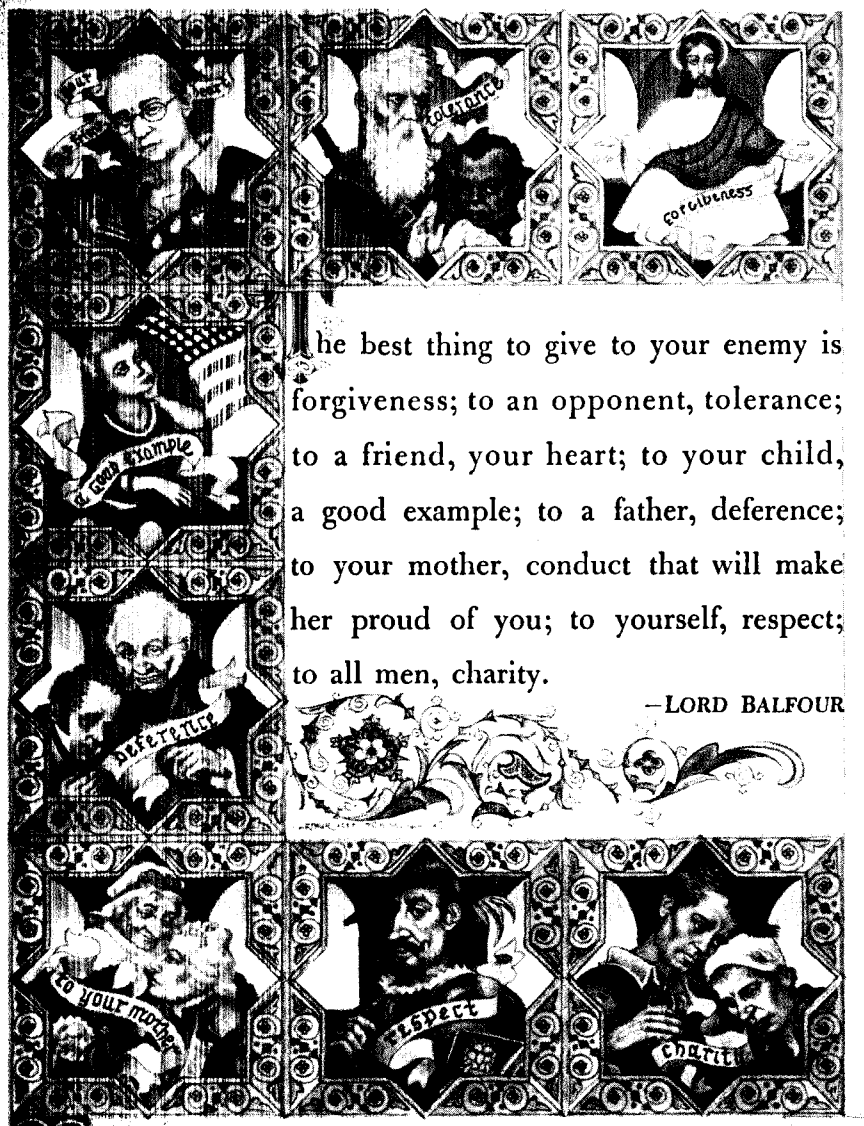

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

—LORD BALFOUR

In his brilliant illumination of this inspired quotation, Arthur Szyk uses eight symbols: religion, U. S. history and art (top row), patriotism, two types of parental love (left column) and medieval and modern times (bottom).

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Coronet

In Memoriam

To An Unknown Little Girl

by JOHN CLEARY

THE LITTLE GIRL NOBODY knew lies in a specially marked grave in Northwood Cemetery in Wilson, Connecticut. The graves of other unidentified victims of the fire which killed 168 people at Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey circus on July 6, 1944, are marked only with numbers. But her innocent face and pathetic story have won her a name: Little Miss 1565.

She was one of six people whose bodies were never identified, but hers was the only face not disfigured. A clear photograph was published in nearly every paper in New England and most of the cities in North America. But no one came forward to claim her.

She was about six years old when the breath of fire stole her life. Six years old, and at a circus! Clowns, animals, acrobats—everything to make a little girl happy—were performing under the Big Top.

A flying-trapeze act occupied the center ring when a twisting little flame ran up one side of the tent and flashed in a growing swirl across the crowd. In ten minutes it was all over. All over, that is, except for stunned parents who stared at blackened little bodies on cots in the State Armory. Hers was there, too. It lay in a long row marked: "Children, female."

Through clothing, rings and scars, the other little girls were identified. But her face was still as serene as when she had gone to bed—somewhere — the night before the circus, to dream, probably, of the parade and the band and what fun it was going to be. Per-

An Announcement

To insure our readers an ever-better magazine, Coronet with this issue opens its pages to a limited number of representative advertisers.

In the face of rising paper and printing costs, this step was necessary to maintain Coronet's high editorial quality without increasing the price of the magazine to subscribers and newsstand buyers.

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haps the fire killed her parents, too. But why didn't some neighbor recognize the picture of the little girl who used to live next door? Or perhaps her parents claimed the wrong body to lay tenderly in the new family burial plot.

Whatever the reason, the picture was shown to every primary and kindergarten teacher in Connecticut and to many in near-by states. Yet nobody knew the little girl.

State police put a tag on her body: she was the 1565th person to be investigated by their identification division. Then two detectives of the Hartford Police Department were assigned to her case. To them she became a personality, and the cold number was too impersonal. They were responsible for her new name, Little Miss 1565.

Then it became known, some time later, that the two men, Detective Sergeant Thomas C. Barber and Detective Edward T. Lowe, were decorating her grave with flowers every holiday. Money began to come in the mail to Hartford police headquarters.

"I want to help buy her a gravestone," people said.

Some letters were touching: the money enclosed was given in memory of a dead child, or raised in some neighborhood across the continent by other children who felt sorry for the little girl.

A gravestone cutter in Paterson, New Jersey, said he would give a gravestone. A Hartford Company matched the generous offer, and eventually six stones had been donated, one for each of the unidentified victims of the circus fire.

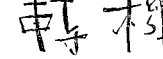
Patricia Murphy of Plainville, Connecticut, chose the stone for the unknown child. She was about the same age as Little Miss 1565 when the fire wiped out her family, leaving her alone except for a baby brother. While notables unashamedly wiped their eyes, Patricia dropped a white rose on one of the stones, and that became the marker for Little Miss 1565.

Her grave will have flowers every holiday forever. The custom begun by the two detectives will be maintained with money sent to buy a tombstone for the child, the fund being administered by the chief of police of Hartford.

So every Memorial Day and every July 6—the day she died—her grave has flowers as beautiful as those on any other grave, and on Christmas, when most little girls (she would be about ten now) are playing with their new toys, Barber and Lowe wade through the snow with a wreath for Little Miss 1565.

It's All in the Point of View

THE CHINESE WRITE the word, *crisis*, with two characters, one of which means "danger" and the other "opportunity."



—*The Speaker's Notebook*, WHITTLESEY HOUSE

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Raw Water

by J. D. RATCLIFF

Those harmless-looking faucets in your home may be carriers of disease and death; it's up to you and your community to end their menace

ORDINARY FAUCET WATER comes in several forms—hot and cold, hard and soft, *and* deadly poisonous. Today, a good portion of the American people are living on the very brink of disaster, for this poisonous kind of water is stealing silently into their homes.

In other lands, Egypt's dreadful visitation of cholera, China's human sacrifice to typhoid, may seem remote to us. But during the war, America's urban populations shot upward while vital improvements to water-supply systems were greatly reduced. As a result, a single slip today might let loose epidemic death upon communities everywhere.

Right now, 79,000,000 Americans are drinking water from antiquated supply systems! But municipal authorities are reluctant to act, since citizens are supposed to dislike the bond issues generally required to pay for a safe water supply. Obviously these authorities reason that a man would rather risk illness and death than have his tax rate hoisted a few pennies.

In many instances the country's water plants are little better than Old Oaken Bucket systems. Many rivers, creeks, ponds and lakes which supply drinking water are simply open sewers. Unpleasant as the thought may be, one town drinks sewage from the next up-river town; it, in turn, dumps its own wastes in the stream to slake the thirst of people downstream.

Coastal towns, which pour sewage into the ocean, have one slight advantage: they don't drink the water they help to contaminate. At worst, they merely soil the shore areas which might offer healthful recreation. Los Angeles has done this on a grand scale. As a result, ten miles of her beaches have been closed to swimmers as unsafe.

New York is an even worse offender. The city empties 500 *million* gallons of raw or inadequately treated sewage into the harbor *each day*. Result? The water is so contaminated that scores of profitable oyster beds in near-by waters have

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been abandoned. Plant and animal life has been destroyed to a point where New York Harbor today is virtually a biological desert. Even the hardy teredo—the "shipworm" which withstands almost anything—can't live here.

Waters at near-by beaches are so contaminated that swimming is risky. Bacterial counts at Coney Island, for example, show 24,000 sewage germs per quart. For comparison, note that the State Health Department considers 51 sewage bacteria per quart the maximum allowable in public swimming pools.

An alarming situation? It is indeed—particularly when we remember that safe drinking water and safe sewage disposal are minimum sanitary requirements for *every* family. Yet when unpleasant facts are presented, everyone has a tendency to assume that they don't concern *him*. The next town may have bad water, but not *his*.

The U. S. Public Health Service takes a healthy swipe at such self-delusion. In a nation-wide survey made last year, it noted that thousands of water and sewage plants were in bad shape before the war. With labor and materials critically short for four years, many of them fell into ramshackle condition.

The survey disclosed that 100,000,000 people—70 per cent of the nation—require better water and sewerage service *immediately*. The job is a big one. It will cost $7.8 billion—or the approximate value of common stocks in all U. S. railroads. Of this staggering sum, $2.2 billion must be spent for safer water supplies; $3.7 billion for sewerage facilities; the balance for waste disposal and disposal plants.

Perhaps we think this expenditure can wait. But many communities have waited—too long. Kaysville, Utah, is a case in point. The water supply was inadequately guarded, and there were too few checks on bacterial contaminations. Eventually, sewage got into the system and was piped into homes. One hundred and seventeen people fell ill with typhoid.

The same thing happened at Washington Crossing, New Jersey, when someone dug a cesspool too near the wells from which the town drew its water. There were 17 cases of typhoid, and two deaths.

Mitchell, Indiana, had an explosive outbreak of dysentery—310 cases—when the water supply was inadequately purified; and a slip in plant operation gave Gadsden, Alabama, some 10,000 cases of gastroenteritis.

Do such things happen only in small towns? Look at a typhoid outbreak in Washington, D. C. Eight people contracted the disease after drinking water from a well. A blindfolded public-health man could have found the cause: a box privy 25 feet away!

Perhaps you associate such primitive sanitary arrangements with the Ozarks or the Kentucky hills. But open outhouses are still used by one out of every nine people in the nation's capital!

These incidents are random examples of 70-odd outbreaks of waterborne diseases that have occurred since 1940. They aren't cited to indicate that you risk disease or death every time you draw water from the kitchen tap. But they do shout one message: hundreds of towns have decrepit water-

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supply systems, with inadequate safeguards for health.

Not one person in a thousand knows what goes on at his local water plant. The citizen may boast about his parks, municipal buildings, industries—but knows nothing about the purity of the water drunk by himself, his wife and children. If *clear* water issues from taps in his home he is satisfied.

If faucets deliver an occasional tadpole or bit of organic matter—as they frequently do in some cities—he is alarmed. But the truth is this: clear water can be just as grossly contaminated as obviously dirty water.

Some cities do nothing to the water in their supply systems. They drink creek, well or pond water. The ways in which creek and pond might become contaminated are apparent. But everyone thinks of well water as safe. Yet Harrodsburg, Kentucky, didn't find it so. Wells became contaminated and 106 people came down with typhoid. Nine of them died.

ONE OF THE SAFEST rules for a community to follow is this: chlorine should be added to water, no matter what the source of supply. This biting erosive gas has the magical power to murder microbes, even though it is added to water in the most minute amounts. People sometimes complain about the unpleasant taste—but that taste denotes safety.

Most epidemics occur where people *think* they have safe, pure water. When the source is such a highly contaminated stream as the Ohio—little better than an open sewer for a thousand of its 1,283 miles—water suppliers are on a night-and-day alert. Water treatment becomes an elaborate procedure.

Water is held on an average of four hours in settling tanks to allow silt to sink. Then it is filtered either by fast mechanical filters or slow sand filters. This step removes up to 98 per cent of the bacteria present. A chlorine solution added to the filtered water takes care of the rest.

Despite such precautions, microbes will slip past, as happened in the Ohio Valley in 1930. A disease marked by diarrhea and abdominal cramps struck tens of thousands of people. It was diagnosed as "intestinal influenza"—a good way of saying that physicians did not know what it was.

Accidental and mechanical troubles sometimes occur in pumping plants, sending contaminated water into municipal systems. When this occurs, officials rush to the radio to drone the message "Boil water!"—and to the long-distance telephone to order typhoid vaccine. Such a slip occurred in Rochester, New York: 35,000 people became ill.

If the picture seems too black, note that some cities have done fine jobs in providing pure water, such as Wheeling, West Virginia, which draws supplies from the upper Ohio, a dumping ground for the Pittsburgh area.

Wheeling wisely recognized a point forgotten in many communities: each year it would face increasing contamination. So the city laid long-range plans, kept its plant in a state of flux. Today Wheeling uses almost all the purification steps that are known—and provides top-grade water to its citizens.

The wisdom of such procedure

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can be appreciated by looking at the type of havoc that water spreads. In the Orient, cholera is the chief danger; in this country, it is typhoid and paratyphoid—the disease which accounted for 86 per cent of all deaths in the Spanish-American War; and which invalided home 31,000 British troops during the Boer War. At the turn of the century, typhoid killed more than 30,000 Americans a year.

Drinking water also spreads amoebic dysentery (which made a deadly pass at Chicago during the Century of Progress Exposition there), bacillary dysentery, and a less-serious disease, gastroenteritis. Swimming in polluted water causes eye, ear, nose and throat infections.

New evidence indicates that polluted water may be a prime source of infantile paralysis. Years ago researchers noted the tendency of this disease to follow "river valley patterns." More lately they have collected evidence indicating the virus is contained in intestinal discharges.

One group of workers, checking a branch sewer in Charleston, South Carolina, discovered enough virus passed through each *minute* to give polio to 18,000 monkeys! A trunk sewer in New York was checked—one which serviced 600,000 people. In this vast group, there were but four known cases of polio—yet virus was easily recovered from the sewer. If this virus remained safely confined to sewers there would be no cause for alarm. But it doesn't. Sewers have to empty somewhere.

So far, evidence that sewage spreads polio is circumstantial. But last summer in Wilmington, Delaware, six children got the disease. Three had been wading near a sewer mouth. In Perrysburg, Ohio, children swam in a contaminated creek—and came down with polio.

AT TIMES OUR WATER supply is contaminated by criminally careless individuals. One Washington suburb which mushroomed during the war built a sewerage system, emptied it into a creek from which a town of 25,000 only a dozen miles away drew drinking water!

Any community would rise in wrath against a well-poisoner who caused sickness and death. Yet we tolerate the grand-scale water-poisoning practiced by our cities.

A coldly practical person might argue against an increase in a city's bonded indebtedness when the chief beneficiaries would be strangers in down-river towns. Many states have circumvented this attitude by demanding that *all* towns treat sewage to render it harmless. In other instances, states have banded in regional groups to insure pure water for their people. Yet at the same time, six states have no agencies to enforce their laws governing waste disposal.

The ultimate solution, of course, would be to turn nation-wide control over to the Federal government. Surgeon-General Thomas Parran of the U. S. Public Health Service sums up the case: "The American people should not continue to tolerate the present gross pollution of public waters."

Industry also shares responsibility for stream contamination, which has killed off wild life, blighted recreation areas and endangered water supplies. Acid wastes from industry corrode dams,

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hasten rusting of boats, damage bridge piers. Yet in dozens of instances where an industry, wishing to be a good neighbor, has built its own sewage disposal plant, the city has taxed the plant as a capital improvement!

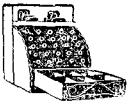
A number of cities which have built large disposal plants have found ways of making them pay part of their cost. Gas which bubbles off collector tanks is used to provide heat and power for the plant. Other alert cities collect organic wastes from tanks, sterilize the wastes, bag them and sell them as fertilizers.

The job facing the nation in supplying people with two basic essentials of decent life—good water and safe sewage disposal—is enormous. We boast of gleaming bathrooms, yet 1,000,000 American homes are still served by privies. Another 800,000 homes lack even this primitive convenience. Even so, the danger in rural areas is dwarfed by problems facing large cities and industrialized areas.

New York may proudly talk of its vast aqueduct system which brings water from the Catskills, 100 miles away, but it still needs a billion dollars' worth of disposal plants. Detroit must spend $150,000,000, Pittsburgh and Allegheny County $80,000,000, and Philadelphia a whopping $450,000,000.

To delay these jobs is to court disaster. The price for a limping home-building program is discomfort; for a delayed road construction program, inconvenience. But for failure to provide pure water and safe sewage disposal, the penalty is disease and death.

These Changing Times



A HOUSEWIFE IN NORFOLK, Virginia, was feeling pretty lucky recently when she thought she had her servant problem settled. She had arranged for a woman to come in twice a week and help with the cleaning.

When the maid arrived about 9:30 one morning, the lady of the house was cooking breakfast. Assuming that the maid would like to eat before starting work, the housewife prepared an extra portion of eggs, bacon and hot biscuits.

"When you finish breakfast," she said, "wash these few dishes before scrubbing the kitchen."

"Lady," the maid announced, "I don't do any scrubbing."

The housewife was a little taken aback but decided it was best not to argue. Instead, she suggested, "Well, wash them before you start cleaning the bathroom."

"Lady, I told you I don't do any scrubbing," retorted the helper.

"You mean," the lady gasped, "you'd come to my house, sit down to a good breakfast and still not give me a good day's work—at the salary I agreed to pay you?"

"Well, lady," the maid reasoned, "that *was* a pretty good breakfast. I guess it'd have cost me say about 75 cents downtown."

With that she took 75 cents from her purse and laid it on the table. Then, adding a ten-cent tip, she marched out. —*Virginian-Pilot*

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Who Wears the Pants in *Your* Family?

by MARYNIA F. FARNHAM, M. D.

WHEN OSCAR WILDE quipped that "All men are married women's property," he didn't realize that within a few decades his words would become a grim reality. Today, the American husband is a sad imitation of the once-dominant male. Instead of being the fountainhead of authority in the home, he is more often than not a timid, cringing, henpecked spouse, afraid to assert either his desires or his prerogatives.

Here is a stirring challenge to henpecked husbands to assert themselves and escape domination by their wives

Of course, some husbands are allowed more freedom than others; but most of them represent a faded dream of American manhood. I know one husband, a professor, who is not allowed to walk on the living-room rug except when company is present. I know another who is not allowed to smoke cigars in the home, except behind the closed door of his bedroom. And there is still another who is granted one night *every three months* to go out on his own and play poker or bowl with "the boys."

But the most pathetic "masterful male" I know is a prosperous textile executive whom I will call George. He is married to an ex-singer who went through two husbands before age started overtaking her. Then she looked for a snug financial haven—and George was it.

Soon after the marriage she took charge of George and has had him on the run ever since. She re-landscapes every home that George buys for her—but he does the work, under her supervision. One day last summer, when he stopped to chat with a neighbor, she allowed him a couple of minutes of leisure. Then she called out crisply: "All right, George. Time to get back to work!"

Like George, hundreds of thousands of husbands have seen their wives usurp powers and prerogatives that were once considered the male's. The pushing and shoving often begins right at the altar when the blushing bride insists on a double-ring ceremony. Feminists have circulated the story that the ring formerly symbolized bondage of the woman to the man. So today's brides thrust a ring on the hapless male's finger and murmur triumphantly to themselves: "If I'm bound, you are too!"

These brides make a fetish of changing the word "obey" to "cherish" in the marriage ceremony. To give notice that they are not going to be bossed, they may

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retain their maiden names or generously combine their name with the husband's. They also let the husbands know, in various ways, that if everything in the new home doesn't turn out perfectly, they won't hesitate to pack up and go back to their old job where they were really appreciated.

RESEARCHERS AT PENN STATE, under the direction of Dr. Clifford Adams, recently asked several hundred men what they really thought about their wives. More than a third of these ever-loving husbands complained that their wives were continually trying to improve them; one in eight described his wife as a chronic nagger; one in five said the little woman made his life miserable by being fussy about keeping *her* house neat; and almost two-thirds said their wives expected too much or were trigger-quick in taking offense.

That survey is a pretty good indication of how "masterful" husbands are today. Many a wife, with the best intentions of course, progressively acquires domination over her spouse, continually calling on her husband to demonstrate his love and gallantry. If he hurries to please her, she soon takes charge. If he resists, she becomes demanding.

Meanwhile, the American wife is being supported in her drive for domination by the big women's magazines. Men ought to read these magazines to find out what the opposition is up to. In a recent issue of one of the largest and most influential, I came across a test entitled, "Do You Have a Good Husband?" I learned that the good husband is one who is eager to help around the house, is at all times punctual for meals, is ever anxious to "make up" a domestic quarrel, and never, never threatens to strike the helpless little lady.

Then I came upon an astounding article entitled "How to Bring Up a Husband." This one gets right to the point:

"New husbands are like bear cubs. They mean well, but are apt to be unruly, self-centered and playfully indifferent to their responsibilities. The understanding bride eases her man into habit-patterns that make him a tolerable person to live with.

"Every woman knows that the husband worth prizing is one who is helpful, considerate, appreciative and *home-broken*. (The italics are mine!) Girls tend to be cool-headed realists, whereas men are the incurable romantics who enter marriage in a happy glow."

This is fortunate, the magazine observes, because that makes the unwary new husband receptive to "the lessons he needs to learn." The most important is "imbuing him with a desire to please you. An adroit wife praises her husband for every thoughtful, helpful act. After he is properly *conditioned* (again the italics are mine), misbehavior is often discouraged (merely) by withholding praise."

The article outlined other lessons that the calculating bride gets her newly trapped husband conditioned to fast. For example:

"Training him to be helpful."

"Encouraging him to want to be with you."

"Training him to be neat."

By the time our hapless husband

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gets over his "happy glow" he undoubtedly feels about as manly as Samson did when he woke up!

No wonder the average American husband becomes resigned to his domesticated role, and even stops twitching when he hears his wife casually referring day after day to "my living room," "my children" or "my house." In fact, the great majority of husbands—henpecked or otherwise—find that home authority passed from their hands soon after marriage.

For example, consider the husband who returns home from a hard day's work, only to learn that he and the wife are going to the Whimples to play gin rummy.

"Oh, my God, not *them* again!" he moans. "You know I can't stand that fathead Wilbur!" But off he trudges, overdrinks to numb himself against the evening, and has a hang-over next morning.

Ask any husband to name the ten couples with whom he and his wife associate the most. Invariably he will find that he originally met at least seven of the ten through his wife. And if he lives in the suburbs, the proportion is nine in ten.

Likewise, if the average husband looks at the family library or magazine rack or record albums, he will realize how thoroughly the average wife sets the cultural and intellectual tone of the home. Elsewhere in the house the predominant influence of the wife is even more apparent. Who selects the furniture, the color scheme, the clothes the family wears, the food it eats?

Actually, the poor little American woman who feels so sorry for herself is coming to dominate most of our culture through her role as purchasing agent for the family. It is the women who buy approximately 85 per cent of all that is sold in U. S. stores. Even our once-masculine automobiles are becoming increasingly feminized as women take over the selection of the family chariot.

TODAY, WHEN THE FAMILY needs a cradle, the prospective mama goes to a store and buys it. In the old days, papa used to make it with his own hands. This cradle business nicely illustrates how men have lost their dominant role in the American home.

A century ago, the father was a competent craftsman whose center of work was in or near the home. He was at the table for the noonday meal, and so could provide his sons with a clear picture of what a proper man was like. They served their apprenticeship under him and often adopted his career. The mother reigned in the nurturing activities of the home.

That nice balance of power was disastrously upset with the destruction of the self-contained traditional home by the Industrial Revolution. Husbands began traveling to their places of work, and usually worked for somebody else. Today, the average father is away so much of the time that he has become a pale image to his children.

Meanwhile, the Industrial Revolution made the home more compact and efficient. The housewife today has electrical gadgets to simplify housework. As a result, she is more isolated, more idle. To ease her feelings of boredom and inadequacy she reaches out for power, gradually coming to regard the

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home and everything in it as her own property.

This female domination from cradle to grave has had an unmistakable effect on American manhood. In millions of homes today the mother is a real matriarch, the supreme power, even though the husband is humored and shown certain traditional deferences. Frequently she speaks for the family in community affairs: she makes the contributions to charities and attends town meetings as the family's representative.

There is a psychological reason for this situation, and basically it is this: modern woman, feeling the void left by the destruction of the traditional home, began to make attempts at restitution in the form of rivalry and challenge toward men. Thus, as women have assumed more and more male privileges, their femininity has lessened. In this is the essence of Feminism.

Outwardly strong and self-reliant, these women have attracted to themselves men of impaired strength and maleness, usually ones who were reared by a domineering mother in a home where the father was seldom present. This kind of upbringing is likely to leave a subtle stamp on a boy. He will find that the greatest approval comes from keeping his hands clean and playing the piano, rather than from working with hammer and nails.

The result of this female domination is that increasing numbers of American youths are growing up to be inadequate males, as revealed during the war when so many young men had to be rejected because their mothers had made neurotics of them. When such a neurotic becomes a husband and finds that he is "henpecked," he begins feeling incompetent, and has a guilty sense of being unable to guide his family affairs wisely.

A man needs to feel he has a wife who is happy in providing affection and devotion, a wife who encourages and supports his manliness instead of challenging or dominating him. When he finds his wife has become a covert or open rival, his emotional integrity is seriously disturbed.

To keep himself physically afloat under such circumstances, he often resorts to fantastic overstriving in his vocational life and may even become an enormous success—away from home. If he is of a bolder nature, he may turn to another (and more soothing) woman—or join the more than 50,000 American husbands who go over the hill in desertion every year.

Meantime, the dominant wife may satisfy her ego requirements yet will suffer just as keenly as the husband. Typically, she is maladjusted to start with, but by choosing to be a rival she virtually eliminates the possibility of obtaining satisfaction from her marital relationship. The more she denies her femininity, the less capacity she has for tenderness and sensuality, which together add up to love.

Our era has many indications of being one in which relations between men and women on the sexual side are frustrating and unsatisfactory. Despite our emphasis on sex in movies, billboards and periodicals, ours is probably the least sensual age in history. Much of what passes for sexual activity amounts emotionally to nothing

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more than the working out of drives to dominate, conquer, humiliate, abuse, rival, defy, and the like.

Very often today, the man and wife appear to me to be walking down two parallel corridors with glass between. There is little real communication. She thinks the man is stubborn; and he thinks that she is trying to get something away from him—his male power.

Any attempt to return American marriage to a harmonious basis involves reestablishing the kind of home that will be a real home for the whole family and restore to wives their lost feelings of self-esteem. Only in that way can the relations between men and women be brought back to proper balance.

In "The War Between Men and Women," James Thurber climaxed his series by showing women lined up in formation on horses, facing their male adversaries. The lady generalissimo was surrendering her baseball bat to the general of the males. Now I wouldn't go so far as to suggest official capitulation, but I do think that everybody would be a lot happier if our women executed a quiet retreat from some of their advanced and indefensible positions while they may still do so gracefully.

In the average American home, a majority vote on issues is not always possible. In the event of divided opinion, sovereignty must be vested in someone. And it is a well-established fact that the happiest homes are the ones in which firm, self-reliant husbands have the final say.

When Coronet from time to time presents controversial articles (like "The Tragic Failure of America's Women" in the September issue), our readers respond generously with pro-and-con letters. Now, in the above article, another subject has been presented for lively debate. But in anticipation of widespread reader reaction, we would like to announce that, in an early issue, another author will defend the American husband against Dr. Farnham's challenging attack.

—THE EDITORS

Proper Nouns

During the war, a man in Jerusalem named Messerschmidt disliked his name so much that he applied to his government to have it changed. He wanted to be known as Spitfire.

•

In November, 1944, out in Los Angeles, Mrs. Pearl O. Harbour joined the Wac.

•

In 1942, a man in Union, South Carolina, went to register his hour-old daughter for a sugar ration book. He gave the baby's name as Sugar MacArthur.

—BEN CAPPS

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The Coming Revolution In Textiles

by MADELYN WOOD

YOU ARE DRIVING along a highway at night, peering into the darkness, when suddenly your headlights pick out a blur right ahead. A pedestrian! You jam on the brakes, try to swerve. Maybe you succeed, maybe you don't. Every year such tragic accidents cost the lives of thousands.

Our laboratory scientists are doing amazing things with old and new fabrics to make you more comfortable

Surprisingly enough, the textile industry has come up with a solution to this problem of protecting pedestrians at night. The answer: luminous fabrics. In daylight they look ordinary enough, but at night they glow blue or green.

Luminous fabrics, however, are just one example of the wizardry being performed in the nation's textile laboratories. Thousands of scientists are whipping up projects that range from extracting textiles from redwood bark, feathers and stainless steel to experimenting with chemicals that will shrink-proof Junior's wool sweater, wrinkle-proof mother's dresses and keep the crease in father's trousers.

Take wool for a starter. Wonderful stuff, wool—soft, warm and tough. But it's hard to keep from shrinking. One of the answers researchers have found is an amazing chemical — Resloom — that does strange things to wool.

Here's a piece of ordinary wool fabric. Soak it in warm water and suds, and it shrinks—more than 26 per cent. Here's another piece of the same cloth, treated with Resloom. Dunk it in water and suds and the shrinkage is cut to about three per cent!

No, the process is not perfect yet, but it is enough to create a revolution in the use of wool. They tried the chemical in a field test involving 320 policemen in Springfield, Massachusetts, home city of the Resloom plant. For four months the cops' treated shirts were washed regularly, then sent back to the company's laboratories. There was a minimum of shrinkage. Now the factory, at full capacity, could turn out enough Resloom to process 50,000,000 yards of wool a year.

Another thing wrong with wool:

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moths like it. Up to the present, all moth-proofing processes have involved dipping, spraying or coating with chemicals. Now the scientists have a new trick.

They tackled the problem this way: what is there in wool that tempts the moth's appetite? Research gave the answer. Wool contains an amino acid called cystine. The moths eat the wool to get the cystine. Simple, said the scientists. Cut down on the cystine and you starve the moths. Finding the chemical wasn't simple, but eventually they triumphed. So now they hope to produce wool garments that moths will turn from in disgust.

The versatile textile chemists have gone to work on cotton, too. For instance, cotton never has been strong enough to suit designers. Now the scientists have come up with a chemical that makes cotton up to 40 per cent stronger.

While tinkering with this chemical, a silica compound, they found that it also makes hosiery snag-resistant and, just for good measure, keeps serge from getting shiny.

You would like cotton to stay starched no matter how many times you wash it? Well, the scientists have that, too. The invisible chemical creates that eye-satisfying crispness you associate with a freshly starched little girl. And the same compound produces wrinkle-resistant cotton garments. Yes, they are a little more expensive than ordinary fabrics, but not much.

WHAT NEXT IN FABRICS? First, let's look at mildew, a deadly fungoid enemy of textiles. Until a few years ago, scientists hadn't learned exactly how the fungi worked. Now they know that fungus produces an enzyme. The enzyme attacks the molecule of the cellulose fiber, the molecule then obligingly changes to sugar, and the fungus eats the sugar.

So far, so good, but what could be done about it? Then the researchers made an odd discovery. The enzyme is shaped like the molecule it eats. If the shape is different, the enzyme is powerless. So the job was to find a chemical that would change the shape of molecules in material. Finally they discovered it, and now you can look for mildew-resistant fabrics.

Watch a scientist calmly light a match to fabric, and you realize that the textile chemists have successfully met another challenge. They haven't forgotten that inflammable fabrics contribute to ghastly holocausts every year, so the textile industry is ready with several fire-resistant fabrics. You can set them afire but they won't burn. They just turn black and char.

Perhaps all this textile magic sounds easy, but for every success there are a hundred failures. Consider how one big company went at the problem of keeping viscose rayon from shrinking.

Viscose rayon would be wonderful stuff for shirts—except that it shrank. Seeking the secret to shrink-proofing, the chemists tried more than 1,000 different chemicals in countless combinations before they had something that looked good—the aldehyde, glyoxal.

But this was just a starter. Technicians then conducted some 2,000 soap-and-water experiments with the substance. Their notes filled 80 typed pages. But even this was not enough for the manufacturers. To

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see what the treated fabric would do under wearing conditions, they carried out 110 test-runs in the factory. The results were good, but still the manufacturers asked for more. So two factories were devoted to turning out rayon shirts for six weeks. Only after the output had been checked and double-checked did the company announce a shrink-controlled rayon.

Visit laboratories like that of the Textile Research Institute at Princeton, New Jersey, and you will see fantastic machines. Here's a device in which scalding hot water saturates the textile. A minute later the water is drained off, and the sample is subjected to freezing cold, then to blistering heat. Then the whole process starts all over.

Here's an impact tester that tells the scientists what happens when 5,000 pounds of force are applied to a fabric in 1–1,000th of a second. Here's one that is testing a shower curtain with double the weight of a 200-pound man. This rip-proof material is made of one of the numerous "plastic textiles" which, strictly speaking, are not really textiles at all, but which must be considered part of the textile picture since they are worthy competitors for jobs that were formerly done by established fabrics.

NOT CONTENT WITH making textiles do new tricks, the magicians have thought of a new way to manufacture them. For 6,000 years men have been producing cloth in the same manner—by weaving fibers. Textile experts began to wonder: was all this weaving necessary? Their answer has created a real revolution in the industry.

They take ordinary cotton, comb it straight and then run it between rollers to make it as thin as usual fabrics. Finally it is coated with liquid plastic to bind all the fibers together. Thus a dozen complex operations involved in textile making are eliminated by the revolutionary new process. What's more, the cotton produces three times as much non-woven cloth as it does of the common variety.

This soft, flannel-like fabric is a revolutionary substance, designed to compete with paper and some fabrics. Tablecloths, napkins and draperies made from it are inexpensive enough to be thrown away after use.

The chemists have even put 27,000,000 cows to work for them in the search for new and better textiles. For years, science knew that, in nature, proteins far surpass cellulose derivatives when it comes to warmth. Then it occurred to them that there was a Cinderella among proteins—skim milk. Nobody wanted it, yet every year 50,000,000,000 pounds were left after separation of cream or butterfat. Could it be turned into fabrics? After tens of thousands of experiments, the scientists produced a light, fluffy fiber —Aralac—that may be part of the clothes you are wearing right now.

Aralac in itself is not a textile: but it is highly effective when used in combination with cotton or rayon to give more warmth. Millions of pairs of half-hose and anklets have been knitted from Aralac blends. The substance has also been used in blankets, in clothes, in automobile interiors. You'll even find it in the beauty parlor as "Wavecrepe," a covering which

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protects the hair from excess heat during permanent waving.

"Light as a feather" is an old saying that has a new meaning in the texile industry. Chicken or turkey feathers can be made into a fabric that looks like wool but weighs next to nothing. The process chews up feathers, mixes them with cotton, rayon, wool or nylon. The result is a fabric that takes dyes as few textiles do.

The chemists who developed it have a simple explanation for that. "Did you ever see a red, blue or green sheep?" they ask. And then add triumphantly: "But you've seen plenty of brightly colored feathers!" Colors and feathers, they point out, have a natural affinity for each other.

Thick, soft redwood bark has been protecting the West Coast's forest giants for centuries. Soon it may be shielding you from wintry winds. When the bark is mixed with wool fibers, you get a fabric with soft nap. Blankets have been made of 40 per cent bark, with a big cut in cost and no cut in warmth.

For fabric that is really tough, science offers Fortisan, which has a tensile strength comparable to that of steel. Yet it is unbelievably light in weight. Make a raincoat of Fortisan by coating it with waterproof plastic and the whole thing is small enough to put in a woman's purse. During the war, 20,000,000 square yards of Fortisan went into lightweight flare parachutes. Now it is used for everything from superstrength shirts to fish lines that are hard to break.

The textile wizards, however, aren't willing to stop with *comparisons* to steel. From their laboratories has emerged a stainless-steel fabric, spun from incredibly fine filaments like those used in plasma screens, which has 40,000 holes to the square inch. So step right up, ladies! The chemists say that the soft, brilliant, almost indestructible steel fabric will be just the thing for hosiery.

Want more information about this subject? Write to the Coronet Shopper, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York, and enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Family Trouble

"YOU CALL THIS a plot?" laughed a Hollywood producer scornfully as he read aloud the brief synopsis which had just been submitted: "A rich and powerful man falls in love with his brother's wife, murders his brother and marries her. The son of the murdered man broods and goes nutty. He falls in love with a girl who gets so worried about everything that she goes crazy. The girl's brother and her lover stab each other to death; the mother takes poison. And her son, just before he dies, stabs and kills his stepfather."

"Bunk! Bunk! All bunk!" the motion-picture genius roared, slapping the script on his desk. "That's no story. NOBODY could make a show out of that."

"But it has made quite a lot of money on the stage," mildly insisted the author of the synopsis, "under the name of *Hamlet*."

—IRVING HOFFMAN

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IN THE LINE OF DUTY—NO. 1 OF A SERIES

The Little Man With a Bomb

His black valise held swift and sudden death, but it couldn't make an indomitable policeman forget his solemn responsibility

by ALLEN RANKIN

IT WAS A SOFT April day, and Policeman Coleman, working his traffic beat in downtown Birmingham, Alabama, thought idly about dynamite. Deep down in the Margaret Mine near-by they'd be dynamiting again, blowing out coal with big sticks of the stuff. But no more of that blasting for W. E. (Red) Coleman.

Five years spent around explosives was enough for him. He'd also worked on the rescue crew, dragging out men who had been mangled or burned or blown to pieces. He was 34 now; it was 15 years since he'd been in the mines. Better to have a nice quiet job out in the open, even if it was just flat-footing the streets as a cop.

The great rumble of industrial Birmingham, of men carving out coal and steel to make a new Pittsburgh in the South, all came to him from a distance now. He was no longer a part of this heroic, epic world, nor did he want to be.

At the corner of Second Avenue and 20th Street he glanced at his watch. It was 10 o'clock on the morning of April 27, 1939. Then he looked up and saw the man running toward him. "Come quick!" the man cried. "There's something wrong at the bank!"

Coleman didn't run, he walked. Rescue work in the mines had taught him never to run to a calamity. You might need your strength when you got there.

As he walked through the big metal doors of the Birmingham Trust and Savings Bank, he saw what was wrong. Everyone in the lobby stood motionless, frozen. A teller was still holding out a bankbook to a customer, whose hand had stopped in mid-air as he reached for it. An old man who had been in the act of sitting down at a desk now sat halfway up and halfway down, suspended in space. All over the lobby, people's eyes were

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fastened on the little man who stood at the railing in front of the bank officers' department.

Coleman's eyes froze on him, too. The man was slight, dapper and pale as death. In his left hand he held a black valise. In his right he held an electric switch connected to the valise by a wire. In the valise was piled something very familiar to Coleman—ten sticks of dynamite!

Coleman hadn't heard the man ask the bank's president for $250,000 in cash. He didn't know that the man was Albert Durrett, former business executive of Nashville, Tennessee, who, losing his money, had determined to steal a fortune or blow this bank and himself into eternity. But he did hear the man say in a clipped voice: "Very well, since you refuse my request, I shall set off this dynamite."

Coleman reached automatically for his revolver. Then for the first time he saw the quart of nitroglycerin on top of the dynamite, and knew he couldn't shoot. If he shot, the man would fall down, the nitroglycerin would explode.

Vaguely he heard the man say, "Don't attempt to stop me." But Coleman was already moving. He didn't know whether it was smart to move: he was a cop and an examiner, not a genius. But he was the only man in sight whose duty it was to try.

Coleman took one step, two, three—moving over the marble surface dotted with human chessmen, frozen in position. His eyes were on the stack of dynamite topped with nitroglycerin. No one in the bank knew better than he what that stack could do.

He saw the little man's eyes fixed on him from a white and desperate face. He tasted brass on his tongue, the taste of fear.

"No further . . ."

The man leaned into the blast to come and clicked the switch. A flash of fire spurted along the wire toward the dynamite. But nothing happened. Frantically, the little man flipped the switch twice more . . . two more flashes of fire.

Then Coleman grabbed him. Firmly but gently, careful of the nitroglycerin, he relieved him of the valise. It was like taking something from a dead man. In fact, the little man was as white and cold as though he really were dead. His voice, too, was cold.

"You're a lucky man," he said. Then, with childish puzzlement: "It failed to work."

A squad of policemen arrived and engulfed the little man. Now Coleman was free to walk away, even run. But what could he do with this sackful of dynamite? Had the flashes set off a time-bomb mechanism? Was his life ticking out now, even as he carried his explosive bundle into the street?

Coleman pushed the valise into a waiting patrol car, but the other boys, including the driver, hastily fled. Coleman stood nonplused, holding the bag. If this thing went off here, it would kill even more people than in the bank.

Should he run with it into some basement? Should he throw it into a sewer? Should he try to drive several miles and dispose of it in the nearest open area? If so, what right did he have to carry death through other neighborhoods as crowded as this one?

Officer Coleman did the only

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thing he knew how to do. Quietly and deliberately, holding the valise in front of him as a waiter carries a tray, he made his way to City Hall three blocks away. There, if he reached it, he could lay it down before the Chief at Police Headquarters. And there, if it went off, there would be no crowds whose lives would be endangered by the explosion.

But the valise never did explode. At headquarters, Coleman and the late Chief of Detectives, E. L. Hollums, took screw drivers and dismantled the "bomb." It turned out not to be a time machine after all. Coleman had thwarted any possibility of an explosion when he took the valise from Albert Durrett, who was soon convicted and sent to Federal Prison at Atlanta. But why the charge didn't go off when the would-be bank robber clicked the switch three times is still a mystery.

Some say the wires, which worked for Durrett in practice explosions on White Creek near Nashville, must have developed a short circuit at the last moment. Others believe that Durrett, even more ironically, practiced so long with his infernal machine that he burned out the dry-cell batteries.

But Officer Coleman has his own idea. "I'm not a mastermind," he says, "but I know dynamite and I know nitroglycerin, and the way I figure it is this:

"God Almighty just had His hand on our heads that day."

Conversation Stoppers

GRACIE FIELDS TELLS this story of the days when Londoners were frequently jammed into air-raid shelters. " 'Erbert, you really shouldn't 'ave kissed me like that, with all those people so close around, even if it was in the dark."

"I didn't kiss you," said the boy, looking angrily around in the crowd. "I only wish I knew who it was—I'd teach 'im."

" 'Erbert," sighed the girl, "you couldn't teach 'im nothing."

—MRS. CHARLES MINOR

* * *

A RETURNED TRAVELER reports that the presence of the United Nations in New York has affected the Manhattan vernacular. During rush hour, he heard a subway guard yell at the crowd:

"Lookit where yah goin', *see voo play!*"

—HARLAN MILLER IN DES MOINES *Register*

* * *

AFTER THE SCREENING of a very bad movie, the publicity department of one of the major studios met to discuss possible tieups for the film.

"I suggest," said one of the boys, "that we make a tieup with the Red Cross to feed the children of the manager during the week he plays the picture!"

—*Tales of Hoffman*

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How to Choose the Right College

by MRS. GLENN FRANK

ONE AFTERNOON SOME YEARS ago my husband and I were in his study in the President's house at the University of Wisconsin when the phone rang. A friend who lived in the East was calling from a business meeting in Milwaukee. He must see my husband at once. It was extremely urgent.

We waited dinner for our visitor but he was too upset to eat. His only son was failing at an Eastern college and would soon be dropped unless something drastic were done. Surely my husband, a college president, could suggest what to do.

Widow of the noted president of the University of Wisconsin, Mrs. Frank has spent most of her life around schools and students. Frequently she is asked: "How should one go about selecting the right college?" This is her reply.

By questions and answers, my husband concluded that the boy was shy and sensitive, and should have been sent to a small college instead of a large impersonal one.

"But," said the father, "I want him to have a degree from a *big* school. Otherwise, why bother?"

The time had passed for trying to explain the real purpose of a college education to this man who had climbed to wealth and power the hard way.

"What is the boy's solution?" my husband inquired.

"He wants to quit and get a job," the father replied.

"Then why not take him into your business? Won't he head it eventually?"

"Yes, he will, but"—and here our visitor leaned forward to make a difficult confession—"you don't know the humiliation of attending board meetings month after month with every man there a college graduate except yourself."

After our guest had left my husband said, "I'm sorry for the son; his father thinks sending a boy to a famous college is like sending him

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to a high-priced dentist—except that the college is expected to fill his mind instead of his teeth.

"He should have sent this sensitive youngster to a small college, where he would have had personal supervision and encouragement. But no, the father wants a degree from a big-name college so he can boast about it to his board members. I call that compensation—and nothing else!"

I doubt that the father would admit this motivation, even to himself. Yet if his son's development had been his first concern, he should have studied the boy's mind and temperament. He would have learned that the youth would flounder in a large impersonal college; and might acquire an inferiority complex to blight his life.

The case of this businessman is not unusual. What about you, the young fathers of today? Junior is now entering the seventh grade, and it is time to think about college. You love your son and are anxious to give him the best preparation for a happy and useful life.

But are you bent on sending him to a big-name Eastern college because you yourself went to a small one in the Midwest? Because you felt out of it when, fresh from college, you entered a Chicago investment company and all the other beginners had degrees from Yale, Harvard and Princeton?

Yet you outdistanced them. Why? Perhaps because you *did* attend a small college, where classes are small. Your teachers got to know their students—led them into discussions and interchange of ideas. They saw the potentialities in you, the boy from a Missouri village.

So now that your son is growing up in the Midwest, don't decide on that Ivy League college until you know it is the one best suited to his needs. And how will you know? By beginning *now* to study and understand your youngster.

First, don't consider *any* college because you think it will give your child social position. Nothing can give him real value in the eyes of his fellow men except the best achievement of which he is capable.

Not long ago I spoke at the University of Minnesota under auspices of the Student Forum. At luncheon, a charming woman told me about her two sons.

"I suppose they attended Minnesota?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" she said. "They went East to ———," mentioning a famous college.

"I'll never forget how I fretted over whether the first son would make a club," she went on. "I knew he was worried too, so I kept writing him not to worry. Finally a long-distance call came. I heard a happy voice say, 'It's okay, Mom.' After I hung up, I got down on my knees and thanked God."

I have repeated the mother's conversation accurately. It sounds silly—and it is silly. Yet it is typical of the great majority of American parents who, consciously or unconsciously, determine the final selection of a college for their children.

But does this mean that the child, not the parent, should be permitted to make the choice? Not at all. I know some privileged youngsters who, when given the responsibility, have made the wrong decision.

Just now the daughter of a friend of mine is trying desperately to

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transfer from a Southern university —preferably to Wisconsin. Left to her own devices, she selected this Southern campus *because she likes horses and riding*.

Then there is the boy I know who has a distinct flair for science. In his own state there is an outstanding university offering courses particularly suited to his talents. But he passed it up for a small university which has famous football teams. In high school this boy was a gridiron hero. In college, he sought a continuance of hero worship instead of an education. Now he feels bitter towards his parents.

"They were mature," he told me. "They should have known that football isn't the purpose of college!"

ANOTHER REGRETTABLE case of parents dodging their responsibility concerns a small-town father and mother. With little effort their son led his class from primary grades through high school. His parents, by wise budgeting, could have sent him to any college. His teachers, recognizing the boy's superior qualities, urged him and his parents to consider the choice carefully.

His teachers realized his need for the challenge of a large college, where stiff competition would force him to work hard. But the boy wanted to go to the small state university where "the other boys are going." And the parents said, "Oh well, why not? You can learn in any school if you have the desire."

The youth did go to the state university, did become a leader and did make top grades. Yet he needed the demands of a big college, where he would have had to struggle for recognition.

Clearly, then, the average child is too immature to assume responsibility for choosing a college. But neither can he do his best work in a school in which he is unhappy. Hence the ideal decision comes from an agreement between parents and child after thorough discussion and research.

But there is no right *choice* of college unless there is the right *reason* for going to college. So—what is the *right* reason? Briefly, to instill in sons and daughters intellectual habits which will make them better human beings.

If your children are to meet and solve life's problems, they must learn to think. The man with an untrained mind has to wait for events to overtake him. He lacks a standard of judgment, the sensitive imagination and powers of analysis that would enable him to anticipate and discount events. And so through life he carries an insuperable burden.

College, therefore, has primarily one function—to teach the boy or girl to learn to think. It cannot guarantee any other benefit, social or economic. Yet many parents still look upon higher learning solely in terms of financial security.

Two boys came to the University of Wisconsin from a village upstate. Their father kept a tavern: their mother had had little education. This couple were determined that *their* sons should be educated and have a better chance at success in life. To that end, the parents scrimped and sacrificed.

When the oldest son finished high school, they wisely sent him to a small but good university, realizing that adjustment from a village high school to a large university might

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be difficult. In his junior year, he entered Wisconsin, majored brilliantly in physics, and upon graduation accepted a research position with a large corporation.

The second son came direct to the University from high school while his brother was a senior. He, too, made an excellent record and upon graduation became an instructor in another large university.

I was eager to meet the parents of such successful sons. I found them proud. They spoke of their happiness now that their sons were equipped to earn an adequate living. Their own poverty had excluded any other benefits from their consciousness. Yet I had hoped they would be happy because their sons now knew the joy of intellectual experience which they themselves had been denied.

Of course, in a democracy the individual's first concern is making a living. But economic security is not the primary purpose of college. Its real purpose is to make of the student a better human being.

There are also the parents who have surrendered to tradition the choice of college for their children. Their sons have for generations inherited their forebears' college, just as they have inherited their forebears' names. Yet the inherited college, no matter how good it may be, is not always the best school for certain individuals.

An example came to my notice two years after my husband went to Wisconsin when, with the aid of Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, he created the Experimental College. It was a stimulating adventure in education—a small college within a great university, where 200 freshmen and sophomores lived in dormitories, seeking to understand the growth of modern civilization.

Soon after the Experimental College was established, my husband received a letter from a senior in an exclusive preparatory school, asking about the new venture. My husband wrote a detailed report, and the boy decided to come to Madison to investigate firsthand. He arrived with his parents and they were our guests for several days.

The boy's enthusiasm for the Experimental College was a delight. He had an eager, inquisitive mind, and was bored with the conventional teaching he had always known. However, his mother told me confidentially that the father would be crushed if the son broke the chain of attendance at the family's Alma Mater.

Six weeks after they returned home, the father wrote to say that he had convinced his son that tradition must not be ignored. Thus the boy entered his father's college —and stepped into a fixed and, for him, a sterile pattern.

Before a parent can make the proper choice of college, he must *know* his child's capabilities. Most parents refuse to face facts, when the facts fail to compliment their offspring. Some children *are not college material at all*, yet ambitious parents push them by high-pressure tutoring and other devices. Such an educational mockery is a handicap to the boy or girl, not an advantage. The time wasted at college could have been more profitably spent in learning a trade or business.

Once you have made sure that your child is truly college material, your next step is to evaluate im-

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partially his inner personality and emotions. Before me I have a letter written by a mother after her daughter entered a large state university on the West Coast. The girl had just gone through sorority rushing. She was rushed until the last minute, then dropped. She was emotionally crushed. Now the girl wanted to transfer to a smaller college where there were no sororities.

I knew the smaller college—an excellent one. It is where the mother should have urged the girl to go in the first place. There the daughter would not have run the risk of being rejected.

I know of another case in which two devoted parents began a serious study of college attendance from the time their son and daughter entered grade school. The father is an alumnus of Wisconsin, the mother a Smith graduate. The father would have been pleased to have his son attend Wisconsin, but he and his wife realized that Massachusetts Institute of Technology was better fitted to their son's talents. So the boy went to M. I. T.

The decision about the daughter, a shy and retiring girl, was more complicated. The mother naturally favored Smith, but the parents agreed that the girl would be better off in a small coeducational college where she wouldn't be lost in the crowd. They felt that her development depended upon her becoming more independent and less docile.

They also decided the college must be far enough away so that she wouldn't be tempted to come home every week end. They and the daughter finally selected Carleton College in Minnesota, and there the girl established an excellent record.

These exceptional parents were concerned with only one question: *What can make our children better human beings?*

Other parents, too, must rid themselves of vanity and selfishness, and substitute intelligent thought and courage if they are to choose the right school for their children. That is the only way in which they can select the kind of college which will instill into their sons and daughters the basic concepts of a sane, intelligent and fruitful life.

Keep before you always this thought: *I want my child to be as good a human being as it is possible for him to be. I want him to learn to think.* For then and then only will he be a free man, his usefulness unimpaired by immature judgment, his mind untouched by prejudice, his path of achievement unobstructed by a false sense of values.

Famous Kings

THE CLASS WAS REQUESTED to write a composition on famous kings. The following gem came from an 11-year-old boy:

"The most powerful king on earth is worKING; the laziest is shirKING; the wittiest is joKING; the quietest is thinKING; the slyest is winKING; and the noisiest is talKING." —PETE SIMER

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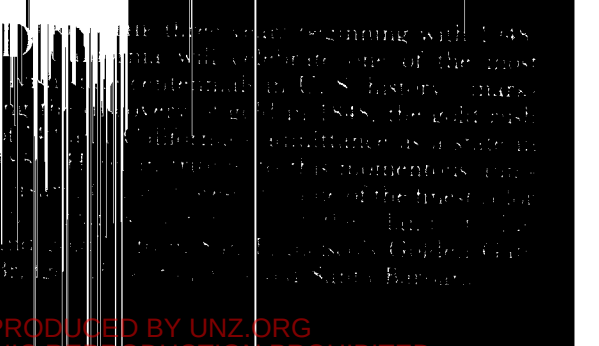
California U.S.A.



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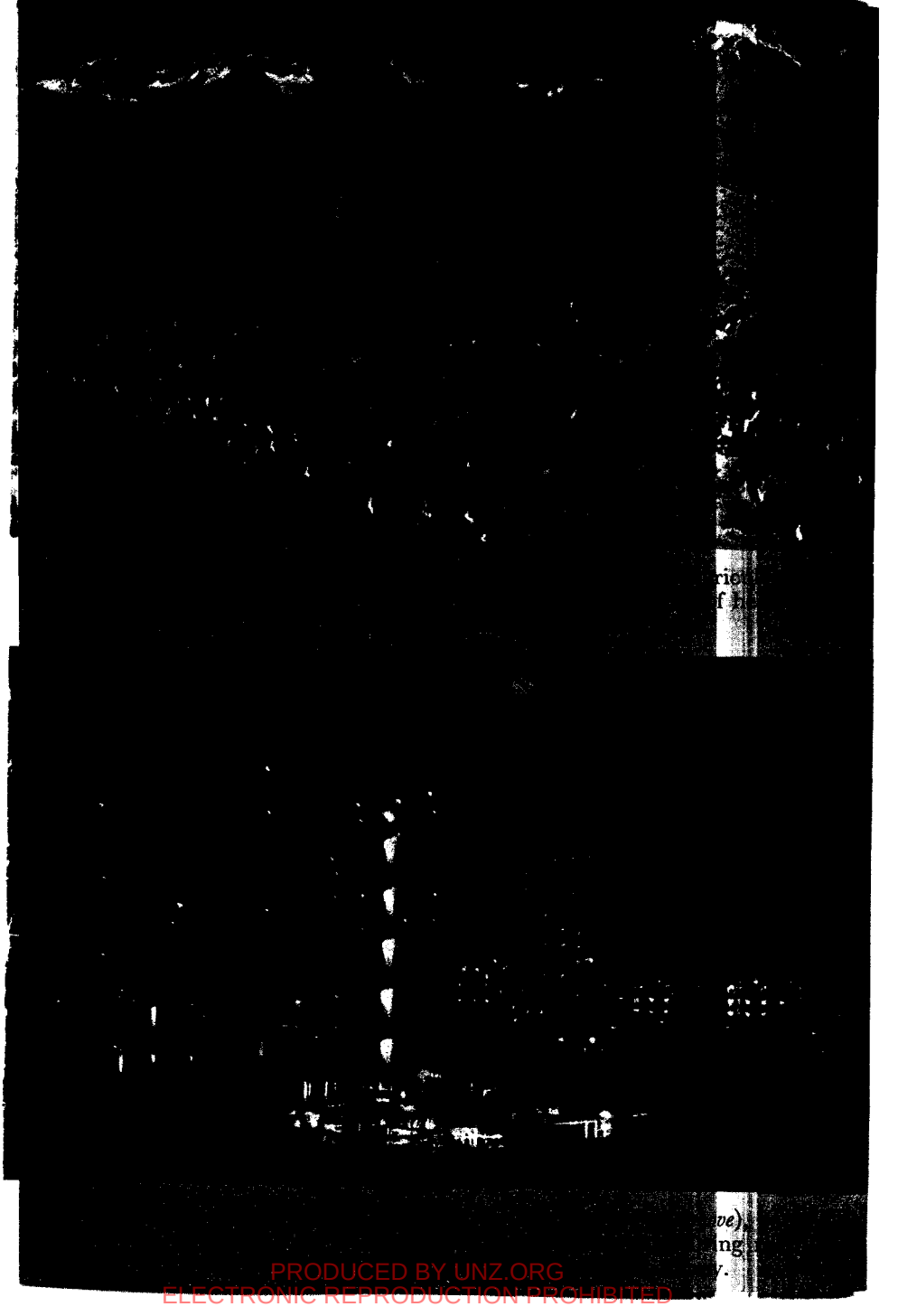

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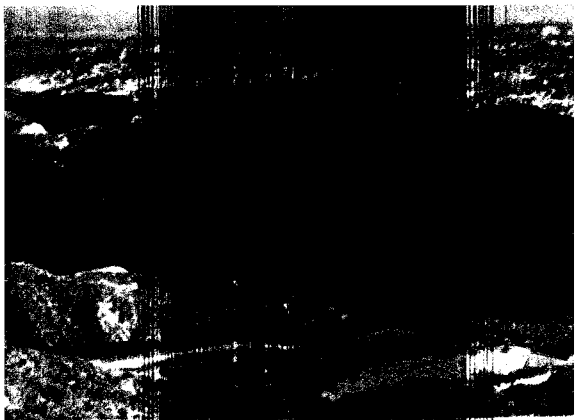

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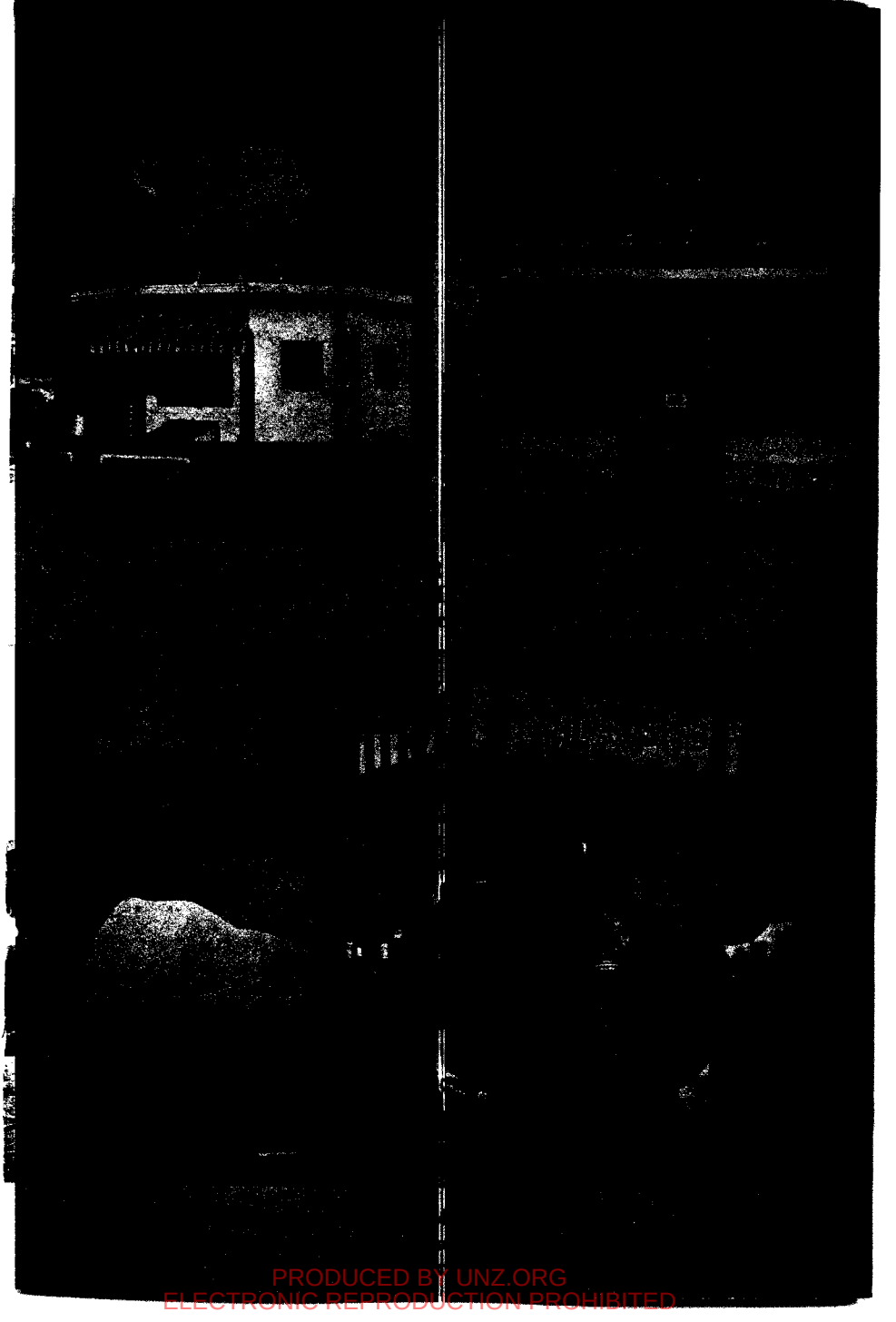

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But above everything else, California is the land of sunshine and blue water. East of Los Angeles, Palm Springs sparkles in the desert—a luxurious playground for some of the wealthiest Americans.

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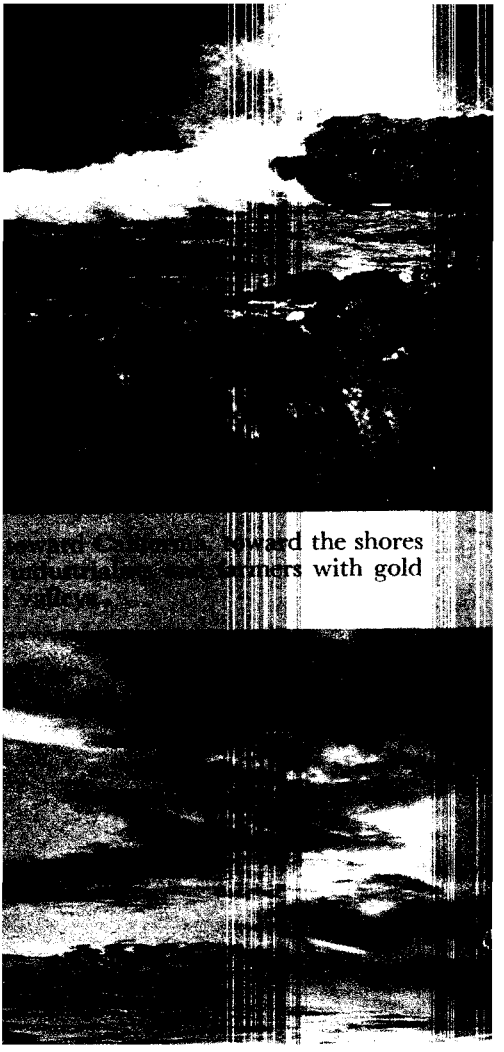

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The Happy Key to FORGETFULNESS

by ERIC GWYN

FOR SOME PEOPLE, memory is a fount of joy; for others, a well of misery. You may be upset because you can't remember, yet there is no experience so agonizing as being caught in the clutches of a memory that refuses to relax.

Most men and women, however, don't know how to forget. Psychiatrists spend much time probing the unconscious mind for festering fears and unresolved frustrations. They know that such repressed memories can be the cause of all sorts of mental and emotional upsets.

With a little mental discipline, you can black out unhappy memories and banish vain regrets that have haunted you for years

Other people are fully conscious of fears they can't dismiss. I know a schoolteacher who for 20 years has refused to enter the basement of her home, simply because she once saw a mouse there. She admits her fear is ridiculous, yet she has been unable to conquer it.

I know a brilliant newspaper editor who can't overcome his phobia for snakes. As a result, no newsworthy reptile ever breaks into his columns. Even the comic strips are doctored to keep them as undefiled by serpents as Ireland since St. Patrick.

Fears, however, are not the only memories that may need blacking out. A man in my apartment house is too self-conscious to enjoy himself at parties. "I want desperately to relax and have a good time," he confessed to me, "but I just can't seem to forget my precious dignity."

There is an ex-GI on the floor below who persists in boring everybody with his war experiences. Although he has plenty of sales ability, he loses job after job simply because he won't let customers forget that he was once a hero on Okinawa.

Then there is a woman across the way who can't understand why folks avoid her. Not overly conscious of her shortcomings, she maintains a mental file of embarrassing facts about her neighbors. Mention anybody on the street and she will oblige with a bit of scandal: "Mr. Cheever? The Treasury was after him about his income tax. That was six years ago, and . . ."

Of course, *you* are not like any of

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these people. But even so, haven't there been times when you wished you could forget? What about the night you came home from the golf course and gave yourself indigestion by replaying, all through dinner, that easy putt you missed? How about the evening you spent at the theater and didn't hear a word the actors spoke because you couldn't stop thinking about that argument you had lost to the traffic cop?

If modern psychology is right, you never really forget anything. Once you have had an experience or learned a fact, it is indelibly written in some corner of your memory. So when we say "forget," we mean to *dismiss from consciousness*. For efficient living, this ability to forget is fully as important as the ability to remember.

A FEW YEARS AGO I faced a situation in which it was vitally important for me to forget. With two partners, I had failed in business. But there was nothing discreditable about it: our creditors were paid in full; our employees found better jobs; nobody lost a cent except the three of us. Nevertheless, the debacle kept preying on my mind.

As manager of the enterprise, I held myself chiefly to blame. What had I done wrong? Round and round my thoughts chased themselves, like a phonograph record with the needle stuck in a groove. Before long, I couldn't eat, sleep or work. I became grumpy, unfit for human society. I realized I would have to do something to snap out of it. But what?

I took my problem to a consulting psychologist. He was one of those let's-look-on-the-bright-side-of-the-picture people. "The trouble with you," he told me, "is that you take things too seriously."

As if I didn't know that already!

"Much worse could have happened. You still have your health, your home, your earning power. All you need is a little gumption."

Which was indisputably true. But it didn't help me to clear my mind. So a few days later I visited a psychiatrist connected with one of New York's famous clinics.

"Yes, we can help you," he assured me. "Electric shock will do it."

He explained how 100 volts of alternating current, speeding through my head for a tenth of a second, could jar the phonograph needle out of the groove. "But of course," he added as an afterthought, "you'll have to be hospitalized. You see, shock therapy is like mild electrocution."

I thanked him and fled.

Finally it was a *memory* teacher who showed me how to forget. I went to him because I was desperate.

"You might suppose that people who have difficulty remembering would find it easy to forget," he told me. "Not so! A good memory and a good 'forgettery' generally go together. If you 'suffer from a poor memory,' chances are it's because your consciousness is too crowded with doubts, worries, regrets and other negative thoughts."

He suggested that I think of my mind as a business office.

"Your consciousness is the glass-topped desk where the head of the firm receives reports and makes important decisions. Your memory constitutes the files. In a well-run office the boss' desk is bare, except for papers demanding immediate

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attention. The files are kept in perfect order. Anything the boss wants can be found at a moment's notice.

"Now contrast this with an office where the workers lack discipline. The boss' desk is littered, the files are in a mess. It's the same with a mind that has no discipline.

"Once you've properly organized your mind, you'll find that memories take their proper places in your unconsciousness, where you can reach them when you like, yet where they won't intrude upon your conscious mind unbidden."

At his suggestion I embarked upon a course of setting-up exercises for the brain. I began by visualizing, as completely as possible, the contents of a familiar room. I went on to recall, in detail, events of the previous day, and the day before that. Finally I graduated to stunts requiring considerable concentration, like mentally counting backward from 700 by 13s.

One nice thing about these mental calisthenics: you can do them any time, any place—in the tub, on the train, in the dentist's chair.

I devoted 15 minutes daily to these and similar mental gymnastics—and it worked! Little by little I acquired the power to shift my attention in whatever direction I pleased, and thus the power to turn my thoughts away from matters I wished to ignore. I managed this not by consciously willing to forget (we've already seen *that* doesn't work) but by willing myself to think actively about something else.

It is also possible to apply strategy to this business of forgetting. For example, I found that you can forget a situation more readily if it is completed than if it is left unfinished. If you can't sleep for thinking about that snappy retort you didn't think of in time, get up and write it down. Ten to one, it won't look so clever on paper; and you'll have no trouble forgetting it.

Or, if you are angry at an insolent department-store clerk, try writing a letter to the manager—and then file it in the wastebasket. This will relieve your feelings just as effectively as if you had mailed it.

When other tactics fail, it is sometimes possible to forget a distressing fact by *forcing yourself to remember it.* This is not as crazy as it sounds. If you force your mind to keep thinking about a subject, it may quit from sheer contrariness or boredom.

Today I've stopped blistering my brain with vain regrets. I no longer fidget over decisions that are made and done with. I don't worry about conditions or events beyond my control. And at night, whatever the tribulations of the day, I find I can relax and fall asleep at will.

Escapism? Not at all. I call it simply common sense.

Sign of the Times

Sign observed by Vaughn Monroe in a cafeteria: "Courteous and Efficient Self-Service." —Hy Gardner

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Our Neglected Children

by HENRY LEE

Here is the grim story, based on a two-year Coronet survey, of how we are endangering the well-being of millions of American boys and girls through our shameful false economy

BETWEEN 8 AND 8:30 A.M. on weekdays, the front doors bang joyously behind the children in millions of American homes. It is going-to-school hour. The cop at the corner stops traffic as America's future rushes toward its destiny with a hop, a skip and a holler.

That's the way it is for millions of children who enjoy the kind of health and happiness that is our traditional American heritage. And that, obviously, is the way it should be for *all* our 43,000,000 children. But unfortunately it isn't. *Actually, millions of young Americans are denied the basic advantages needed to make them first-class citizens.*

For two years, Coronet has been compiling the grim story of how our children suffer under private and sometimes official neglect. We have talked to social, state and Federal workers in various communities; we have pored over scores of reports, transcripts of Congressional hearings; we have read the texts of many well-intended but "too liberal" bills—and the final verdict is all too clear.

Despite 36 years of progress by the U. S. Children's Bureau, despite effective work by child-welfare leaders, there still are not enough schools, hospitals or other institutions for our children—not enough doctors, nurses, teachers and welfare workers.

Despite great advances in medical care, millions of youngsters are

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being shortchanged in fundamental health precautions, in schooling, in the food they eat and the roofs over their heads. Thousands are employed illegally in jobs where their accident rate is double that of adult workers. And finally, when they are dumped onto the world, we set up juvenile-delinquency programs *after the damage has been done.*

Billy, a thin, sad-eyed boy of nine, sums up the mute tragedy of thousands of children who *know* their lives are being wrecked. Almost nightly, Billy sits outside the tavern where his mother drinks. But the state cannot take him away until there is concrete evidence of neglect or abuse. What's more, welfare workers have no place to put him, since children's homes and even jail cells are packed with more pressing cases.

When Billy finally revolts and runs away, as 25,000 youngsters do each year, or when in fumbling protest he gets into trouble, as another million do, *then* authorities step in. If Billy is lucky, he may get sympathetic guidance from a social worker. If not, he is likely to grow up badly adjusted, perhaps even antisocial.

Billy's plight is not unique. Thousands of children whose parents have died or deserted them are in jail or in detention homes. There's no other place to put them. Yet economy-minded legislators throughout the U. S. hesitate over imperative child-aid programs.

In Cleveland, Leonard W. Mayo, president of the Child Welfare League of America and chairman of the National Commission on Children and Youth, expressed his dismay to me: "In many states, there is a wave of conservatism with regard to budgets for child welfare. Yet needs are greater than at almost any time in history."

Every delay spells tragedy that tardy appropriations will never undo. "Children do not *wait* to grow up," a Senator pleaded during debate on a bill to allot about $2.50 for each of America's children as the beginning of basic health-welfare services. But Congress cut him down to a fifth of what he asked.

At best, however, Washington can do only part of the job. To find out what you and I and our towns can do, Coronet has consulted 100 child experts across the country. We have drawn liberally on their criticisms in drafting this article, and from them have obtained constructive ideas for individual action. Above all, they agree, *there is no time to lose,* for while we talk, these things happen:

Babies are bought and sold on the "black market" for as much as $5,000, going to sentimental but often-inadequate foster parents.

In New York City, twin boys remained in the hospital where they were born for more than two years. Nobody would take them while their invalid mother slowly won back her health.

For minor offenses, juvenile delinquents in detention homes and training schools must stand motionless on the "black-line" for hours, day after day.

Under the nose of Congress, a reporter for the Washington *Post* visits the Receiving Home for Children in the District of Columbia and finds boys "locked in their rooms like caged animals."

The principal of a three-room

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school in Maine, looking back on her 16 years of teaching, says sadly: "We are cheating our children."

In almost every aspect of child care and training, the experts see "enormous" room for improvement. At the same time, they are rightly proud of progress made since the turn of the century.

Today, our infant mortality rate is among the lowest in the world, our health work in the schools probably the most intense. Education is not perfect, yet 60 to 70 per cent of high-school-age children *are* in school. Foster homes are supervised by responsible agencies, and in most cases children are no longer thrown into court pens with adult offenders. Yes, we have come a long way—*but not far enough.*

LET'S LOOK MORE CLOSELY at that noisy school-day parade which erupts into the streets every morning. One of ten youngsters is physically underfed, one of ten comes from a home split by death, divorce or desertion.

During the year, a million restless children will come to the attention of authorities as delinquents, truants or runaways. Two million, sooner or later, will spend time in mental institutions. Another million don't hear properly, four million have eye defects, and scarcely one in four gets proper dental attention. Then there are the ones we are inclined to forget—the 800,000 feeble-minded, the 500,000 with rheumatic fever and heart disease, the 175,000 tuberculars, the 170,000 with cerebral palsy.

Finally, *three million* boys and girls are missing from that school-day parade. Some are in store and factory jobs, others in fields and lumber camps. Some are idle, waiting for something "to turn up."

Our wastage of youth has no geographical limitations. In Lancaster, Pennsylvania, police found a brother and sister, aged two and three, who had been left without food. In Enid, Oklahoma, the parents of a three-year-old boy were accused of offering to "sell" him for $150. In Chicago, a policewoman took five small children from what she described as the "filthiest and most terrible foster home I have ever seen."

In many rural areas, too, children often suffer because health-welfare personnel and equipment are not available there.

Because of the overwhelming nature of the problem, many people say, "Let Washington solve it." But Commissioner W. S. Terry, Jr., of the Louisiana Department of Public Welfare, insists that our social problems will be solved only when *each* community decides to do something about them.

And in each city, there are cases which call for quick help. Here are three children whose father is in a mental institution. Their mother is dead. A landlord "cares for" them—that is, he pockets their government allowance as guardian. Otherwise they run wild.

William, 11, is in a delinquents' training school. He did no wrong, but his father left home and his mother fell ill. There was no other place for him.

Even the police and juvenile authorities, directly concerned with the child problem, contribute tragically to the neglect. Many detention homes are "little more than

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juvenile jails," says Katharine F. Lenroot, chief of the U. S. Children's Bureau.

For runaways, who are only rebelling against a home trouble they can't master, the situation is bleak. Strange towns don't want them, and often their own communities won't pay their carfare home. Many are thrown into jail or dumped onto the next county. Thus while we pay taxes to retrieve delinquents, in hundreds of cases our handling of them *makes* delinquents.

UNDER MATERNAL AND CHILD-health programs set up by the Social Security Act, 160,000 women are helped during pregnancy. Several hundred thousand bring their babies to clinics for periodic checkups, and 1,600,000 school children are examined. Some 2,000,000 receive smallpox vaccination, while 1,600,000 are immunized against diphtheria.

But still we are doing only part of the job. The lack of personnel is shocking. We need thousands more physical, occupational and speech therapists, and clinical psychologists. We have only 2,500 pediatricians, and need at least three times as many. We also need: 5,000 *more* obstetricians; 1,000 *more* orthopedists; 34,000 *more* dentists trained in child dentistry; 50,000 *more* public-health nurses; 15,000 *more* graduate nurses for institutional and private duty; 10,000 *more* psychiatrists.

In human terms, the cost of child-health service seems paltry. A complete program would cost about $8 a year, or less than three cents daily per child. Dental care, beginning at age three and continuing through the school years, would add another three cents. For medical care, including major and minor illnesses up to 18, and care of crippled children, the total would come to about 13 cents per child.

Before the war, not one city had adequate day-care for children of working women. Then, with almost 4,500,000 mothers in war plants, the Lanham Act helped to finance more than 3,000 centers. Now, though millions of these women still must work, funds have been withdrawn. The children are left with neighbors, or roam the streets.

At the bottom are the migrants' children. An artist could draw a lush farm map of the U. S.—the truck crops of New York and the Far West, the peaches and oranges of Florida and California, the Louisiana strawberries, the Oregon hops. But he would have to show, too, children toiling in the fields, babies lying in the sun between the rows, dirty cow barns where men and children mix in squalor.

County health officers don't even try to combat the dirt, infection and superstitions of these "foreigners," and school districts often turn their children away. Except in a few states, child-labor laws do not affect agriculture, and statutes on school attendance, sanitation and housing are flagrantly breached.

Exploitation of child labor is another grave problem. Child work was on the wane when the fever of war prosperity infected almost 3,000,000 teen-agers. Now, state and Federal inspectors are fighting desperately to reverse the momentum of the war years.

In a small Pennsylvania town, 50 children were found working until

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early morning in bowling alleys. In Baltimore, 13-year-old Helen worked seven days weekly in a restaurant, a combined work-school load of 56 hours. Alfred, 14, who set up bowling pins, got to bed before 1 A.M. just once a week.

Already, peace has given us "a lost generation" from among the million teen-agers who went into war plants. Spoiled for school, these "workers" badly need trained advice. The Children's Bureau wants labor unions, employers, P.T.A.s and other organizations to look into the problem.

We must never again close the doors to youth labor, as was done in the Depression, says Miss Lenroot. "If we do," she warns, "they will look for a solution elsewhere. We cannot forget that both Hitler and Mussolini gathered their first strength from the disillusioned youth of their countries."

For many generations, Americans have had a childlike faith that public education is a panacea for youthful troubles. Today, our schools are in such distress that child neglect no longer is ameliorated in the classroom—it reaches its peak there.

Our educational "opportunity" is shocking. One-quarter of all children attend schools which cost less than $1,000 per classroom unit of 30. This includes building, upkeep, books, teaching materials *and* teachers' salaries. More than a million are in schools costing less than $500 per unit, and more than 38,000 in shanties costing less than $100.

It isn't fair to dismiss schools as purely local problems. Take the ten states with the lowest school expenditures. Compared to the ten best states, they make a 15 per cent greater taxation *effort* for education. But they just don't have the incomes to levy on. Instead, they have more children.

WHAT IS THE ANSWER to the problem of America's neglected children? First and foremost, there is much that we, as citizens, can do. Through civic, social and fraternal organizations, you can easily determine the extent of child neglect in your town. You may need experts to help, *but do the research through your own townsfolk.* Progressive thinking today holds that professional surveys often fail to inspire community follow-through. Action flows out of research, so the research should be *local.*

Another vital child-force in your town is the public school, "the one obvious nucleus around which our scattered social forces can readily be gathered," as Mrs. Agnes E. Meyer, a nationally recognized authority on social conditions, told me. "Every woman," she emphasizes, "can contribute to a program which will make the elementary or high school the pivotal point of a new social solidarity."

Often, too, lay groups can cooperate with child-welfare professionals. Take Pioneer House in Detroit, which helps youngsters "so disturbed that nobody else wants them." This exacting project is sponsored by the Detroit Junior League. Some members are voluntary assistants, but before they join they must study child development, mechanisms of disturbed behavior and Pioneer House techniques.

A simpler phase of local work is recreation. What is the program in your community? Los Angeles,

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A Bill of Rights for Children

For each child regardless of race, color or creed—

1. The right to the affection and intelligent guidance of understanding parents.
2. The right to be raised in a decent home and to be adequately fed, clothed and sheltered.
3. The right to the benefits of religious guidance and training.
4. The right to a school program which offers sound academic training, plus maximum opportunity for individual development and preparation for living.
5. The right to receive constructive discipline for the proper development of good character, conduct and habits.
6. The right to be secure in his or her community against all influences detrimental to proper and wholesome development.
7. The right to the individual selection of free and wholesome recreation.
8. The right to live in a community whose adults recognize that the welfare of their children is of primary importance.
9. The right to receive good adult example.
10. The right to a job commensurate with his or her ability, training and experience, and protection against physical or moral employment hazards which adversely affect wholesome development.
11. The right to early diagnosis and treatment of physical handicaps and mental and social maladjustments, at public expense whenever necessary.

Poster reprinted with permission of New York State Youth Commission

probably the first to establish a municipal department for playground and recreation organization, recently amplified its work with the support of citizens. They approved a $12,078,000 bond issue for *more* playgrounds.

Statewise, you will want to keep posted on improved welfare coordination. Experts have drafted an important report, "The Road to Community Reorganization," which tells *you* how to improve local services and cooperate with state agencies. You may obtain it free from Woman's Foundation, 10 East 40th Street, New York City.

Nationally, you can keep in touch with Federal legislation for social welfare through Social Legislation Information Service, 930 F Street, Washington, D. C., organized by 50 leading national agencies such as the Red Cross, Boy Scouts and Y.W.C.A. Or you can find a rewarding sphere of activity in the

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1948 program of the National Commission on Children and Youth.

This is the top group of child workers in the country, representing different creeds, public and private charities, medical, educational and welfare experts, and strong citizens' organizations. The 100 commissioners include editors, university professors, labor leaders, business executives, doctors, librarians and educators.

Recognizing the dangerous weakness in the home, the Commission puts at the top of its 11 aims for 1948 increased *family* coverage under social insurance, public-assistance programs and other benefits. The well-being of the child is inextricably linked with the security of his parents.

The wisest child leaders in America support the Commission's program with unassailable logic. But poor Sadie, a 15-year-old feeble-minded girl, illustrates the case with greater eloquence.

Several years ago, Sadie fell from her school bus. After that, she couldn't remember to do her chores about the farm. Her family said she was lazy, but Sadie knew there was something wrong in her head.

When she heard of a crippled-children's clinic in town, she walked miles to see the doctor. "Please," she said, "can you help me?"

While he was devising treatments to lift the cloud from Sadie's mind, he sent a clinic aide to explain to her parents that she wasn't lazy but required medical care.

With the child's genius for fundamentals, Sadie strips all the adult polysyllables from the problem of our neglected youngsters and brings it down to one simple fact.

There is a child knocking at our door for help. Are we going to turn her away?

Street Scene

MOTORISTS DRIVING ALONG a certain busy highway in Pleasantville, New Jersey, not long ago fretted impatiently when the traffic policeman halted the heavy traffic. There seemed no reason for the delay, as far as they could see.

Then they heard the policeman call out, "Hurry up, Jackie. Come on now." And at that moment a small squirrel scampered out from beneath a clump of bushes with a nut in his mouth. As the little animal paused at the edge of the sidewalk, the officer coaxed, "Now, hurry up, Jackie." Obediently the squirrel dashed across the street with a flourish of his tail which seemed to convey a "Thank you" for the officer's protection.

The scene lasted only a moment. But it was long enough for impatient frowns to change to friendly grins of appreciation as the motorists set out once more with a new feeling of interest in that particular guardian of traffic.

—H.F.W. in *The Christian Science Monitor*

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Who remembers Lotta Crabtree?

by JACK HAMILTON

The American stage had never seen anything like the phenomenal child star who reaped a golden harvest in the California mines

LIKE SOME RARE MUSEUM piece from a far-off land, a strange old lady descended upon Gloucester town in the early 1920s.

Rumor had it that Miss Lotta Crabtree, a spinster up from Boston for the summer, was one of the richest women in the world. This, added to stories about her career as a celebrated actress, was sufficient to stimulate lively interest in the visitor. But what really fascinated onlookers were the daily habits of this eccentric woman.

Afternoons she spent solitary hours on the hot, sunny beach, painting gay seascapes. Evenings she blossomed out in dazzling antiquated garments and, with a queenly air, dined alone at her table. Then she would stroll out on the terrace and puff with dignified thoughtfulness at a long black cigar.

When this enigmatic old lady died in a Boston hotel in 1924, not only was the curiosity of Gloucester satisfied but the rest of the world was treated to the epic story of Lotta—as she was affectionately known—who had been the rowdiest, most popular and best-rewarded actress in the wake of the great gold rush of '49.

The bequests in her will, covering some $4,000,000, were the source of such controversy that her name was blazoned on front pages for weeks, thus proving that Lotta, who had lived a fantastic and exciting life, could be counted on for a good show even after death.

Lotta, born in New York City a century ago and named Charlotte Mignon Crabtree, was still an infant when the discovery of gold in California started America on a mad trek westward. Lotta's handsome father, John Crabtree, shut his book shop on Nassau Street in 1852 and joined the excited throng, leaving a vague promise of meeting his wife and daughter in San Francisco the following year.

There were no "ifs," he said: he

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would become a millionaire! Yet it was Lotta, not John, who was destined to reap a harvest of gold in California—and not by digging for it.

Next year, a determined Mrs. Crabtree and daughter Lotta sailed from New York, but upon their arrival in San Francisco John was conspicuously missing—whether by accident or design, his tight-lipped wife could not decide. But one thing was certain: she would have to earn money at once if she and Lotta were to continue eating.

Gold-crazy San Francisco was a tough, wide-open settlement. Gold dust gleamed in shop windows. Rancheros, cowpunchers, miners, Indians and spangled ladies thronged the muddy streets and plank walks.

But this Arabian Nights atmosphere held no terrors for Lotta. The bright-eyed child skipped roguishly by the side of her grim-faced mother, gleefully curious of everything. To Mrs. Crabtree's scandalized amazement and the crowd's delight, Lotta one day paused to execute a jig-dance, accompanied by a saucy song, in the middle of the street. Soon rough-hewn miners began to ask: "Is that your little girl, ma'am?"

At Mrs. Crabtree's emphatic assent, a little bag of gold dust would find its way into her hands. "This is for her, ma'am. She's an angel from heaven!"

Out of her desperate need, an idea germinated in the harassed mind of poor Mrs. Crabtree. Unsophisticated as she was, she undertook to survey the rude theaters and noisy saloons of San Francisco, seeking a profitable use for Lotta's precocious talents. Promptly she discovered that lusty California had an uninhibited love of theatricals of any kind. So in spite of doubts and dangers, Lotta made her debut when she was only seven, on a rude saloon stage with candle footlights.

Lotta looked like a little red-headed angel, dressed in long white muslin. She began singing in a clear, childish voice all the old ballads her audience nostalgically longed to hear: *Oh, Susannah!; Home, Sweet Home; We Have Missed You, Mother Dear.*

As she skipped from song to song, unshaven miners and cowboys, tough men with six-shooters at their hips, stared through the smoke-filled air with tears in their eyes.

Then the canny child changed her pace to a brassy, rollicking crescendo of jigs, polkas and soft-shoe dances. The angel became an impish devil, and a frenzy of cheering, stamping and whistling rocked the frame building.

Mrs. Crabtree, nervously watching, was unprepared for what happened next. Gold nuggets—a shower of them—bounced at Lotta's feet as she curtsied and grinned delightedly. Fearfully, the mother rushed out to rescue her child, lingering only long enough to scoop up the nuggets in her skirt. In later engagements, she used a basket.

LOTTA'S PHENOMENAL popularity began that theatrically historic night. Word of the marvelous child spread, and all California cried to see her. Crowds gathered in public squares as Lotta, gay and waving, rode into town beside her austere mother.

Fellow actors and saloon impresarios adored Lotta as much as did

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the audiences, for the little girl, an instinctive entertainer, was one of those rarities: an originator of styles and trends, born to be imitated. And as her popularity grew, so did the streams of gold nuggets.

Lotta's repertory soon included sly satires on the gold-hungry miners, the women of the towns, sailors, soldiers—and even Topsy, Little Eva and Uncle Tom. But it was her intimate give-and-take that exhilarated her audiences most. If a miner shouted a remark, Lotta shot back a prompt, often ribald, reply. On stage, she was a completely different person—free, infectious, rowdy—from the obedient girl who behaved so decorously off stage.

As Lotta's fame reached out, an unkempt miner living at a remote camp heard about the wonderful redheaded actress. He questioned those who had seen her. What was her last name? Nobody knew. They were just Lotta and her mother. But he guessed their real identity.

The miner was, of course, John Crabtree, Lotta's father. He wrote his wife, asking her and Lotta to come up to Grass Valley, where he was still searching vainly for gold. When they arrived in the obscure camp, he explained that he had been ashamed to seek them out while broke. Satisfied with her husband's explanation, Mrs. Crabtree agreed to a reconciliation, and in due time she presented Lotta with two brothers, Ashworth and George.

As she blossomed into adolescence, pretty Lotta inevitably became marriageable. But when would-be suitors took her out, the increasingly tyrannical Mrs. Crabtree went along. Thus Lotta developed a curious air of sheltered innocence, even when she was most boisterous on the stage.

Mother and daughter had by now become a hard-driving, unbeatable combination, with a fortune in gold dust and hard cash in the bank. When San Francisco built elegant theaters, Mrs. Crabtree arranged for Lotta to star on their stages, along with the elite imported from the East. Then she hit upon a bold plan: why not invade the East itself? Thus, when Lotta was 17, the hardy team set out for their native New York, at the close of the Civil War. It was the same old story. Proud theaters everywhere were packed to greet her.

This strangely innocent "wild child of the mines" had a tonic effect on effete Eastern audiences. Lotta was informal and breezy, joking with her audiences as she had done in mining camps. She played boy parts, wore short skirts, smoked cigars. Seemingly, this one-woman revolution could do anything she pleased, without offending.

Augustin Daly and David Belasco, later eminent impresarios, wrote plays especially for her. Then the hierarchy of the day's theater, including John Barrymore's grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, and the noted E. A. Sothern invited her to portray Desdemona in a benefit performance of *Othello*.

The wacky production was a version of that play never seen before or since. Lotta frisked in a decolleté ball gown, tossed her train around, played ball with the pillows with which Othello intended to smother her. Substituting for the plaintive *Willow Song* one of her raucous frontier numbers, she accompanied

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herself on the banjo. As Othello murderously pursued Desdemona, one of the actors put an end to the play with a fire hose.

Lotta became the toast of New York, but her vigilant mother froze out suitors. Lotta could merely smile winsomely at her admirers before being whisked away to her hotel. There the Crabtrees, though worth millions, would indulge in crackers and milk before going to bed. Lotta's only deviation from the conventional path of virtue was her black cigar.

Late in her career, Lotta made her only professional mistake. She took her company to England, but her frontier brand of humor bewildered the austere Britishers. Spoiled by acclaim since childhood, she never quite recovered all her self-esteem after this sad experience. And in 1891, when she was 44, she suddenly decided she had had enough, and retired.

Lotta and her mother built a mansion in the New Jersey hills, where Mrs. Crabtree invested shrewdly in real estate and Lotta went in for race-horse breeding and oil painting. At 50, she still looked like a girl with red curls, still wore youthful frocks tied with blue sashes.

After her mother's death in 1905, Lotta's brother Ashworth came to live with her. When he died, she moved into an obscure Boston hotel. On rare occasions she dressed in her faded costumes and did some of her old "burlesques" for a select group of friends.

Lotta might have been forgotten by the time of her death at 77, if a fight over her will had not dramatically climaxed her career. More than 100 hopefuls brazenly claimed a chunk of her millions. One buxom lady declared herself Lotta's unacknowledged daughter, child of a concealed, short-lived marriage. Another asserted she was the daughter of Lotta's late brother, Ashworth, a gay blade who had spent his all on wine, women and song. Both cases were thrown out of court after months of wrangling.

Who finally got Lotta's four million? Among her bequests were two million for disabled soldiers of World War I and their dependents, a permanent fund for aiding discharged convicts, scholarship grants for students of music and agriculture. In her will, she also provided another large sum "to spread cheer at Christmas."

Most poignant of all, the lonely old lady directed that drinking fountains for "men, horses, birds and dogs" be erected in San Francisco, New York and Boston.

"These," she said, "were the three cities that treated me best."

Curious Will

A RESIDENT OF LOS ANGELES received one dollar from the estate of his wife, "For the purpose of buying bullets for his gun, and with the suggestion that he shoot himself."

—JOSEF S. CHEVALIER

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Our human comedy

Laughter is a healthful tonic—good for young and old. So gathered here to enhance your well-being are some amusing bits from the everyday world

WHILE SAYING HIS prayers, a little boy had his mind centered on his parents' talk about our troubled world. Having prayed for everything and everybody he could remember, the lad concluded, "And please, God, take care of Yourself. If anything happened to You, we'd all be sunk." —IRVING HOFFMAN

THE PROPRIETOR OF the grocery store had shown marked attention to one of his customers, practically bowing to the man as he left the store. Another customer, a newcomer to the neighborhood, had witnessed the proceedings and, thinking that the other man was a celebrity, remarked: "I noticed that you treated your last customer with some deference."

"Yes," replied the proprietor, "he's one of our early settlers."

"He doesn't appear over 40 to me," said the customer.

"I think you're right about that," answered the grocer, "but he always takes care of his bill on the first of the month."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

A BREAKFAST GUEST at the White House during the Coolidge administration was astonished to see the President pour his beverage from cup to saucer. Not to be outdone, the guest followed suit.

The President put cream and sugar in the saucer, and tasted the mixture with his spoon.

The guest was about to do likewise when Mr. Coolidge set the saucer on the floor for the dog.

—*Our Dumb Animals*

"WELL, MARY, NOW THAT we've struck oil, I want you to have some decent clothes," said Farmer Jones, handing his wife a big roll of bills.

"Bill Jones, I'll have you know that I've worn decent clothes all my life," Mrs. Jones replied. "Now I'm going to dress like other women."

—*Mrs. R. B. Fagnan*

IT WAS AN IMPORTANT movie in the making. The whole production had stalled because of a difficulty with the script, and the delay was costing the studio thousands of dollars.

In the story, the husband had fallen out of love with his wife, and

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there was disagreement as to how this suggestion could best be gotten across on celluloid.

The producers called in one high-salaried writer, who wrote four pages of beautiful dialogue, but that was too long. Then they called in another writer, who penned two pages of biting wordage, but that was also too long.

Finally, the producer had an inspiration. He called in a typewriter-tapper who'd been scripting for films for 25 years—long before celluloid had found its tongue. "It's a cinch," he said. "I'll show you how we'll do it."

And this is the way they did it in the final shooting: the husband and wife were riding down in an elevator. On the sixth floor, a young girl entered the car—and the husband removed his hat.

A LITTLE GIRL CAME home early one evening with an ice-cream cone in her hand and, holding it out to her father, urged him to take a great big bite.

The father did so, thinking to himself what a generous little darling his daughter was. Then he asked, "But didn't you want it yourself, sweetheart?"

"No," she said. "A doggie licked it." —ELEANOR CLARAGE

IT WAS A TERRIFIC boxing match. Fifty thousand spectators cheered themselves hoarse as the boxers stood toe to toe and slugged each other with dynamite rights and lefts. Suddenly one of the men crumpled to the canvas. The crowd went mad.

The boxer took a count of three and then got up. In a few seconds he was floored again. This time the crowd *really* went crazy. Fifty thousand voices rose in one great sustained roar.

The fighter on the canvas took a count of one-two-three-four. The roar of the crowd increased in volume. Suddenly the fallen fighter leaped to his feet and faced the bellowing multitude.

"Stop that fool howling!" he yelled. "How do you expect me to hear the count?" —FRANCES BENSON

AFTER PLACING SOME flowers on a grave in a cemetery, a man noticed an old Chinese placing a bowl of rice on a near-by grave and cynically asked: "What time do you expect your friend to come up and eat rice?"

The Chinese replied with a smile: "Same time your friend come up to smell flowers." —*Telephone Topics*

THE VISITING ACTRESS from Great Britain was complaining recently about the strange names given American towns—names like Weehawken, Hoboken, Poughkeepsie, etc.

"I suppose they do seem strange to English ears," commented a polite Manhattanite. "Do you live in London all the time?"

"Oh, no," the visitor replied, "I spend part of my time at Chipping Norton, and then I have a place at Stoke Poges." —*Tales of Hoffman*

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India's People

great age of ex- the 16th and 17th people of the West India as a sym- mysterious East. For years, India was ruled Britain. But a century of colonial India into two new nations—Moslem India. Blood- attended the birth of the new governments, massacre and confusion ushered them into the world. Yet Indians believe in the promise of the future. To help you understand why they will not falter before the tremendous task of building their new nation, Cornet presents these penetrating photographs by Berko. They bring you into fresh and intimate contact with an ancient people who are destined to play a major role in the Eastern world.

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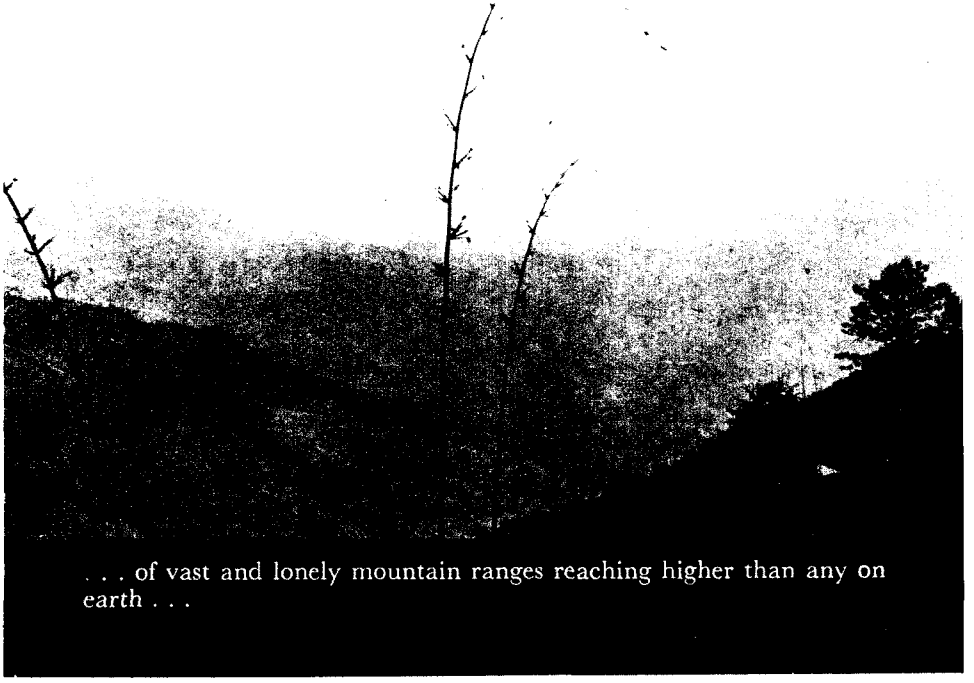

. . . of vast and lonely mountain ranges reaching higher than any on earth . . .

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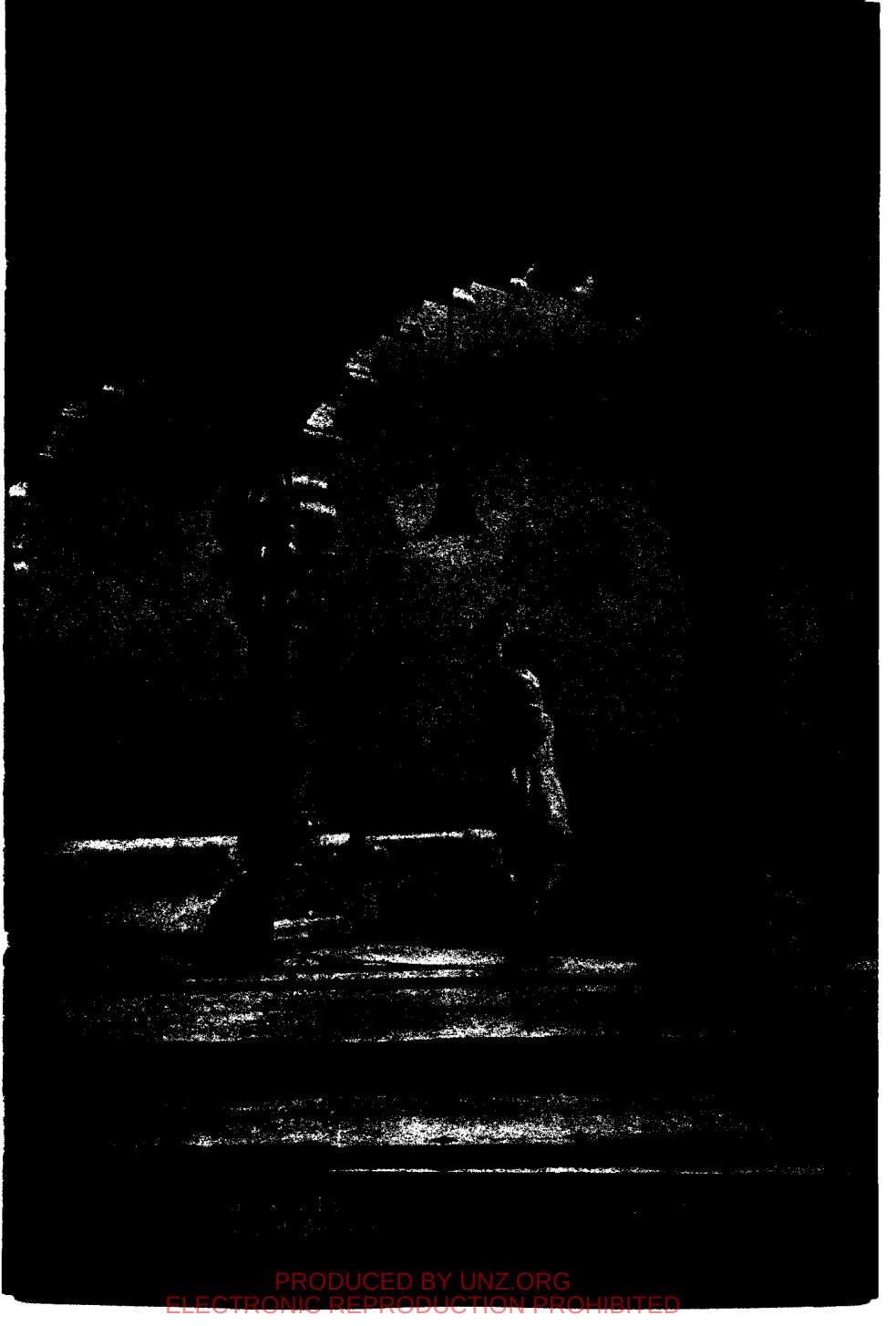

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Molded by countless centuries of the sun's burning heat, life in India knows neither rush nor bustle. The Indian people live calmly and slowly with an air of grace and informality . . .

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. . . and in India's hundreds of thousands of vi
large cities, like Bombay and Calcutta, peddl
more at ease on the streets than they would

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. . . and in India poverty stalks the streets as familiar as the blazing sun itself . . .

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ing isolation, in great states of their own, live the
of India, resplendent in silks and damasks, elegant

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India has a t cross
l vital a y in t

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Reflecting India's massive, variegated population, the [illegible] range from members of primitive hill tribes to modern merchants and technicians. They speak a tangle of ancient languages

. . . they belong to eight major religions each with many millions of followers; yet all seem determined to work together toward one goal—a strong and prosperous India.

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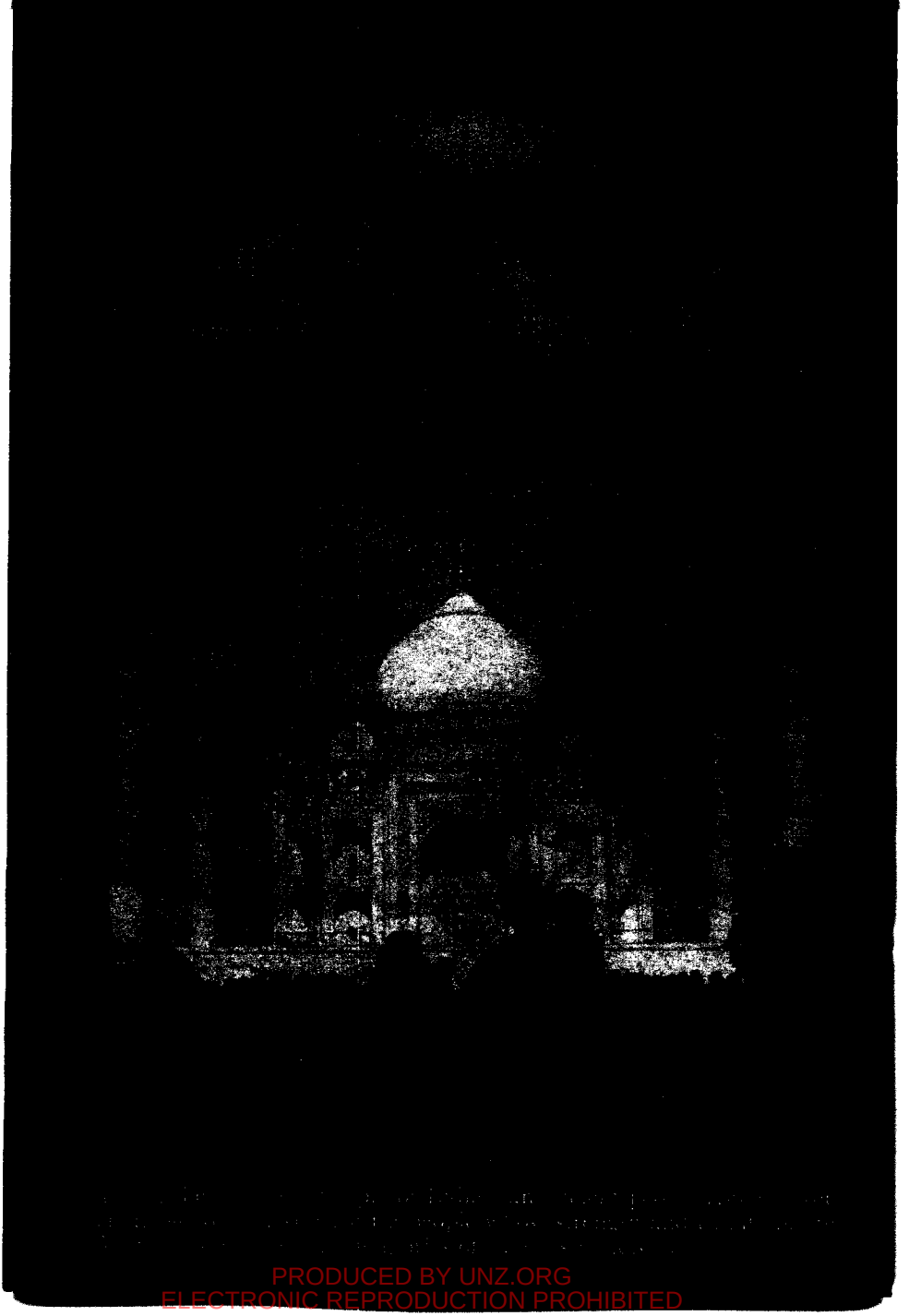

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GEORGIA'S *Cured-of-Cancer* CLUB

by ODOM FANNING

Its members offer themselves as the best proof that a dread disease need not be fatal if only it is detected and treated in time

MAIL CARRIERS IN NINE Georgia counties recently delivered envelopes to 172 widely assorted homes. Each contained a guest card and a simple note:

"The staff of the City-County Hospital Cancer Clinic at LaGrange would like to have you present at a barbecue in honor of patients treated from 1937 through 1942. We feel that your presence will be the means of great encouragement to other patients."

Ordinarily, the success of the occasion would have been assured, for Troup County, of which LaGrange is the seat, is famous for its succulent barbecues. Yet Dr. Enoch Callaway, director of the clinic since its establishment 11 years ago, harbored doubts: would the barbecue lure overcome the prejudice of cancer patients against revealing their malady? Each of the 172 invited guests were five-to-ten year cancer cures from his clinic.

Long-time patients frankly said they would have no part of the reunion: they could not stand people feeling sorry for them. For every patient who wrote or called the gray-haired doctor to say that he would be there, ten said not to look for them. But by 9 o'clock on the morning of the reunion, eight elderly patients were sitting in the swings on the hospital's lawn. By foot and car, other individuals and families wandered in all morning.

Soon, these healthy-looking men, women and children were laughing and frolicking together in a shady grove. Long tables were laden with free barbecued beef and bread.

Promptly at noon the Rev. Frederick Kyle, Jr., rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church in LaGrange, pronounced the invocation. The world's strangest party was under way: 50 white persons and 11 Negroes, all apparently cured of cancer, sat down to eat together.

There was Verna Will Duncan, a smiling, 16-year-old schoolgirl, who had been operated on for cancer of the neck when only six. Few patients who suffer cancer so young

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recover, yet a year's postoperative treatment with X rays erased Verna Will's malignancy, and she is considered cured.

Most of the patients were older men and women, like D. B. Smedley, spry and smiling at 81. When he came to the clinic ten years ago, he was suffering from multiple lesions. "I wouldn't be living today if I hadn't started taking treatment in time," he says.

But young or old, the patients have a great affection for Dr. Callaway, a mixture of the old country doctor and the modern scientist. His father before him practiced medicine in LaGrange, and his son is now in residence at an Atlanta hospital. Professionally, Dr. Callaway is vice-counselor of the Medical Association of Georgia and chairman of the executive committee for the state division of the American Cancer Society.

None of his patients were hesitant about discussing a disease which is still taboo to many people. Not one winced when Dr. Callaway said: "By all rights, many of you should have been dead today if you had not taken treatment in time. You are living proof that, with modern medicine, cancers that once were hopeless are now curable —if detected and treated in time."

ONE OF 14 STATE-AID clinics in Georgia, the LaGrange hospital uses only approved techniques available to any doctor anywhere —surgery, radium and X ray. And proud as he is of his cures, Dr. Callaway emphasizes that his results are not unique but typical. Similar treatment centers in every state have equally good records, while the American College of Surgeons lists about 40,000 patients considered cured for five years or longer.

"Despite the record, a great many persons still believe that if you have a cancer, it's hopeless," Dr. Callaway said. "A public poll showed that some 20,000,000 people still cling to the old defeatist attitude, although the American Cancer Society states that one-fourth of all cases are now being saved and estimates that about half could be saved if detected in time."

Cancer is no bar to a long and productive life, as witness Mrs. S. E. Leigh who, although not a Callaway patient, was a special guest at the barbecue. Besides being the mother of Mrs. Stewart Colley of Grantville, Georgia, commander of the Georgia Field Army of the Cancer Society, Mrs. Leigh, now 80, was cured 40 years ago of a carcinoma of the breast.

Dr. Callaway credits the Field Army of the A.C.S. with the educational work that brought many of the 172 survivors into his clinic. In Troup County, where the Society has been especially active, only ten per cent of the patients were in hopeless condition when they first reported to the clinic, contrasted to 50 per cent from surrounding counties in which the Field Army had not yet had time to educate the populace.

At the barbecue, everyone had eaten his fill when the genial host hailed a late arrival. He was 40, big and husky. As soon as Mrs. Clifford Bowles, clinic secretary, had heaped his plate, he shook hands cordially with the doctor

"You wouldn't believe this man had only half a stomach, would

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you?" asked Dr. Callaway, introducing Jim around. Then he related how Dr. J. S. Holder of the clinic staff had removed more than half his stomach in an operation six years before.

"When my stomach started to hurt, I thought sure it was ulcers," said Jim. "Nobody in my family had ever had cancer, so I never dreamed I would get it. When the ulcers finally got so painful I couldn't stand it any longer, I came to the hospital. The doctors told me I had cancer."

Jim had held to the common myth that cancer is inherited. Today he knows that, unlike measles, diphtheria, tuberculosis and other communicable diseases, cancer is not caused by a germ or an infection. It does not spread from person to person, nor is there any danger of "catching" it by contact.

Jim, who drives a truck for a LaGrange cotton mill, was an hour late for the barbecue because he had already driven 70 miles to Atlanta to pick up a load of mill machinery. He hasn't missed a day's work in five years.

At 1:30 P.M., the whistles sounded at the cotton mills in town, two miles away. The guests, white and Negro, made ready to leave. The whistles meant that the afternoon shift began in 30 minutes, and those who worked at the mills would have to hurry. Work? Men and women once given up as lost still working? Yes, every man and woman there, except those too old, was working in the mill, on the farm or at some reasonably strenuous job.

"Maybe that's the real significance of our reunion," concluded Dr. Callaway. "Doesn't that show as well as anything could that cancer *can* be cured—if only it is detected and treated in the early stages?"

Philosophy Footnotes

The best way to get a person's head out of the clouds and to put his feet on the ground is to place some heavy responsibility upon his shoulders.
—DUNCAN CALDWELL

Instead of loving your enemies, treat your friends a little better.
—HY GARDNER

Trouble is only opportunity in work clothes. —HENRY J KAISER

You can take a day off but you can't put it back. —*Capper's Weekly*

Instead of bewailing the fact that we can't have all that we want, many of us should be thankful we don't get all we deserve. —*Tales of Hoffman*

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There's nothing shiftless about Eli Hedley, yet his business depends on what the sea casts up

He Picks Up a Living ON THE BEACH

by R. WILSON BROWN

THE BEACHCOMBER, according to fiction writers, is a shiftless fellow who never knows where his next dollar is coming from. But Eli Hedley of The Beach, San Pedro, California, has upset the classical theory by operating a $50,000 annual business.

Just as it is for other beachcombers, the sea is his source. But from the flotsam and jetsam of the Pacific he fashions unique wares that are now handled by the super-swank Bullock's of Hollywood and many other big and little stores. In addition, he supplies special props to professional photographers, movie companies and interior decorators.

If you would do business with Eli, just drive out to Trade Winds Cove, three miles above San Pedro, and look down to the beach for his brilliant scarlet shirt. You'll probably find him appraising a prime stack of oyster-white driftwood, laid neatly on the sand.

He stops now and then as he ambles along, selecting small twisted pieces and casting them out of the larger piles. Later he will gather them in a wheelbarrow, take them to his shop which hugs the cliff ten feet above shore line, and in an hour will have them fastened together in a large frame, destined for a Fifth Avenue shop as a show-window centerpiece.

Eli is about 50, yet wiry and quick-moving. "Some of the furniture I have designed you might call modern," he says. "But the emphasis is on the natural qualities and conformation of the wood."

He points a lean brown finger. "See those saki bottles? Some of them were washed ashore by the Japan current. I score them with a saw about halfway down, and tap gently until top and bottom part. Then I plug the mouth with sealing wax, imbed it in a piece of old bleached cork, and the result—a goblet.

"Samuel Goldwyn, the movie

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producer, ordered 550 sets of six of these saki goblets as Christmas presents for friends. I packed each set in old fish netting and enclosed them in boxes made of driftwood."

Eli makes more than 100 items, including driftwood ice buckets, boat-oar garden gates, ship's-wheel chandeliers and Japanese fish-float lamps. A salt-bleached water cask turns into a beautiful salad bowl in his competent hands; old strips of bamboo washed in from the South Seas become an attractive bar front, and worm-eaten wood from a wrecked ship is fashioned into jewel boxes that look as though they belonged to Captain Kidd.

His catalogue lists items from "Starfish, 75 cents to $1.50" to "Ship's-wheel table and two chairs, $285." The catalogue itself is something of a curiosity. Bound in what appears to be aged parchment, it has a bit of old fish net and a piece of driftwood attached to the binding.

HOW DID THIS UNIQUE business begin? In 1936, Hedley owned three grocery stores in an Oklahoma oil town. "Just got tired of the smell of crude oil and the taste of red dust," he says. So he sold the stores, loaded his car with the family and a trailer with his possessions and headed West.

Neither Hedley, his wife nor their three daughters had ever seen the sea before they reached California. But it fascinated them, so they moved into three old sheds on a cliff north of San Pedro, where sea, sun and wind are ever present.

Promptly the family decided to decorate the new home with driftwood, shells and rocks from the beach. The result was surprising. As new friends dropped in, they commented on the originality and good taste of the rooms. Eli was urged to market some of the items he had devised. Finally he agreed to tackle one of the most exclusive markets in the United States—Bullock's Wilshire department store on Los Angeles' "Miracle Mile."

When he entered the big store's carpeted office, his sneakers, corduroys and scarlet shirt seemed sadly out of place.

"What can I do for you?" asked the buyer in a patronizing tone.

Somehow Eli explained the reason for his visit.

"Hmm," was the answer. "And where are your samples?"

"I've got a trailer on the parking lot," Eli answered miserably.

When the buyer saw the trailer he turned to Eli and said, "Wait here a minute!" He returned quickly with the advertising manager and window decorator. After a quick conference they asked in chorus, "How much of this stuff can you bring us?"

They fired questions. Could Eli make a driftwood frame six by eight feet? He could. The advertising manager wanted to know his trade name.

"Eli Hedley, Beachcómber," he said simply.

"A natural," whispered the ad man almost reverently.

Eli left the load with Bullock's and went home. Three days later, when he returned, a crowd was standing before the shop windows. One of the Hedley daughters shouted, "Look, daddy, it's yours."

Eli Hedley, Beachcomber, was made, for the windows were filled

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with his work—the largest display ever devoted to the products of a single company by Bullock's. Inside the store, orders were piling up. Eli, his wife and daughters have been busy ever since.

Today he works the beach from Oregon to Mexico. "The most beautiful and substantial driftwood comes from the Oregon coast," he says authoritatively. "It is carried down the river by the current; out to sea by the tide. There it is seasoned and saturated by the sea's brine until it is finally washed ashore. After some weeks of bleaching sunshine, it is ready for collection."

On a business trip Eli attaches a trailer to his car and follows the coastal highway north. When the family spots a likely beach, they pull off the road and explore.

On a typical trip they gather a railroad carload of material on which to work. Eli has plotted the best beaches for particular species of shells and coral. He knows that certain parts of the Oregon coast will furnish specific types of fine driftwood, and that on others the Japan current will bring varicolored glass globes from Japanese fishing nets to shore. He even thinks he has the location of a sunken Jap submarine spotted—just a stone's throw from his house.

His list of regular customers looks like a seating arrangement for an Academy Award dinner. For Deanna Durbin he made all the furniture and fixtures for a 16th-century French wine cellar. For Myrna Loy he makes lamps. Twice an attractive young woman came to him for items, signing her checks Ingrid Lindstrom. It wasn't until her third visit that he realized his customer was Ingrid Bergman.

Eli has furnished many Hollywood night spots with decorative material, and does a thriving business with movie studios, to which he sells or rents props representing old ships, water-front cafés, tropical dives and other "atmosphere" spots.

Eli now runs both a wholesale and retail business. Besides himself and family, he employs three regular helpers and three part-time. All of them, like Eli, marvel at the way in which the sea can be an endless source of profit, provided you know how to work its wares.

Try This One

If you want to avert the paralyzing shock of ducking into cold sea water, first douse the back of your neck and then both your wrists before taking the plunge.

If you hold a pin or a needle in your mouth while peeling onions, you won't shed tears.—From *Thoughts While Shaving* by NEAL O'HARA, published by WAVERLY HOUSE

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FUTURE FARMERS of America

by NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

Rural youngsters throughout the U.S. are writing some outstanding success stories

"I'D LIKE POWERFUL WELL to own a good farm before I die."

A. D. Ellison, lanky west Texas farmer, pushed his chair back from the supper table with a sigh. "We been renters all our lives and we always done well, but it ain't like ownin' a piece of ground."

Nineteen-year-old Elton saw the longing on his father's face. "How much do you need, Dad, to buy a farm?" he asked.

"A couple o' thousand extra for the place I want," said Ellison. "The old Willis farm is darn good land, but banker Smith says I gotta have $2,000 more for the down payment. And where I'd find $2,000 in west Texas, God only knows!"

Young Elton's eyes brightened. "I'll put it in!"

"You must be jokin', son," said Ellison. "I know you've done right well with your projects, but it takes a powerful lot o' farmin' to clear $2,000, 'specially with all the equipment you've been buyin'."

Elton pulled a bank book from his pocket. "I didn't want to talk about it before, Dad," he said. "But I have $1,481.62 on deposit, and I can sell enough hogs to make up the $2,000."

So the Ellisons moved on to the first piece of land they had ever owned, all because Elton at 15 had joined the Future Farmers of America—a national organization of youths studying vocational agriculture in high schools—and carried out its program of thrift and scientific farming.

When he started he had $17, barely enough to buy a gilt at a bargain. But from pigs he made enough to rent and work eight acres of cotton. Then, expanding slowly, he bought four dairy cows,

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a tractor and finally a secondhand truck, using the machinery in his own work and in assisting his father and neighboring farmers. At the end of four years he could help his parents to fulfill their lifelong desire —ownership of a productive farm.

Outstanding success story? Yes, but a story that can be approached by thousands of other Future Farmers of America. The 238,269 members, boys averaging 17, have $30,000,000 invested in farming. Ninety per cent of them started their projects with less than $25, often borrowed—plus the gumption and ambition that the organization implanted in them.

In one state alone—Oklahoma—Future Farmers have borrowed $200,000 from banks, in addition to loans from private individuals, and Eugene P. Gum, secretary of the Oklahoma Bankers' Association, reports there never has been a default. He likes to cite cases like that of the 15-year-old boy who borrowed $30 to buy a hog. Then the animal died.

"Forget it," said the banker. "You couldn't save that hog."

But the boy wouldn't forget it. "A loan's a loan," he explained. "Future Farmers teach us to keep our credit good, first of all."

After school and on Saturdays he cut and sold firewood, the proceeds of every load going to the banker till the loan was paid. As soon as he was through high school, the banker helped him to locate a farm and financed the purchase. Today, the boy who kept his credit good is a prosperous farmer.

Future Farmers is the brain child of Henry C. Groseclose, who 25 years ago was teaching agriculture in the hamlet of Buckingham, Virginia. But he found it hard to interest his students in farming: they were more interested in the high social traditions of the state. One day after school several boys lingered at his desk, talking wistfully about the F.F.V.—First Families of Virginia. An inspiration struck Groseclose.

"Boys," he said, "you are the real F.F.V.—Future Farmers of Virginia. That's a lot more important than being a blueblood."

The idea — and name — caught on. Groseclose wrote a constitution and ritual, modeled somewhat after the Grange. After half a dozen meetings, there was no longer any inferiority complex about farming.

By 1925, a state-wide organization had been established. Then seven other Southern states followed. Other parts of the country heard of the enterprise, and soon it became national. Today all the states, plus Hawaii and Puerto Rico, are represented. Each autumn, some 12,000 alert, farm-minded youths convene in Kansas City in connection with the American Royal Livestock Show.

FFA is restricted to students of vocational agriculture, and 70 per cent of the members go into actual farming, where their leadership in modern agricultural methods and community improvement is outstanding. Each member must carry out farm projects and keep adequate records. He must learn to speak in public, must take part in community enterprises, must prepare himself for intelligent citizenship. State and national awards go to the boys and chapters that make the most noteworthy achievements.

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Future Farmers' activities are correlated with high-school instruction in vocational agriculture—probably the best teaching to be found anywhere. Under the Smith-Hughes Act, the Federal Government appropriates funds which are matched by states. The teachers, experienced in practical farming, believe in learning through doing, though they also require the boys to delve into agricultural theory, history and economics.

WHILE MOST FUTURE FARMERS start on a shoestring, the advisers teach the same sense of responsibility to members whose families are well-to-do. The father of Gerald Reyenga of Emmet, Arkansas, died when the youth was 17. He left a prosperous 500-acre farm, which Mrs. Reyenga was ready to sell so that her studious son might go to the university.

"Not on your life!" said Gerald. "This farm's worth more to me than a college degree. I'm going to run it. That's what Future Farmers are training for."

Run the farm he did, producing cotton, corn, potatoes, beans, milk and pork, meanwhile supervising six to a dozen Negro hands. "I like to work for gentlemen," one of these hands told me with a grin. "But there's gentlemen—an' then there's gentlemen *as knows farming*, an' Mister Gerald is that!"

In Coatesville, Pennsylvania, a law clerk, Walter Carlin, owned a run-down farm of 121 acres. No farmer, he had let tenants ruin it by bad crop practices, and was about to sell in disgust. But his two boys, Walter, Jr., 16, and William, 14, had been studying agriculture in high school. "Don't sell, Dad," said Bill. "Let us rent it from you."

"Okay," said Carlin.

The boys brought the problem before the local chapter of Future Farmers. With the aid of the agriculture instructor and fellow members, they worked out a long-range program for boosting crops. In five years they were able to buy 90 additional acres. Today, the farm does a $30,000 gross business a year. And father and mother, once disillusioned with agriculture, now make their year-round home there.

Future Farmers represent achievement not only in agriculture but in a healthy mental outlook, too. Virgil Getto's father came to Nevada from Italy to work in the mines, then got a little farm. Childhood illnesses had retarded Virgil, who hated to recite in class. Schoolmates practically had to drag him into Future Farmers.

Gradually, as he shared in the meetings, he found he had qualities of leadership. He led a community campaign for treating seed; he won the state oratorical contest. Finally he was elected national secretary of the FFA. Now he is in partnership with his father on a prosperous dairy and beef-cattle farm.

In every state, ambitious youths have found Future Farmers crystallizing their deepest desires. Already 700,000 are engaged in agriculture, and each year 40,000 more join the ranks. Here they exhibit the same cooperation, the same hospitality to new ideas which they learned as high-school youngsters. They are leaders in the Grange, Farm Bureau, Farmers' Union; members of school boards; lay officers of rural churches which in

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many cases they have revivified.

"My people are good farmers when they have the know-how," said a strapping young Indian at the 1946 Kansas City convention. "Several hundred of us young Indians in Montana belong to Future Farmers. The old folks are interested in what we're doing. And we'll show them more when we get into full-time farming. In ten years the Indians in Montana will triple farm profits and Future Farmers will be the cause of it."

Members are not content only with personal achievement; they are improving—in some cases transforming—farm practices in their communities. In the area around Ponca City, Oklahoma, every dairy cow was tested for butterfat in a Future Farmers campaign. Where cows were found deficient, the boys located high-test animals for farmers to buy as replacements. The cow-testing association of Shawnee Mission, Kansas, was organized by local Future Farmers.

At Stamping Ground, Kentucky, the boys saw a need for better dairy cattle. The answer, they decided, was a pure-breed Jersey bull, so they sold tobacco from their project plots to pay for the animal, now available to breeders throughout the community. At Clarendon, Texas, the FFA chapter keeps six registered boars for the benefit of local hog raisers.

Elsewhere, the boys have introduced new crop varieties. At Chatagnier, Louisiana, where sweet potatoes are a major crop, they brought in two high-yielding, disease-resistant strains five years ago. Now the varieties are grown on more than half the local truck farms.

"I've never thought much of book farming," a conservative Iowa farmer told me. "When my son Chester said he was going to study vocational agriculture in high school, and later when he said he was joining the Future Farmers of America, I kinda laughed.

"But when I saw what Chester did with his herd of hogs I decided he musta learned a lot. And he kept deviling me about a ten-acre patch down by the creek that would never raise crops worth a darn. Insisted it was my fault.

"Well, I finally told him I'd pay the cost if the Future Farmers could do anything with it. They took a sample of soil from our land up to the high school to be analyzed. Then they limed the field and put on a little potash. Now it's the best land on the place—gave 102 bushels of corn to the acre last year. If my face isn't red, it ought to be."

Likewise, Future Farmers are eradicating old-fashioned notions that crop and animal pests are a visitation of Providence. The chapter at Byron, Illinois, introduced phenothiazine for control of animal parasites. Around McMinnville, Oregon, more than 40 per cent of the fruit was condemned in 1945 because of the fruit fly. The FFA put on an eradication campaign. In 1946, only one per cent was condemned.

A spectacular job was undertaken by Future Farmers in Jackson County, West Virginia, where 11 chapters, with the help of advisers, organized the first county fair. It brought 3,000 agricultural exhibits and 14,000 visitors, although the county's population is only 17,000.

Several hundred thousand for-

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mer and present Future Farmers served in the armed forces during the war. Those who had to remain at home built 115,000 pieces of farm equipment and repaired 180,000 machines. They also processed 5,500,000 cans of food, and performed uncounted hours of labor on farms that otherwise would have been abandoned.

Here is a record which any adult organization might well envy. Yet Future Farmers are unassuming youths who get their first vision of national service in unpretentious high schools. That theirs is a real vision is shown by the themes of speeches they deliver in state and national contests. For the pompous vagueness of politicians, for the cautious theorizing of scholars, they substitute the practical idealism of thinking American farmers.

Moreover, they view their problems in relation to all civilization. As young Paul Anderson of Grand Rapids, Minnesota, asserted: "We cannot produce too much food. We have known no cases of surpluses, only of maldistribution. The world cannot be at peace until agriculture meets the needs of all people."

Fate Plays Its Pawn

IN A DRAB SUBURB of London there lives a dignified lady whose social status is high but whose bank balance is dangerously low. I will call her Mrs. Stockwell in this story, which you probably will not believe. I didn't, either.

Because of her impeccable family connections, Mrs. Stockwell received an invitation to the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Philip Mountbatten, and immediately was confronted with the problem of what gift to send. Rummaging desperately through the stocks of the curiosity shops and pawnbrokers in her neighborhood, she came upon three isolated pieces of an old chess set that caught her fancy. They obviously had been carved by a master—and the price, fifteen shillings, was right. Mrs. Stockwell bought them, wrote out her card, and asked the proprietor to send them to the Princess at Buckingham Palace. Amidst the splendor of the other gifts, Mrs. Stockwell hoped her own paltry offering would be overlooked.

When the presents of the royal couple were put on exhibition for relatives and friends, Mrs. Stockwell peered anxiously at the glittering array. There was no sign of her chessmen. She turned in relief to leave the room—and then she saw her gift, alone in a glass display case, with a dozen people gazing at it in admiration.

A placard explained, "These priceless pieces have been missing for a century. Three generations of the royal family have sought them. Mrs. Henry Stockwell found them. Her invaluable gift completes one of the finest and most precious chess sets in the world."

Mrs. Stockwell drew her moth-eaten fur boa a little tighter about her neck and walked proudly out into the cold sunlight of the November morning. —BENNETT CERF

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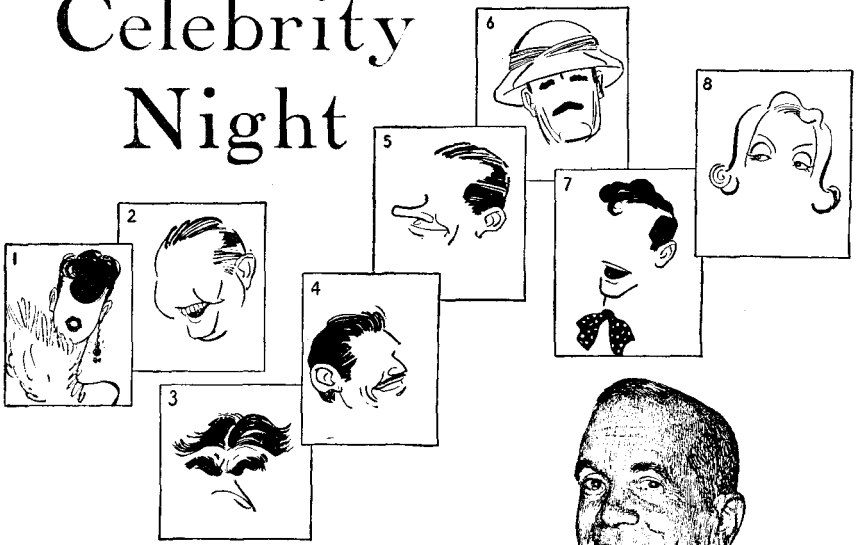
Coronet's Celebrity Night

GAME BOOK SECTION



AL JOLSON, Master of Ceremonies

WELCOME TO CORONET'S own haul of fame! We've bagged so much big game for your Game Book party that you'll soon be seeing more stars here than in the Hayden Planetarium. . . . First let's have a few introductions. Me, I'm Al Jolson. But who are these other glittering creatures? Since I make best with the vocal cords, I'm saying it with musical clues. There are five points in it for you for each five-pointed star you recognize from my clues. (In case you have trouble, you'll find the answers on page 89.)

1. "Air for G String"
2. "They Wouldn't Believe Me"
3. "Oh, No John"
4. "You Made Me Love You"
5. "Thanks for the Memory"
6. "Hold That Tiger"
7. "Nancy with the Laughing Face"
8. "Can It Be Wrong?"

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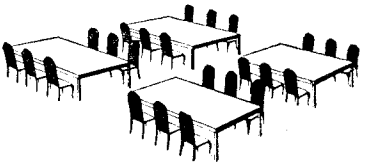

Putting Them In Their Place

How good are you at placing place cards? We have a number of famous personalities in to dine, but we want to seat them without resorting to social protocol. In a burst of inspiration, our host points out that each of these personalities—some fictional and some real, either living or dead—can be closely linked with the name of one of the following four colors: RED, BLUE, GREEN, YELLOW. Arbitrarily assigning the guests to four tables named for these four colors, our host found that exactly six seemed best suited to each table, according to the system. For example, Joseph Stalin, the first of the guests, obviously belonged to the RED table. To what tables would you assign the remaining 23 personalities? You should have no trouble getting 16 correct, but 20 makes you a full-fledged expert, and all 24—well, you probably won't get all 24 anyway! (See answers on page 89.)

1. Joseph Stalin
2. Johann Strauss
3. Ethel Waters
4. Dr. Walter Reed
5. Maurice Maeterlinck
6. John Sutter
7. Thomas Gainsborough
8. Ethan Allen
9. Byron Nelson
10. Kathleen Winsor
11. Mrs. Rhett Butler
12. Theodore Williams
13. Lloyd C. Douglas
14. Lord Cornwallis
15. Giuseppe Verdi
16. Richard Skelton
17. Basil O'Connor
18. Eamon de Valera
19. Alice Roosevelt Longworth
20. Sparkle Plenty
21. King Midas
22. Huckleberry Finn
23. Marc Connelly
24. Betty Hutton

One for Gunther

The man who's been inside practically every country on the globe would not be taken in(side) by this little puzzler, but I'd be willing to bet that most of the rest of you will be. Since John Gunther, world-famous author and foreign correspondent, knows all about such technicalities as the right of succession, he could readily prompt you on this: who would rule Great Britain in the event of the death of Princess Elizabeth? Without prompting yourself by turning to the answers on page 89, see if you can name the correct individual in 15 seconds or less.

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I wanted to stage a "Come as You Are" party for you Game Book fans, but the editors of Coronet censored me. Sometimes those parties are anything but a dress affair, you know. I got around the restriction quite simply by putting the idea in the past tense, asking these well-known men and women to come as they were before they became famous in their present careers. How many of them can you identify? (Check with answers on page 89.)

1. What president of an airway comes as a king of the speedway?

2. What short showman comes as a shorthand champ?

3. What movie beauty comes as an elevator cutie?

4. What radio rib-tickler comes as a fiddle scraper?

5. What syndicated columnist comes as a vaudeville hoofer?

6. What moody film artiste comes as an assistant tonsorial artist?

7. What Czar who keeps movies unsexy comes as a Chamber of Commerce prexy?

8. What iron hand ruling a film studio comes as a velvet-glove salesman?

One for Christie

Agatha would make short work of this one: while his employer was out of town, a servant latched on to some of his master's valuable mail. Since the employer had locked the mailbox and taken the key with him, the servant was accused of tampering with a United States mailbox. His defense was that the employer had mailed the key back to him and that he had not forcibly pried open the box. This failed to unlatch the judge's heart. Why? (See page 89.)

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One for Di Maggio

Whether it's low and inside or just where Master Joe likes it for fence-busting purposes, how many seams does the official Major League baseball have? (Before Joe gets around to knocking said seams off the ball, that is.) Can you connect with this one? (If not, see below.)

ANSWERS

Introducing Celebrities

1. Gypsy Rose Lee
2. Robert Ripley
3. John L. Lewis
4. Clark Gable
5. Bob Hope
6. Frank Buck
7. Frank Sinatra
8. Bette Davis

Come as You Were

1. Eddie Rickenbacker
2. Billy Rose
3. Dorothy Lamour
4. Jack Benny
5. Walter Winchell
6. Greta Garbo
7. Eric Johnston
8. Sam Goldwyn

Putting Them in Their Place

1. World's No. 1 "*red*"; 2. Composer of "*Blue* Danube"; 3. *Blues* singer; 4. Discovered the carrier of *Yellow* Fever; 5. Author of "The *Blue* Bird"; 6. *Gold* discovered on his land in California; 7. Painter of "*Blue* Boy"; 8. Leader of "*Green* Mountain Boys" in Revolutionary War; 9. Mr. Golf (golf *green*); 10. Author of "Forever *Amber*"; 11. *Scarlett* O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind"; 12. Boston *Red* Sox; 13. Author of "*Green* Light"; 14. British *Red*coat who surrendered at Yorktown; 15. Composer (Joe *Green*); 16. Comedian *Red* Skelton; 17. Chairman of the American *Red* Cross; 18. Prime Minister of Eire (*green*); 19. Inspired color "Alice *Blue*"; 20. *Yellow*-haired daughter of B. O. Plenty, comic-strip character; 21. Storybook king whose touch turned objects to *gold*; 22. Huckleberries are often called *blue*berries; 23. Author of "The *Green* Pastures"; 24. Moviedom's *Blonde* Bombshell.

One for DiMaggio

A baseball has one continuous seam.

One for Gunther

King George VI would continue to rule Great Britain—of course!

One for Christie

If the key arrived by mail it would have been deposited in the box along with the letters—so the servant still would have been obliged to open the mailbox by force to get at the letters.

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AMOS & ANDY
Two Angels in Blackface

by GEORGE FRAZIER

There has never been anything like the spell they cast over millions in the '30s; and after 19 years on the air, Correll and Gosden still have a strong hold on America's affections

TOWARD DUSK ONE DAY in 1931, Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas was speeding along Connecticut Avenue in Washington, D.C., when a motorcycle cop nudged him to the curb. Promptly the Senator assumed an aggrieved tone.

"I have an important engagement at my apartment at 7 o'clock and I must get there on time."

Visibly untouched, the cop was reaching for his black book when Capper decided to divulge the nature of his appointment. A smile spread across the cop's features. With a knowing wink he proceeded to escort Capper to his apartment, where he remained with him during the appointment.

Things like this were happening all over America in the 1930s. At one minute before 7 P.M. (EST), movie theaters switched off their projectors and left the screen blank. Phone calls, ordinarily at peak around this time, fell off sharply; hotels suspended room service.

In Dearborn, Michigan, in his cozy study, Henry Ford was settling down beside the radio. In the Vincent Astors' New York apartment, the servants knew that Mr. Astor was not, under any pretext, to be disturbed for the next 15 minutes.

In Hamilton, Ontario, in an unprecedented manifestation of the Gaston-and-Alphonse behavior pattern, radio station CHML was preparing to observe a quarter-hour of silence in order not to interfere with WBEN in neighboring Buffalo. What was even more extraordinary, a sponsor considered it shrewd public relations to pay CHML full rates for the unused 15 minutes.

At cocktail parties, quips perished on the lips of bright people who

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were about to give them utterance. Someone was pointing to his watch. It was 7 o'clock (EST), the bewitching moment when the mellifluous strains of *The Perfect Song* were wafted out of loud-speakers across the continent. Then a brisk, cheery voice said, "Here they are," and Amos 'n' Andy were on the air.

Students of social history in the U.S. are agreed that there has never been anything quite like the spell that Amos 'n' Andy cast over the American public during those years. Even so astute a man as George Bernard Shaw was not immune. "There are three things," he once confessed, "which I shall never forget about America—the Rocky Mountains, Niagara Falls and Amos 'n' Andy."

Al Smith, however, was not so gracious. During the course of a public speech in 1939, he declared that in contracting for radio time in the 1932 presidential campaign, it had been necessary to avoid interference with Amos 'n' Andy.

"A large part of the American people," he observed acidly, "were more interested in the Kingfish, the Beauty Parlor and the Fresh Air Taxi Company than they were in the affairs of their own country."

The 16 years that have passed since the '32 campaign have not loosened Amos 'n' Andy's grip on America's affections. In 1948, the enchantment of "I'se regusted," "Check and double-check," the Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorpolated, and all the other endearing trivia is as pervasive as ever.

Last year, for instance, a magistrate in Lexington, Kentucky, shook a reproving finger at a woman who was suing for divorce on the grounds that her husband had called her a battle-ax.

"Anyone who listens to Amos 'n' Andy," he chided, "knows that 'battle-ax' is merely a term of affection."

Millions of people must have shared the magistrate's view. When Amos 'n' Andy concluded their 19th year in radio last June, Hooper ratings disclosed that theirs had been the fourth most popular program during 1946-47.

SINCE THE CRYSTAL SET first appeared on the American scene, the powers who determine what shall go out on the air have been guilty of consistently insulting the so-called average intelligence. But it is significant that no one has yet suggested that Amos 'n' Andy be counted among the insults. In their case, even the most ill-tempered critics grant an exception. John Hutchens, as radio editor of the New York *Times*, abandoned his customary aloofness when commenting upon the program:

"It strikes the popular note without patronizing you or itself. It is good-natured without ever stooping to burlesque . . . Above all, its characters are people whom the Messrs. Gosden and Correll, author-actors, have imbued with so many human touches that no one can hear them without the warm sympathy that goes with recognition."

Freeman Fisher Gosden and Charles James Correll, who like to refer to themselves as "just a couple of boys trying to get along," are perhaps the slickest practitioners of the human touch that radio has yet developed. As far back as 1929, the

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radio audience was accepting the program as part of real life. And on April 23, 1931, when Ruby Taylor, the likable girl who was engaged to Amos, came down with pneumonia, an entire nation offered prayers for her recovery.

Four days later she grew worse and on May 1 she was rushed to the hospital. In that moment, which for sheer poignancy has rarely if ever been equaled in radio, Amos broke down and wept. The script for the May 4 broadcast carried this notation for the guidance of Bill Hay, the announcer: "Please read this soft and seriously. Make it real."

That evening there were few listeners who remained composed as Hay revealed that "during the past 24 hours Ruby Taylor's condition has become much worse. Her doctor has called in two other physicians and everything possible is being done."

The following day, when Gosden and Correll suspected that they had exhausted their listeners' capacity for grief, Ruby began to show signs of improvement. By May 8, her recovery was complete and thousands of letters of congratulation began to pour in to her from all over the country.

But it wasn't until October of the same year that public opinion over Amos 'n' Andy reached its shrillest pitch. That month, Amos, whom Gosden and Correll describe as "a sweet, lovable character with a sympathetic heart," found himself on trial for murder. The prosecuting attorney had him in a tight spot and things were looking hopeless. No defendant in real life ever stirred up as much sympathy as Amos did in the quarter-hours he spent in the radio dock. Each day, newspapers carried accounts of the trial as if it were an actuality.

As the chances of Amos' acquittal became slimmer, the public grew more indignant. One evening, after a broadcast in which the prosecutor had given Amos a particularly unpleasant time, Albert Lasker, head of Lord & Thomas, the advertising agency which represented Pepsodent, phoned Gosden and Correll in a rage.

"The country's mad!" he cried. "The Parent-Teachers Association is going to boycott the program if Amos is found guilty."

The long-awaited moment finally came on October 22. A hush fell over a continent as the jury foreman cleared his throat. "We, the jury," he began solemnly, "find the defendant, Amos Jo–" He never finished, for at that point a bell shattered through his voice and left his words dangling. Then Amos, his voice edged with the querulousness of troubled sleep, was saying, "Cut off dat 'larm clock, cut off dat 'larm clock," while Andy coaxed, "Wake up, Amos, wake up!"

Gosden and Correll become embarrassed whenever they are forced to talk about this. Being realists, they saw the validity of Lasker's argument, but as conscientious artists they writhed at the imposition it placed upon their integrity.

"It was a cheap thing to do," they admit in a tone of self-reproach, "but we *had* to make the whole trial a dream. We had no other way out."

It is revealing that neither Gosden nor Correll ever uses the pronoun "I" in discussing the program. According to people who have observed them closely over the

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years, this consideration of each for the other's feelings is the real explanation of their long and congenial association.

In 1934, the boys themselves were a bit surprised at the depth of their mutual affection. During an eight-week vacation when each had gone his separate way, NBC arranged a stunt broadcast on which Gosden in San Francisco would talk by phone to Correll in London. The program ended rather abruptly. Touched by the sound of each other's voices, they broke down and cried like babies.

FREEMAN FISHER GOSDEN was born in 1899 at 711 East Marshall Street, Richmond, Virginia. Upon finishing prep school in Atlanta, Georgia, he attempted to become a salesman—first of tobacco, then of cars—but didn't prove arrestingly persuasive. After serving in World War I as a Naval wireless operator, he decided to try show business.

He was enjoying success with amateur theatricals around Richmond when a Chicago firm offered him a job in a similar capacity. His wire of acceptance brought instructions for him to report to Durham, North Carolina, where he would be briefed in his duties by a Mr. Charles James Correll.

To the superstitious, the meeting between Correll and Gosden will seem to have been a trick of fate, for Correll was born at 711 Hancock Street, Peoria, Illinois. Yet curiously, publicity releases about Amos 'n' Andy rarely mention that both men came into the world at identical house numbers—perhaps because the publicists fear that no one would believe the coincidence.

Correll, who is nine years older than Gosden, is a onetime stenographer and bricklayer whose fondness for playing the piano first led him into show business. He and Gosden took to each other immediately, and for four years they toured the South as a team, staging tent shows in which they occasionally interpolated a vocal duet.

By 1924, when they reported back to the Chicago home office, they had determined to build a singing act, with Gosden playing the ukulele and Correll the piano. It wasn't long before Chicagoans toying with their radios began to bring them in over WEBH.

Soon the Boys were able to supplement their income from radio and occasional Victor recordings by writing "special material" for various theatrical acts playing in Chicago. When bandleader Paul Ash signed to go into McVicker's Theater, he asked them to prepare several numbers.

One of their numbers was *The Kinky Kids' Parade*, and in amplifying it for Ash's use, Gosden and Correll inserted a few snatches of Negro dialect. As it happened, these proved to be the genesis of the most popular program in radio history.

In 1926, Gosden and Correll resolved to write a comedy act for themselves. That year, Clayton, Jackson and Durante were the darlings of the speakeasies, Joe Cook was explaining why he preferred *not* to imitate four Hawaiians, and Marilyn Miller was enchanting packed houses at *Sunny* with her rendition of *Who*.

Everyone was playing contract bridge and chatting about a new

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Swedish movie actress named Greta Garbo, appearing opposite Ricardo Cortez in *The Torrent.*

It was also the year that station WGN, owned by The Chicago *Tribune*, decided it had nothing to lose by trying out a comedy show called Sam 'n' Henry. So at 10 P.M. on January 12, Gosden, playing the role of Sam, said:

"Henry, did you ever see a mule as slow as dis one?"

"Oh, dis mule is fast enough," Correll, as Henry, answered. "We gonna get to de deport all right."

"You know dat Chicago train don't wait fo' nobody," Sam cautioned. "It just goes on—just stops an' goes right on."

"Well, we ain't got but two more blocks to go," Henry assured him. "Don't be so patient, Sam, don't be so patient."

After 22 years of strenuous use, the formula that Gosden and Correll established in those 64 words is still in perfect working order. With deft and telling strokes, they had imbued their two main characters with individuality, dimension and plausibility. Anyone listening knew that Sam was humble, plodding, dependable and plain-spoken, and Henry opinionated, shiftless, unreliable, and endowed with a spectacular talent for mangling the English language.

SUBSTANTIALLY, THE Amos 'n' Andy program did not deviate from the blueprint laid out in the Sam 'n' Henry series. The only perceptible changes were in locale and names. (The Jewels of the Crown, for instance, became The Mystic Knights of the Sea.) Gosden and Correll remained on WGN through December 18, 1927, when they left to accept more profitable terms from WMAQ. But as WGN refused to relinquish the program title, they experimented with other name combinations, finally hitting on Amos 'n' Andy.

On March 19, 1928, the program began a sustaining series over WMAQ. As if the coincidence in the numbers of Gosden's and Correll's birthplaces was not enough to tax credulity, the show went on the air each evening at eleven minutes past seven. Its audience expanded swiftly, and soon Niles Trammell, at that time NBC vice-president in Chicago, invited Gosden and Correll to his office.

After expressing a desire to have Amos 'n' Andy on NBC, Trammell said that Pepsodent was in the market for a radio show and suggested that the boys call on the president of the tooth-paste company. This suggestion would be inconceivable in present-day radio, where a network builds a "packaged" program and then sends salesmen out to see possible sponsors. Back in 1929, however, NBC was only three years old, and Trammell's advice to Gosden and Correll proved sound.

Pepsodent passed over a symphonic program and decided instead to sign up Amos 'n' Andy, the contract being executed in the home office of NBC, located, of all addresses, at 711 Fifth Avenue. The first Amos 'n' Andy network program went on the air at 7 P.M. (EST) on August 19, 1929.

"Amos 'n' Andy," announcer Bill Hay informed the listeners, "arrive in Manhattan with their Fresh Air Taxicab—they go south

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instead of to Harlem. As the scene opens, we find the boys in their taxi out of gasoline, with two flat tires, parked in front of the Aquarium at the Battery in the extreme southern end of New York. Here they are."

"It ain't no use fo' yo' to get mad wid me," said Amos in that broadcast. "I can't he'p it if de tires is flat. You been settin' in dis heah taxicab fo' de last four days an' yo' ain't done nothin' but sleep."

"I'se regusted," Andy announced.

The program was an assured success right from the opening broadcast, but Gosden and Correll had such misgivings about the future that they refused to sign an office lease in the Palmolive Building until they had been on the network three months.

Then, from December onward, their popularity increased with such a surge that, at one point, authoritative surveys revealed that nine of every ten radio sets in the United States tuned in Amos 'n' Andy. Infection had struck the country almost overnight.

Along with it had come the stock-market crash of October, 1929. There was a natural affinity between the demolition of personal fortunes and the popularity of Amos 'n' Andy. The misery that stalked the country found company in the vicissitudes of the two colored boys. A man who had been wiped out could sit by his radio, and for a little while his own problems seemed not so hopeless. Industrial tycoons began to express more concern over the progress of the Kingfish's Great Home Bank than over the shaky condition of their own business enterprises.

Even people who had been cautious enough to remain solvent found surcease from their friends' broken voices by listening as the Kingfish fleeced his pals. Expressions like Amos' "Ain't dat sumpn?" and Andy's "Hold de phone" became part of everyday speech. And Judge A. L. Ashby, NBC counsel, started proceedings to restrain movie theaters from announcing on their marquees that patrons could hear Amos 'n' Andy. Ashby contended that the theaters were charging admission for free entertainment.

In December, 1931, Arthur Brisbane, the Hearst editorial writer, was one of the millions who followed, with palpitations, the breach-of-promise suit which Madam Queen had brought against Andy. On the evening of December 31, just at the moment when everything seemed on the verge of being satisfactorily resolved, there was a piercing scream in the courtroom. Then, with the teasing annotation that Madam Queen had seen something which caused her to faint, the program went off the air for the weekend.

The frantic Brisbane put in a long-distance call to Gosden and Correll. "For Heaven's sake," he demanded, "what *was* it Madam Queen saw?"

At that juncture, Gosden revealed something that is not generally known even today. "We don't know what happened," he replied. "We never start writing the program until an hour before we go on the air."

"You can't be serious!" Brisbane protested.

"It's a fact," Gosden assured

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him. "Why, plenty of evenings Charlie's still busy typing the last page while *The Perfect Song* is being played."

Even more impressive than the Boys' talent for turning out scripts fast was their ability to sustain their invention through 4,090 successive 15-minute episodes. Madam Queen's suit was followed by Ruby's illness and Amos' murder trial. At this point, their inspiration might understandably have run dry; but five years later, with the birth of Ruby's and Amos' baby, it was to produce an idea which brought a record avalanche of mail — a contest to determine a name for the baby.

The 2,400,000 letters so swamped the Dearborn Street post office that the government had to set up a branch office down the hall from the Gosden and Correll suite in the Palmolive Building.

Meantime, Gosden and Correll had found time to make *Check and Double-Check*, a movie which they prefer to forget except for the "stills" of themselves which are still used for publicity. That same year, 1931, they also managed to put aside a few minutes in which to write the autobiographical *Here They Are*, which had an introduction by Irvin S. Cobb. What time they had left was devoted to making personal appearances.

If there was one other person besides Gosden and Correll associated with Amos 'n' Andy in people's minds, it was Bill Hay, who began as their announcer on the Sam 'n' Henry series. Hay, whose voice is one of the most persuasive in radio history, hasn't been with the program since 1939, and neither he nor the Boys seem eager to offer any explanation. Hay is now broadcasting over a Los Angeles station. Under sponsorship of Forest Lawn Cemetery, he does a daily program of Bible readings.

"Bill's got a pretty good script," Gosden likes to say.

For millions of Americans, the end of an era came at 7:15 (EST) on the evening of February 19, 1943. That moment marked the close of the last 15-minute program Amos 'n' Andy were ever to do. Like a number of other programs, Amos 'n' Andy had become a wartime casualty. With production curtailed, Campbell's Soup, their sponsor, had decided that five 15-minute programs a week were too expensive for them.

Since the Boys were both financially secure, the idea of taking things easy appealed to them. But as months of inactivity went by, they began to feel restless, and when the new radio season came around in October, they signed to do a half-hour program for Rinso. They have been at it ever since.

GOSDEN'S AND CORRELL'S dispositions remain unruffled despite the hazards implicit in writing a weekly half-hour script. Gosden, a trim, soft-spoken man with one pink eyebrow and one white, seems more concerned over his disappearing hair than he is over the program. For outside interests, he is a radio "ham" and a golfer who shoots around 77.

Now married to a pretty girl who inherited a part-interest in the New York Giants baseball team, he has two children by a deceased wife— Freeman, Jr., 19 and a student at

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Princeton, and Virginia Marie, 17, who attends finishing school in Connecticut The Gosdens live in a modest home in Beverly Hills, California, where the Amos 'n' Andy programs now originate.

Correll, whose shortness (five feet, six) startles people who visualize him as being big and blustering like Andy, is a quiet, pink-cheeked man with meticulous concern for clothes. He had a dressing room built especially for himself in the enormous Beverly Hills house he occupies with his wife and four children. But for all his expensive nattiness, he is an extremely simple man. Sometimes at parties in lavish Hollywood homes he will examine the fireplace tiles appraisingly.

"You know," he will say, with a candor not usually found in Hollywood, "lookin' at that fireplace reminds me of when I was layin' bricks back in Peoria."

Neither he nor Gosden has allowed the acquisition of great wealth to dim the memory of their scuffling years. Not long ago they were asked what they considered the happiest day of their lives. They thought a moment, and then Gosden, instead of naming one of the dates which are generally regarded as landmarks in radio, went back to the year they were singing over station WEBH.

"One day we sang at a convention for $50," he recalled. "On the way back, the taxi we were in had a collision and we collected $35. We made $85 that afternoon That was the happiest day of our lives."

Being men of a social-consciousness which, although unassuming, has proved more effective than the wild-eyed variety rampant in Hollywood, Gosden and Correll are enormously proud of the fact that Amos 'n' Andy has a vast and admiring audience among Negroes. Two of the strongest supporters of the program are the Negro newspapers, the Chicago *Defender* and the Pittsburgh *Courier*.

No one who has listened to Amos 'n' Andy with any degree of objectivity is apt to agree with the school of thought which holds that several of the characters are unflattering portraits of Negroes.

Gosden and Correll lose their accustomed calmness when anyone suggests that their program sometimes pokes fun at Negroes. Recently they wrote a letter in reply to a newspaperman who had inquired whether the Amos 'n' Andy program, even inadvertently, was occasionally guilty of slurs on the Negro race.

"You can pick out some of the top radio programs and find a goofy white character appearing therein," they wrote. "We have never made a Negro a goofy guy. In fact, the lawyer and the other characters on our show get their comedy by telling jokes and not by trying to portray gin-drinking, gambling, good-for-nothing characters, which we have never done nor believed in."

Gosden's and Correll's refusal to permit any ballyhooing of their social-consciousness was effectively demonstrated in 1945, when they made a six weeks' tour of Belgium and Germany for the USO. They have never allowed either their personal press agent or the NBC publicity department to mention it. The tour might, in fact, have gone unnoticed entirely in Hollywood if

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Correll, who had brought back some tiles from Belgium, had not been observed down on his hands and knees, laying them in his back yard. In his enthusiasm over the fine quality of the tiles, he unintentionally blurted out where he had acquired them.

The present Amos 'n' Andy half-hour program, unlike their previous 15-minute show, takes longer to prepare. Hence, Gosden and Correll have found it advisable to bring in outside writers. But essentially the weekly script, as it goes out over the air at 9 o'clock (EST) Tuesday evenings, represents their careful rewriting of every line submitted by the writers.

They put in long hours in the Beverly Hills building where they rent offices once occupied by Will Rogers; and although they have a staff at their disposal, Correll still types each script. They are not, however, too busy to keep an eye on television.

In order to circumvent their inability to appear visually as all the characters they enact vocally, they will make a silent movie of the action. Actors and actresses will play the various roles, and Gosden and Correll will then dub in the familiar voices. On the night of February 4, 1947, Amos hinted at the difficulties a man faces in playing several parts.

The fact that Gosden, who plays the Kingfish and Lightnin' as well as Amos, had just been operated on for gallstones did not prevent the program from going on the air. The show opened with Andy and his two friends, Gabby and Shorty, searching the NBC studios for Amos. Finally Andy learned Amos was in the hospital and phoned him there. After inquiring about Amos' condition, Andy remarked, "By de way, Amos, we can't find de Kingfish or Lightnin' neither. Do you know where dey is?"

"Well," said Amos, in one of the most pertinent comments ever made about the program, "a funny thing about this, Andy, it always was and always will be that ever' time I gets sick, dat Kingfish an' Lightnin' always get sick wid me."

Doctor in the House

I KNOW A WOMAN who was very lonely and very ill; finally, her sufferings culminated in a peculiarly frightful form of insomnia. After several physicians had failed to relieve her condition, one discerning doctor suggested that she telephone him at any time during the night when the tension seemed unbearable, not to ask him to come to her, but merely to talk to him for a few minutes.

The friendly voice in the stillness did more to restore her nervous balance than bottles of medicine. Her sense of isolation vanished as soon as she realized that she could put an end to it in a moment. There were a few times when she called the doctor, but very soon the knowledge that she could call was itself enough. In a short time she was on the road to physical and mental health.—FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

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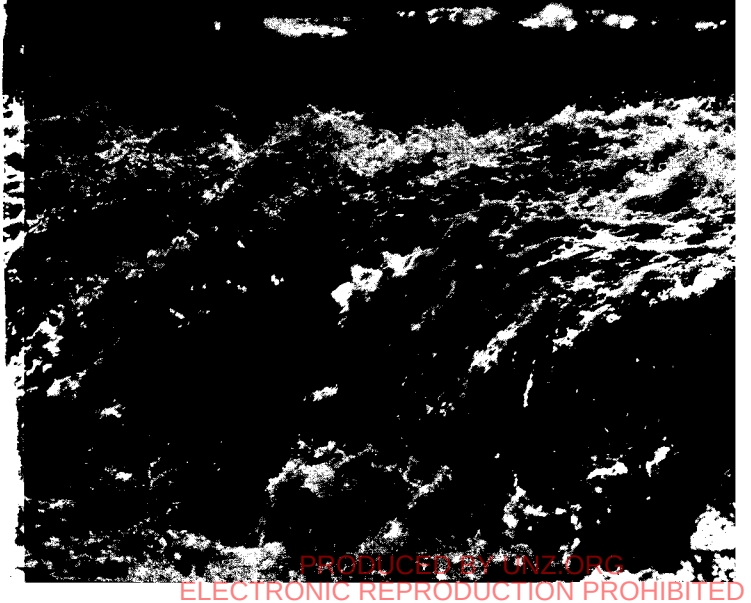
HIGH WATE

FEW FARMERS of America's Midwest will forget the terrifying spring of 1947, when the rain-swollen streams of Iowa and Nebraska swept down into the Missouri-Mississippi River Valleys, causing crop and property damage of more than $100,000,000. At St. Louis the Mississippi reached its highest point in 105 years. It flooded the city's river front and raged southward to th every other town in the Last year was worse but every spring hold river people all over States. Now, on t with some of the m photographs of floods cent years, Coronet b memorable story of h a colossal rampage.



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It is the end of winter. High in the hills, overlooking America's fertile river valleys, the new sun shines soft and warm.

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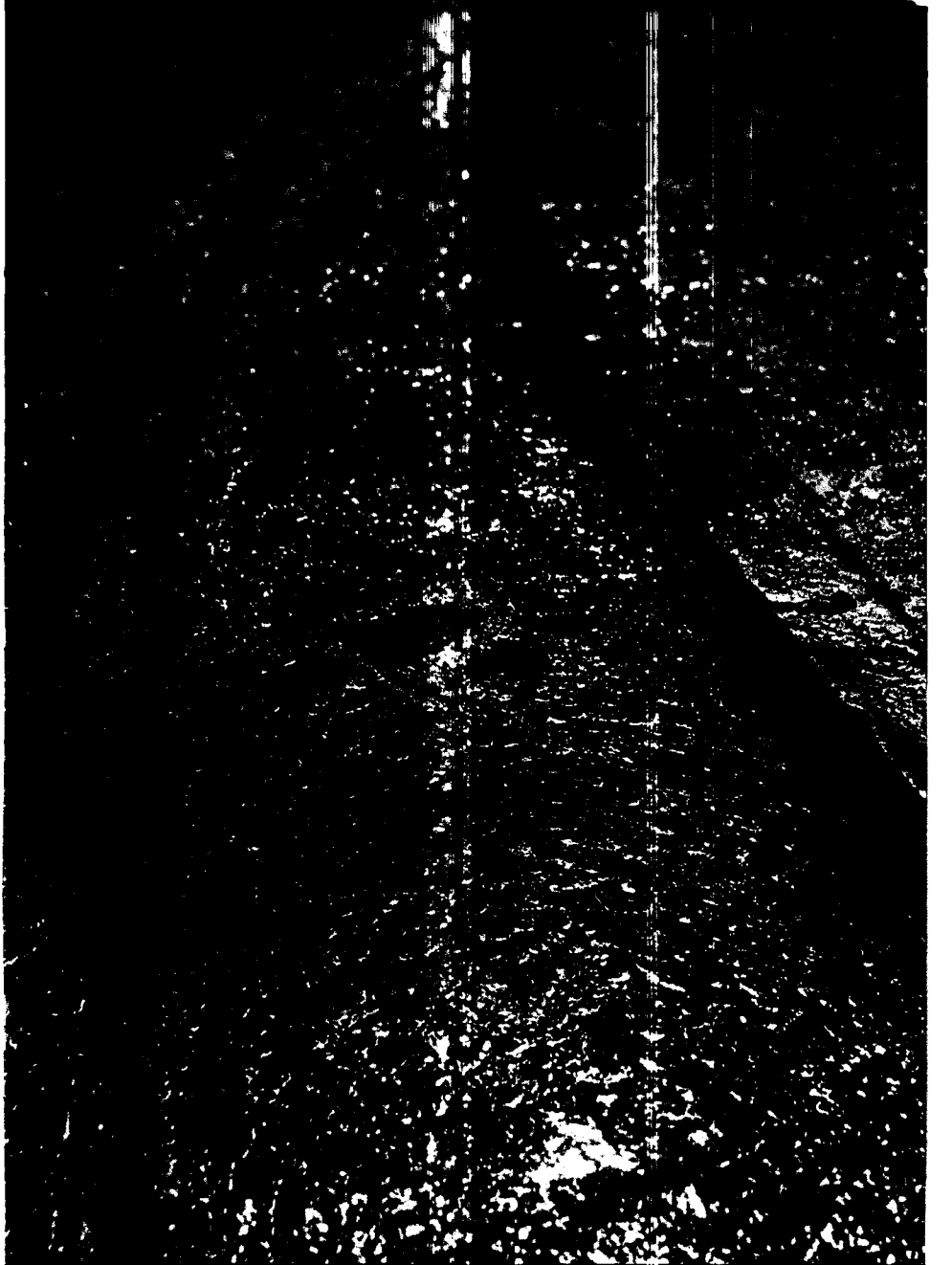

Over the gray streets of towns, over cold stretches of unplowed soil, over the earth waking to spring, rain falls, seeping into the ground, running over its face

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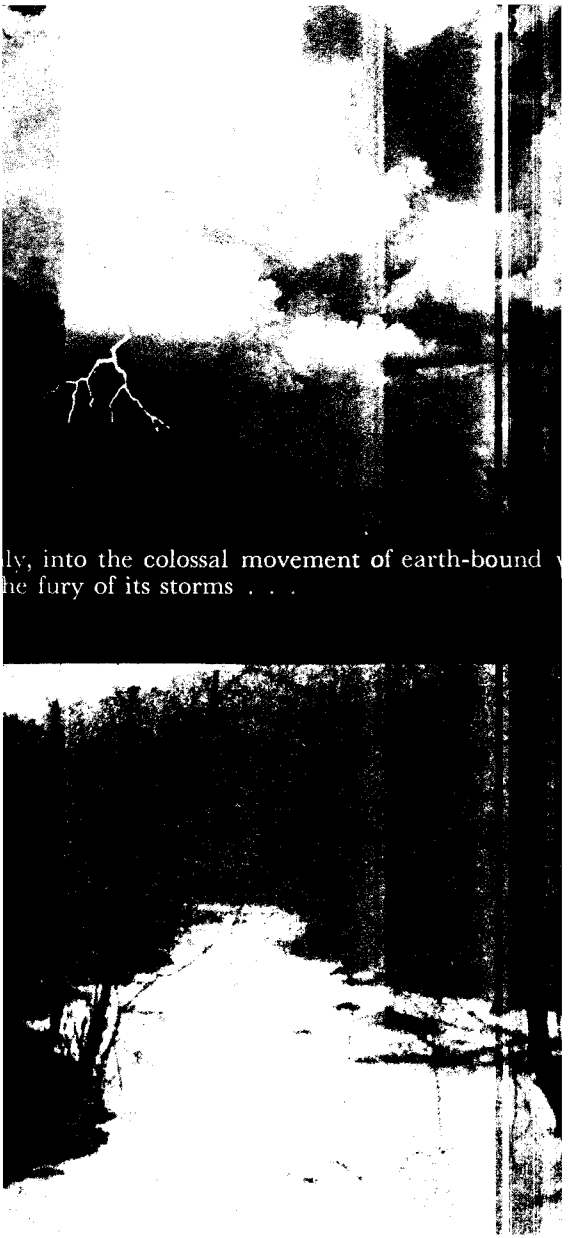

ly, into the colossal movement of earth-bound
he fury of its storms . . .

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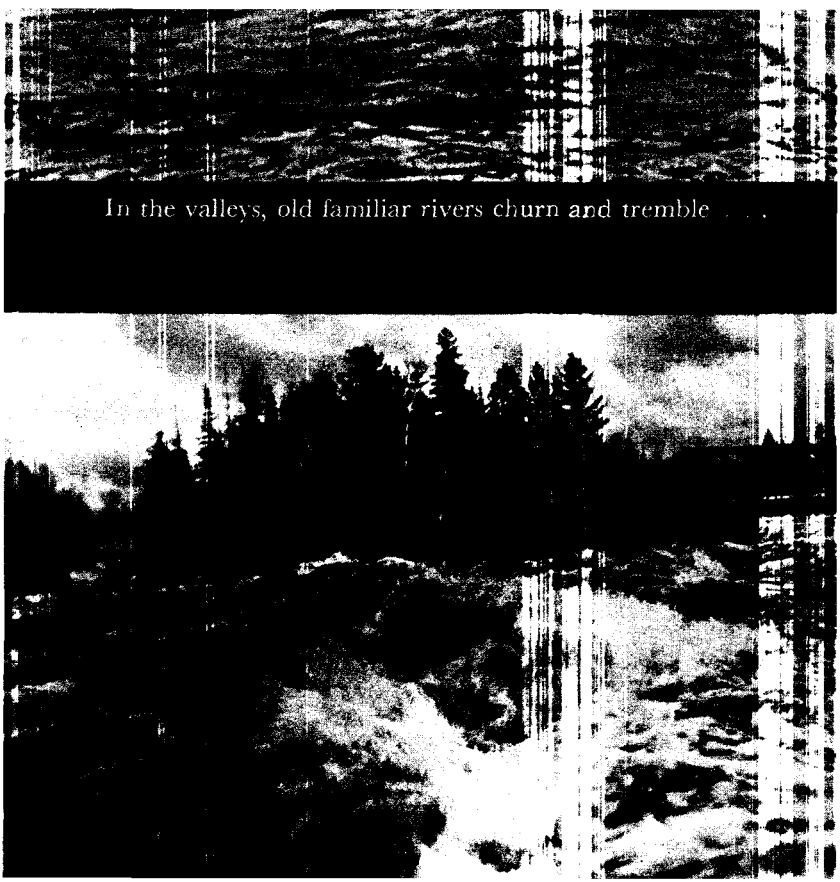

In the valleys, old familiar rivers churn and tremble . . .

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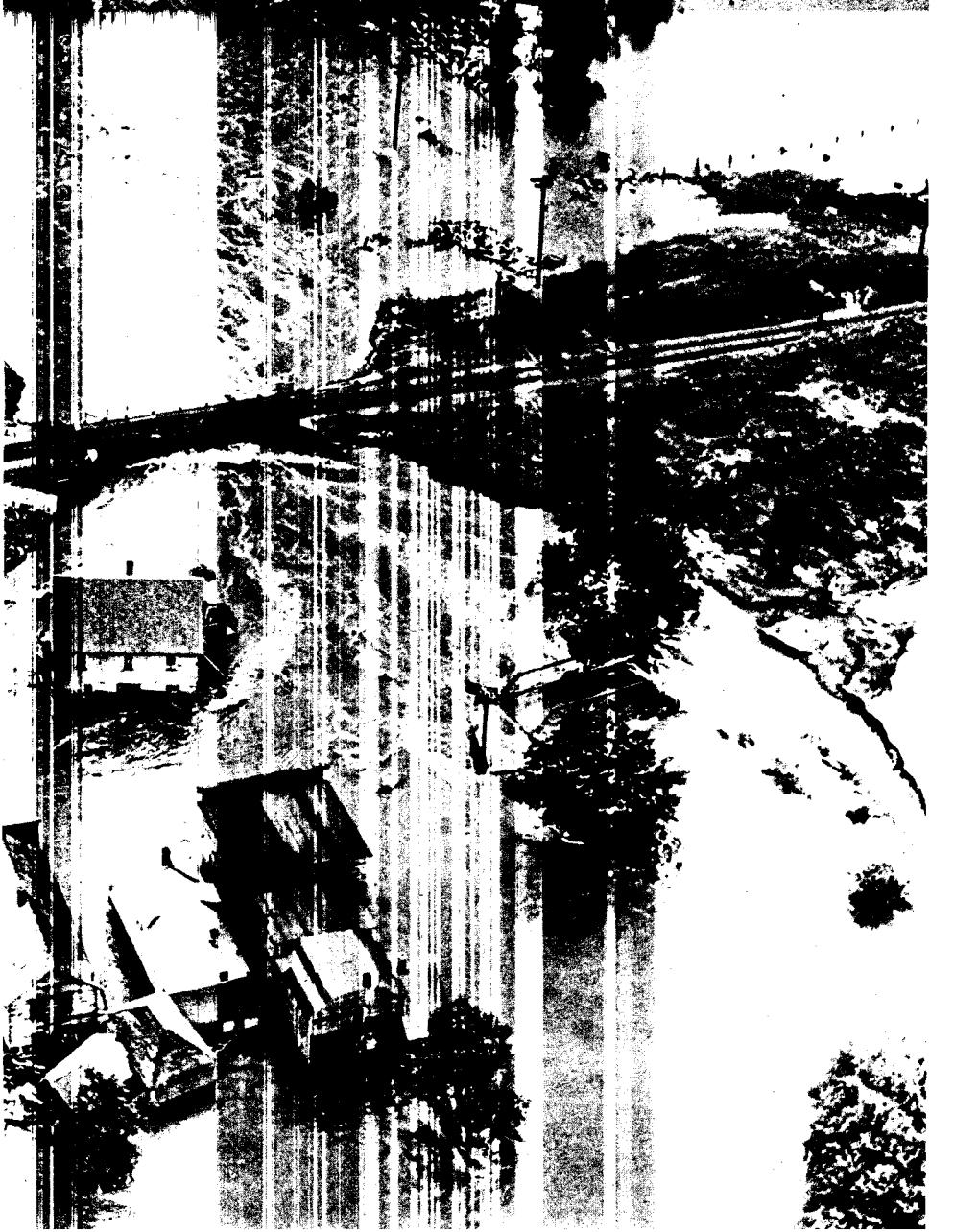

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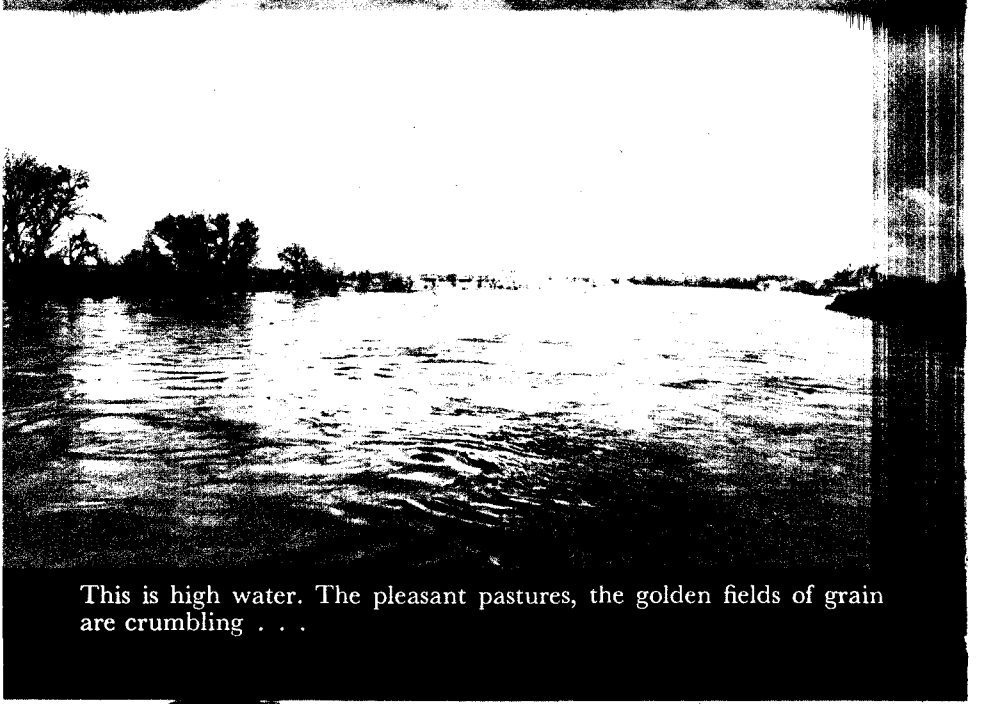

This is high water. The pleasant pastures, the golden fields of grain are crumbling . . .

beloved homesteads are ruined, the bright gardens of yesterday

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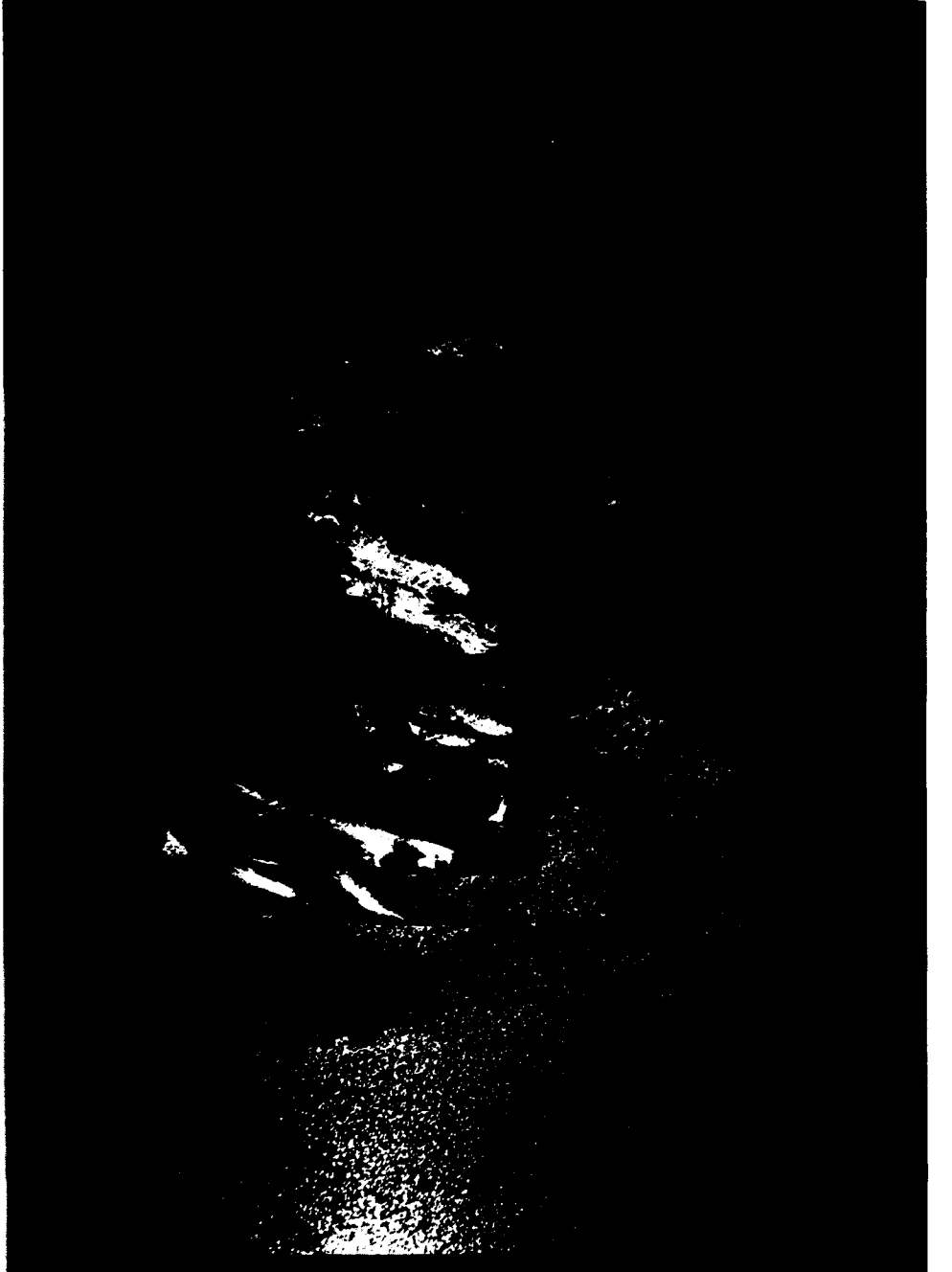

. . . and all the world seems lost beneath the dead, cold weight of the sullen, suffocating flood.

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rim warning races from town to town before the
ng deep at the hearts of the people like a battle

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Over choking acres, stricken farmers search for drowning livestock as the work of a lifetime rots before their eyes . . .

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. . . yet in flood country the people live on courage. And with help they can swallow their pride and their fear and start again—wishing only for more years to give in the battle that someday will be won.

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Been fighting the river year in, year out, pretty near all my life. Guess this time it got me. Now either a levee gets built big enough to hold flood water, or I move into the hills.

Only the children are silent—dazed without understanding—the river's rage, the senseless destruction, burning into their memories to haunt the years of their youth.

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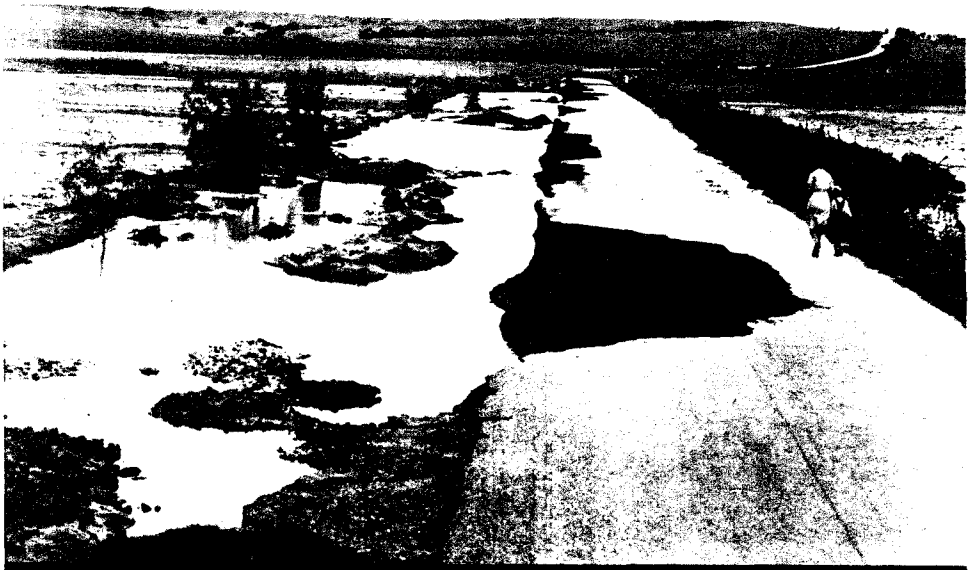

Slowly the bleak and bitter days fade, the flood recedes. And as the waters creep back to the river, the nightmare ends, leaving its ugly scars . . .

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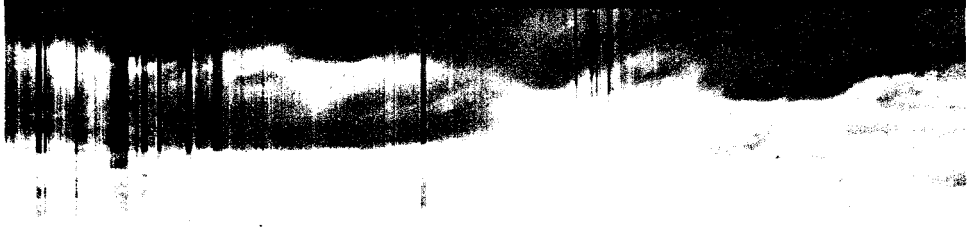
. . . and yet the spring sun rises as it always has—and life begins again . . .



. . . for as the river glides away to the sea—proud, inscrutable, majestic—the people of America's great river valleys go back to their land, to fight and build forever with courage that never dies.

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Super Sound
New Source of Power

Some day its vibrations may slaughter germs, dispel fog and perform countless other tasks for us

by ROSS HOLMAN

A WORLD-RENOWNED scientist said recently that with a pocket-size device he could swiftly reduce the Empire State Building to rubble. It wasn't a new kind of bomb; and it wasn't in any way related to atomic energy. The device would simply shake the mammoth building to pieces by sound.

For thousands of years we have thought of sound as something to be heard, not seen. But as a result of recent discoveries, sound seems about to become a highly useful factor in modern technology. Tests have shown that it can be used to sterilize food, pasteurize milk, kill insects, turn oil into gasoline and do many other practical things.

Most of us just take sound for granted. But scientifically speaking, it is a series of vibrations like the ripples caused by a stone thrown into water. Although the human ear can hear sound as low as 20 vibrations a second or as high as 20,000, certain animals, birds and insects have perception far above that figure.

Scientists have learned that these "superhuman" sounds can destroy crop pests, kill or repel rats, break glass and even set paper afire. In fact, it is possible to send enough supersonic energy through a small rod to burn your fingers. The main idea is to pitch sound at the right number of vibrations to accomplish the particular job on hand.

We all know that certain sounds can have a maddening effect. A bedlam of sirens, for instance, may drive a person insane. But a research chemist who worked with sound created one that made him lose his sense of balance and for several days he couldn't ride his bicycle. A girl wizard at mathematics was exposed for an hour to high-frequency waves. When they ceased, her mind was so shaken that she couldn't solve the simplest arithmetic problem.

If the sound vibrations are raised sufficiently above 20,000 a second, and the volume stepped up to the right intensity, you can either kill rats around the premises or make their life so miserable that they will decamp for parts unknown. Hence, some day the farmer will get rid of rodents by merely flipping a switch, even though the sound will be imperceptible to human ears.

Not long ago a scientist determined to find out why bats can fly

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about without bumping into objects. Stringing a maze of threads around a room, he turned a bunch loose. The bats darted under, over and between the threads without, as far as the eye could see, colliding with a single one.

The scientist concluded that bats emit squeaks pitched at 30,000 to 70,000 vibrations a second. These strike the threads and rebound to the bats' ears. Occasionally a blind person uses the same method. By snapping his fingers he can tell whether or not he is about to walk into a wall.

Out of the laboratories of our manufacturers have come sound machines expected to make life unbearable for certain lice, germs, bacteria and other human enemies. These supersonic devices indicate the possibility of preserving fruits, vegetables, milk and other foods without boiling, canning or freezing. By destroying the bacteria that cause spoilage or rot, people living in any climate could have fresh foods the year round.

The wholesale slaughter of germs by supersonic methods has made many medical researchers dream of more effective methods of conquering disease. Dr. John G. Lynn and Dr. Tracy J. Putnam have built at Columbia University a machine that focuses waves on deeply imbedded tissues in the body without injury to intervening tissue.

NOW IF WE CAN make sound perform such fantastic services, why don't we get busy and create these gadgets to kill rats and insects, germs and bacteria? One answer is that hopes always outrun accomplishments. It takes time to perfect devices and evolve commercial applications.

Another answer is that science faces a great problem in finding the specific sound frequency to which each pest is most allergic. For example, a frequency that would send pigeons scurrying from a city in fright might be soothing to a rat's nerves.

The future uses of sound, however, extend far beyond the destruction of pests. Recently Sperry Products, Inc., developed a machine to detect flaws in metal, which sends supersonic waves through thick steel that the X ray can't penetrate. Meanwhile, Goodyear is conducting high-frequency tests on tires to determine whether recapping is practical.

George Atkins, mechanical engineer in a research laboratory, developed a washing machine that runs by sound. The idea occurred to him when a fellow worker dropped an auto horn into a pail of water. The sound of the horn agitated the water in such a surprising way that Atkins decided to apply the principle to a washing machine. His device creates sound waves that force water through every fiber of the clothes, push out dirt and clean every spot.

Recently, S. Young White invented a machine in the form of a 3½-inch steel wheel that generates both audible and inaudible sounds, some of the latter being potent enough to set paper afire. When White gears his whirling device for audible sounds, the waves become so strong that listeners feel their eyes going out of focus and their muscles becoming flaccid.

Once while White was working

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with the machine, his fingers froze to the control. He and his assistants lost track of what they were doing until an outsider rushed into the room and threw the switch.

Just as the roar of a cannon can jar buildings, so can sound blast fog from the air and clear the way for planes and ships. This was actually done at the Navy's Landing and Experimental Station at Arcata, California, with a battery of 12 sirens. The audible waves merged the fog particles into raindrops, which fell to the ground.

If fog can be dissipated, why not smoke also? The U. S. Bureau of Mines decided to find the answer, and proved that sound can make tiny smoke particles group into flakes and fall by sheer weight. But don't anticipate the early possibility of scaring Smoky Joe from above your city simply by turning on a noise he can't stand. The dream of smokeless cities won't come true until science manages to discover a more economical way of sweeping the sky. The method employed by the Bureau of Mines in its test is too costly for regular use.

While few practical uses have as yet been made of recent developments, the secrets of sound have given us a new world to conquer. Supersonic devices can locate sunken ships at sea, map mountains and valleys of the ocean floor, check distances to rock obstacles in highway construction.

How it will be put to work in other practical ways is a question that can be answered only by the scientists of tomorrow.

This Younger Generation

SOME CHILDREN FROM the Lower East Side of New York, on their first visit to the country, were watching a terrible hailstorm, and one small girl expressed her disapproval.

"God's getting awful fresh, throwing down those big stones! First thing He knows, He'll hit somebody."

"You mustn't talk like that about God," exclaimed a little companion. "Most everybody on our block likes Him!" —LILLIAN W. WALD

• • •

A FRIEND OF OURS was waiting at LaGuardia Field for the arrival of his six-year-old granddaughter from Chicago. The plane came in on time, and soon the anxious grandfather saw the little girl coming down the gangplank, a doll on one arm, the other hand holding onto a nice-looking man of 25 or so. The two were engaged in animated conversation and were obviously old friends.

Later Grandpa asked, "Who was your friend on the plane?"

"Oh, him?" said the small daughter of Eve. "He was my traveling companion. You see, when I got on the plane, I looked at all the passengers, and he looked the nicest. So I just dropped my doll in front of him, and that's how we got acquainted." —ELEANOR GRAHAM VANCE

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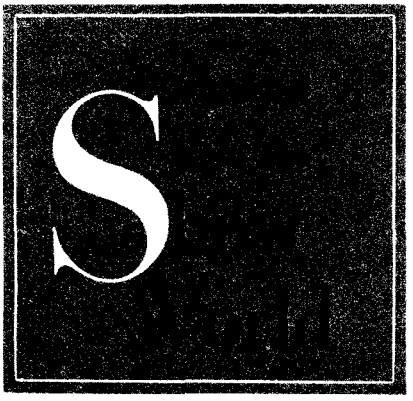

Columns Write

An aging cinema lovely recently celebrated her birthday. Franklin P. Adams, who knew her well—and when—observed, "It's her plentieth birthday!" —*Tales of Hoffman*

Really great people never think they are great. Really small people never think they are small.

—Sign on DARRYL ZANUCK'S desk, reported by SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Pat O'Brien asked his priest to bless his St. Christopher medal—so he'd be safe driving. The Padre agreed but added, "Remember—the blessing is only good up to 35 miles per hour!" —EDITH GWYNN

Comic Section

There was only one thing that kept me from going to college, and that was high school. —BOB HOPE

Milton Berle and some NBC officials were discussing the quiz-show situation. The comic, pointing out the danger of a contestant's slipping out with some off-color line, commented that quizmasters must go gray from worry.

"Oh, we're prepared for that," one of the executives quickly explained. "If something like that happens, our announcers will simply say: 'This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.' " —*Radio Daily*

Movie stars wear their dark glasses even to church—they're afraid God might ask them for autographs.

—FRED ALLEN

Phil Silvers has uncovered a canny method of avoiding the headaches invariably attached to long automobile trips. The comedian claims he doesn't get speed tickets, no cops or truck drivers bawl him out, courtesy is extended on all sides, and everyone with whom he comes in contact smiles and shakes hands. His device is a very simple one. Before taking off on a long trip, Phil ties colored streamers to his taillight, lets an old and battered shoe dangle from his bumper, and pastes onto the rear of his car a placard reading "Just Married."

—HY GARDNER

Air Lines

I never could understand why a person speaking only English should think it funny to hear broken English spoken by a foreigner who could speak ten other languages, too. —GRACIE ALLEN

Edgar Bergen made his radio debut in 1936 when he managed to engineer an audition for a guest spot on the Rudy Vallee program. The sponsor declared audibly that anybody who thought a ventrilo-

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quist could hold a radio audience's attention was crazy.

Bergen was so nervous that he almost dropped his precious Charlie McCarthy and muffed several lines in the script. At this point, the sponsor chortled derisively. An assistant waved a copy of the script at Bergen and said, "Here's your place." Bergen nodded and the assistant moved away.

"Hey," yelled Charlie, "let *me* have a gander at that script." The young man wheeled about and unthinkingly thrust the script before the wooden dummy's eyes. The sponsor stared at the spectacle, muttered, "I'll be darned," and ordered, "Make out a contract for that guy."

—From Bennett Cerf's *Anything for a Laugh*, published by *Grosset and Dunlap*.

Parky: "Los Angeles is so crowded that the only way to get on the other side of the street is to be born there." —*Eddie Cantor Show, NBC*

Bob Hawk asked a fellow on his quiz program whether he was married and, if so, whether he found it an advantage.

"Yes," replied the contestant, "I am married, and being married saves a man a lot of time making up his mind about things."

—*Radio Grab Bag*

Star Grazing

I don't care for night-club dancing —it's simply lifting one's eyebrows in time to the music.

—Paul Henreid in *Tales of Hoffman*

I built my swimming pool because the doctor said I needed exercise. I figured a dash to the pool of a cool morning, a sharp look at the water, and a quick gallop back to the house just about filled the prescription. —William Powell

Gary Cooper's motto: Blessed is the man who is too busy to worry in the daytime, and too sleepy to worry at night. —*Tales of Hoffman*

Cellulines

A big movie producer recently bought a ranch and put up palatial stables, barns and chicken houses. "And do the hens lay eggs?" asked a friend. "Well, they do," admitted the movie monarch. "But, of course, in my position, they don't have to."

What I like about Hollywood is that one can get along there by knowing only two words of English —swell and lousy. —Vicki Baum

As the wedding ceremony of an actor and actress began, he offered her his arm to escort her down the aisle. She shook her head. "No," she sighed, "you take *my* arm. I know the way better than you do."

—Leo Guild

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J. EDGAR HOOVER:
America's Master of the Hunt

by BILL DAVIDSON

DURING THE RECENT war, just after American troops had torn through the shattered French city of Avranches, columnist Jimmy Cannon (then a *Stars and Stripes* correspondent) spied two small boys playing in the rubble. In the manner of all kids, they were shooting at each other with imaginary guns and then scampering behind obstructions.

Sensing a story, Cannon patted one of the youngsters on the head and said in his best pidgin French: "Well, my little man, what you playing? Underground and Gestapo?"

Great Living Americans
XVI

The French kid regarded Cannon with cold contempt. "Nah!" he said. "My friend is Al Capone, and I am J. Edgarr 'Oovere."

This is not an isolated incident. Correspondents have reported that in such remote places as Archangel, Russia, and Jodhpur, India, the four best-known Americans are Franklin D. Roosevelt, Babe Ruth, Mickey Mouse and J. Edgar Hoover, boss of the G-men. In the U. S. itself, an unofficial FBI census reveals that several children have been christened John Edgar.

Much of this, of course, is due

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to the millions of G-men water pistols, dart games, belts, underwear, pajamas and so forth which have gone onto the market, plus one major movie about the FBI, three movie shorts, dozens of comic books, a couple of syndicated comic strips, a score or so magazine articles under J. Edgar Hoover's byline (reiterating the thesis that crime does not pay), and a frightening total of Junior G-man badges passed out to small-fry consumers of a certain breakfast food.

On the more constructive side, it is the remarkable record of Hoover and the FBI which has resulted in the present exalted status of the agency. Because of the near-perfect efficiency of the Bureau, not a single case of enemy-inspired sabotage occurred in this country during World War II, and not a single enemy agent reached our shores without a few of Mr. Hoover's bright young men being on hand to greet him.

On the criminal side of the ledger, the incredible total of 97.6 per cent of FBI cases brought to trial resulted in convictions, compared with a 35 per cent average obtained by local and state police.

Translated into what this means to the American criminal, the conman now spends most of his time figuring out methods of committing crimes in violation of city and state laws only, *not* Federal laws, thereby avoiding the long arm of the FBI. For instance, when Roger (The Terrible) Touhy and his gang shot their way out of Illinois State Penitentiary in 1942, Touhy knew more about state and Federal statutes than many law students.

In escaping, Touhy stole a prison truck, cut phone wires, shot at guards, held other guards as hostages, stole a car and crashed through a police barricade at Elmhurst. He then abandoned the getaway car in the center of Villa Park, to make it obvious to the FBI that he had *not* driven a stolen car across a state line, and that the FBI accordingly had no jurisdiction in the case.

Unfortunately for Touhy, however, he had been in jail too long to know about Selective Service regulations, and when a week went by without Touhy's gang notifying the draft board of their change of address, they became draft delinquents, and the FBI stepped in.

The same thing happened in a famous Georgia case involving one Joel Thomas Pierce, proprietor of the Lone Star Club, north of Savannah. Pierce, an ugly-tempered citizen, was openly running a house of prostitution with no interference from local officers, and boasted that he was safe because he got his girls from within Georgia.

"As long as I don't cross a state line or violate a Federal law," he said, "the FBI can't touch me!"

However, in May, 1943, G-men wandered into the Lone Star and arrested him on an old Federal statute which forbids anyone to hold a person in a condition of involuntary servitude. The parsimonious Pierce was trapped because he paid off his female employees in clothes and board instead of money, and forced them to stay at the club by means of brutal beatings. For thus underestimating the reach of J. Edgar Hoover's arm, Pierce was sentenced to 10½ years in the clink, plus a $3,500 fine.

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During the war, the Germans prepared to send their ace spy, Lieut. Walter Kappe, back to the U.S. to coordinate sabotage activities. Kappe, who had been here until 1937, left from Hamburg on a submarine, under utmost secrecy. Promptly the U.S. announced via short-wave radio that the FBI knew Kappe was coming. The Germans, willing to tangle with anyone but the FBI, called Kappe home.

As a result of the FBI's prestige, the pattern of lawmaking in the past 15 years has been to put as many crimes as possible under Federal, rather than state laws, for the undisguised purpose of allowing the FBI to enter a case. Some of this legalistic reasoning has been tortuous, but whenever a crook uses the mails for extortion, robs a Federal bank or a bank belonging to the Federal Reserve System, wrecks an interstate train, transports stolen property across a state line, crosses a state line to avoid prosecution, or even takes the ferry from New York to New Jersey to cash a bum check, the FBI, instead of the local sheriff, descends on his trail.

Even the *threat* of using the FBI is helpful. In lynching cases, for example, there is no Federal statute which allows action by the G-men, except on the flimsy count that the lynchee's civil rights may have been violated. Notwithstanding, the mere fact that FBI agents show up after each lynching is acknowledged to be a preventive factor. This sort of prestige has established the Bureau as one of the few government agencies which always get as much money as they ask from Congress. On several occasions, Congress has even given *more* than requested.

All this is extremely significant, especially when you realize that some 25 years ago the Division of Investigation, as it then was named, was the laughingstock of the nation's police forces. Most of the agents were patronage products of the Harding administration: some were ex-convicts and one had served time for murder. There was no fingerprint file in the Division, and its crime-detection laboratories consisted of not much more than one microscope and one examiner.

It is generally acknowledged that there was a single main factor in transforming this pathetic hodgepodge to the streamlined Bureau of today, with its 3,800 college-trained agents, its file of 106,000,000 fingerprints, its acres of laboratories, technicians and training facilities. Even his bitterest enemies admit that the factor was J. Edgar Hoover, boss of the G-men since the Teapot Dome scandals in 1924.

THE DIRECTOR OF THE FBI is a 53-year-old bachelor with burning black eyes, a prize fighter's displaced nose, the build of an all-American football guard, and the electric intensity of a Salvation Army major operating in Skid Row. He is, perhaps, one of the most consistently honored civilians of our time, with one expert recently estimating that if Hoover appeared in full dress with all his citations and decorations, they would take up most of his coat, including the tails.

The Director possesses two earned college degrees, 16 honorary degrees, and other assorted distinctions too numerous to detail here.

The recipient of all this public attention was born in Washington,

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D.C., on New Year's Day, 1895. Young John (he changed it to J. Edgar later when another John E. Hoover's bills became confused with his in Washington) was reputedly a model boy. His father, a minor government official, and his mother, granddaughter of a Swiss stonemason who chiseled columns at the Capitol, were both devout Presbyterians, and John was brought up in a religious atmosphere which seemed to aim him towards the clergy.

But Hoover's father died when he was young, and because of economic necessity, the ecclesiastical ambition never came to pass. Instead, Hoover went to Central High, where he earned the nickname "Speed" and was graduated as captain of the cadet corps and valedictorian of his class—and then to George Washington University, where he studied law at night while working as a Library of Congress messenger.

Apparently Hoover's religious background never deserted him, for actor William Gaxton stayed at the Kappa Alpha fraternity house during a period when Hoover was president of the chapter, and reported later, with reminiscent mopping of the brow, that " 'Speed' chastised us with his morality."

In 1917, Hoover added a Master of Laws to his LL.B. at George Washington, and then got a job in the Department of Justice. He went through World War I as a Department lawyer, concentrating on counterespionage. In 1919, when Attorney General Mitchell Palmer organized the department for his notorious radical-baiting program, he put young Hoover in charge of prosecuting left-wing aliens deportable under the Sedition Act.

For this job, Hoover was made a Special Assistant Attorney General. By the time the dust had settled, Hoover had succeeded in getting deportations for Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman and Ludwig Martens, the unrecognized Soviet ambassador. Palmer, meantime, had succeeded in arresting several hundred innocent people, thus stirring the wrath of Congress and some of the nation's top citizens.

Hoover's part in the Red-hunt has always been controversial, and often he is blamed for the whole show. Actually, the record indicates that the Division of Investigation, then headed by William J. Flynn, selected the victims, made the raids, and then turned the information over to Hoover for prosecution in the courtroom. When the Senate Judiciary Committee investigated Palmer and his policy, not once did Hoover come in for censure, though censure was flying thick and fast.

Moreover, one of the principal voices raised against the Palmer raids was that of Harlan F. Stone (later Chief Justice of the United States). When Stone in 1924 replaced Palmer as Attorney General under orders to clean up the Division, he promptly appointed 29-year-old Hoover as acting director.

FROM ACTING DIRECTOR, Hoover became director of the FBI in 1924, and he has held that title ever since, through Republican and Democratic administrations. One of his first jobs was to eliminate politicians and ex-convicts in the Bureau. When the heads stopped rolling, Hoover worked out the

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present high standards for FBI agents, established a promotion system based on merit, and then went out to recruit a new force.

He enrolled a lot of clean-cut young lawyers and accountants, all of whom were taught in a new FBI Academy (now at Quantico Marine Base) the quaint Hoover police dictum that "the test tube is mightier than the rubber hose." To implement this, Hoover next began his tremendous file of fingerprints, and his ultramodern FBI crime-detection laboratories. Later, he instituted his FBI National Academy, where local cops are trained in scientific methods and then go home to instruct their own police forces.

All these changes didn't come about at once, however, and until 1932 Hoover still was hamstrung by lack of Federal laws giving him jurisdiction in crimes of violence. Then came the wave of kidnapings and bank robberies which shocked the country. With Machine Gun Kelly, Baby Face Nelson, Pretty Boy Floyd, *et al*, committing major crimes and escaping over state borders, local police chiefs found it impossible to pursue them.

Finally, the Lindbergh kidnaping, plus several hundred other abductions, stirred the chiefs into action. Admitting their helplessness to the Department of Justice, they asked the Federal government to activate a national police force to operate over state lines.

That was the cue for the FBI to get on stage. First, President Hoover's administration got Congress to pass the Lindbergh Law which made kidnaping a Federal offense. Then the Roosevelt Congress passed a host of laws, allowing the FBI to move in on practically every type of major crime anywhere in the U.S.

And move in they did. Within a year or so the back of the crime wave was broken, and one by one the long list of Public Enemies was violently reduced. By 1935, John Dillinger, Ma Barker, Alvin Karpis, Clyde Barrow, Nelson and Floyd were all safely behind bars or neatly tucked in, six feet underground.

The man who first called Hoover's G-men by that now-famous name was Machine Gun Kelly, a tough guy who, when the whole country was looking for him, wrote Hoover to say he was having a fine time drinking beer. As usual, however, the FBI (with local police) located Kelly—in a Memphis hideout.

They raided the flat at dawn, caught two henchmen in the first room, Kelly's wife in the second room, and then moved on the closed door of the third room where they knew Kelly was hiding, fully armed. An agent kicked in the door. But there was no machine-gun blast. Kelly was cowering in a corner, muttering, "Don't shoot, G-men!"

"Don't shoot, what?" asked the FBI agents.

"G-men—government men," said Kelly. And the name stuck.

From that point on, the G-men made one famous capture after another, until their deeds became known around the world. Hoover himself took part in a good number of these adventures, shuttling around the country. When Senator McKellar of Tennessee goaded him on the Senate floor for never taking personal risks, Hoover went out and personally brought in Alvin Karpis, the current Public Enemy No. 1.

The capture was made in New

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Orleans, with Karpis literally sick from fright when he recognized Hoover. Yet this capture went down in history as proving that Hoover and his G-men were sometimes fallible.

When Karpis was trailed to a house on Jefferson Boulevard, Hoover posted men on the roof, on the fire escapes and at the back door. Hoover was supposed to cover the front door himself, but before he could get there, Karpis nonchalantly walked out. Hoover and his agents rushed to get between him and a group of children playing in the street. Karpis froze in his tracks and there was no occasion to fire a single shot.

After the capture was made, Hoover asked his agents for a pair of handcuffs. There wasn't a pair in the crowd. So Karpis was bound with neckties. Then Hoover asked his driver to take them to the U.S. Attorney's office in the Post Office Building.

"I don't know where the building is," said the driver. "I've never been here before."

Then Karpis spoke up. "If you mean the new Post Office," he said, "I know where it is. I was planning to rob it."

The only other criminal who had the last word on Hoover was the fabulous Gaston B. Means, Harding administration G-man who was convicted of extorting $100,000 from Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, purportedly to pay ransom for the Lindbergh baby. The $100,000 never was found, and Means went to Leavenworth.

A few years later, Means, who once had worked in the same building with Hoover, sent word to Hoover that the money was in a steel pipe on the Potomac River bottom. He marked the spot on a map and Hoover had Navy divers walking around the bottom for weeks.

Finally, Means told Hoover the map was a gag, but that his conscience still bothered him. "Be patient with me, Edgar," he said. "I'll write you a letter and deliver the goods." Means died, however, before he got around to writing.

BY THE TIME WORLD WAR II broke out, the era of the big gangsters was over and local police were solving most crimes with aid from the FBI laboratories and Identification Division. Hoover then began to devote himself to what he considered subversive elements. But in 1940 he got himself in a jam.

On January 14, he arrested 18 alleged members of the Christian Front in Brooklyn, on a charge of conspiring to overthrow the government, and on February 6 he nabbed 10 Leftists in Detroit for recruiting volunteers for the Spanish Loyalist Army, following an investigation ordered by Attorney General Frank Murphy before his appointment to the Supreme Court.

The Fronters were held in jail for weeks without being indicted, while the Leftists, after Hoover turned them over to the U.S. Marshal in Detroit, were taken from court, chained together.

Immediately a cry went up from the Right, accusing the FBI of being an OGPU, and from the Left, accusing Hoover of heading a Gestapo. Under the storm of protest, Attorney General Jackson killed all the indictments and launched an in-

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vestigation which exonerated Hoover, principally because most of the acts occurred while he was carrying out orders or after the Director had turned the prisoners over to someone else.

When Pearl Harbor hit, however, all this was forgotten, especially when nearly every enemy agent in the country was rounded up by the FBI within 48 hours after the declaration of war.

The one big German attempt at sabotage (when eight agents were landed from submarines on Long Island and in Florida) was broken up when the FBI corraled all eight in New York and Chicago a few days later, before even a minor explosion had been set off.

They also nabbed a home-grown spy named Ernst Lehmitz on Staten Island when they checked his handwriting in spy notes against the handwriting on baggage checks of passengers returning from Europe in 1941. In several of his letters, Lehmitz had casually mentioned trips to Switzerland and Portugal in 1941.

Mrs. Velvalee Dickinson, proprietor of a swanky doll store on Madison Avenue in New York, was also trapped by the G-men when she wrote a letter to Japanese agents describing repairs to a Pearl Harbor ship casualty. The letter was camouflaged as a missive about a lecture she had given on dolls.

In addition to nabbing spies in the U. S., the FBI aided Latin-American countries in identifying 888 Axis agents south of the border, and cracked the Germans' ingenious microdot system of transmitting information. These dots were photographed code-messages which were reduced to less than the size of a pinhead, and affixed to innocent-looking letters as punctuation marks or to wearing apparel as part of the cloth pattern. The FBI discovered that the most expertly hidden microdots would show up under ultraviolet light.

What may have been Hoover's most important contribution during the war was, strangely enough, in the field of civil liberties. One of the largest patriotic organizations in the country demanded that its members be sworn in as auxiliary FBI men, to act as local vigilantes. Hoover, remembering that dozens of innocent people had been manhandled by vigilantes in World War I, risked his job by refusing to grant the request.

"The duty of the patriotic citizen," he said, "is to report suspected espionage to law-enforcement agencies—and not to take the law into his own hands."

The patriots backed down: and not a single act of vigilantism was staged successfully in the U. S. during World War II.

Today, Hoover has some 120 Federal laws to enforce, plus a recent executive order requiring him to aid in investigating all civilian Federal employees of the Atomic Energy Commission and to conduct the Federal Loyalty Program. He also has been active in protecting the civil rights of Negroes. This means lynching cases, principally, and it is hard, thankless work which drags down the FBI average of convictions to the current 97.6 per cent.

As Hoover found out in Greenville, North Carolina, where taxi drivers allegedly lynched a Negro

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named Willie Earle, thorough investigations and even confessions are not enough. The local jury did not convict.

ASSORTED ACTIVITIES keep Hoover scampering around the country to his 51 field offices, which autonomously handle all cases arising in their areas. When he is in Washington, he spends about 13 hours a day in his flag-bedecked office, in the anteroom of which he used to keep death masks of criminals.

When the Director is in his office, the FBI jumps nervously. Often Hoover takes brief cases home and works until after midnight, using a Dictaphone for the lengthy letters to which he is addicted.

Legend has it that the Director has been too busy since 1924 to get around to marriage—a situation which recently proved somewhat embarrassing when a women's organization named him Father of the Year. Hoover is so careful about his morals in public and otherwise that the only woman with whom he was ever photographed when he appeared at ease was Shirley Temple—when La Temple was eight years old.

Principal reason for this is that Hoover has become an idol to millions of boys and he doesn't like to disillusion them. A good portion of his time is spent in writing letters to these boys, and he claims that he never has failed to answer a small-fry correspondent—his theory being that the more they learn now about crime not paying, the less the chance later that they will become subjects for his Bureau's attention.

The Director currently receives an annual salary of $14,000, which is $4,000 more than the pay of the Assistant Attorney Generals who outrank him in the Department of Justice. This is because of a special bill passed by Congress, presumably making up for the years he worked at $8,000 and less.

Until his mother died in 1938, Hoover lived with her in the old family home on Washington's Seward Square. Today he occupies a bright new house in Rock Creek Park, which, in addition to Hoover, contains his staggering collection of Chinese and American antiques, a Scotch terrier named Scotty and a Cairn terrier named G-Boy.

For diversion, the Director occasionally visits Manhattan night clubs where he meets his friend, Walter Winchell, but even then he works, taking notes in a little book. "Sometimes," he says, "I learn more from listening to people in night clubs than my agents can pick up in a week." Once he broke a case when he overheard the chatter of a crook at the next table.

In Washington, Hoover's diversion consists mostly of eating good meals at the Capital's most famous old restaurant and playing practical jokes on Julius Lulley, the proprietor. Once, Hoover wrote Lulley a forged letter, purporting to be from a renowned New York chef and accusing the proprietor of stealing a recipe.

Hoover, of course, had no actual knowledge of any such theft. But Lulley stewed about the letter for a week, then showed it to the FBI. "Why, I wouldn't steal a recipe from that bum," he said, "I stole it from a chef in New Orleans."

On another occasion, Hoover found a grotesque old army photo-

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graph of Lulley and had it mounted on a poster which proclaimed that Lulley was wanted for rape, murder, grand larceny, assault, sedition and other assorted crimes. Then the Director tacked these signs on the trees around Lulley's home in Maryland.

A few hours later a boy ran to the sheriff with one of the posters. "This man lives in the house on the hill!" the lad gasped. Lulley was headed for the clink until Hoover came along and rescued him.

Aside from all this, Hoover spends considerable time fretting about charges that are continually leveled against him. A sensitive soul, he doesn't like to be called "a publicity-seeking, antilabor, anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, fascistic head of America's Gestapo"—which summarizes the extreme Left's opinion of him.

Although not generally known, many other extremists consider Hoover "a Red-lover and the Communistic head of America's NKVD" —a charge revived after he told a Congressional committee last year that the Communist Party should *not* be outlawed but merely exposed, and after he wrote in a magazine, "Don't label anyone a Communist unless you have the facts. Don't confuse liberals and progressives with Communists."

Contrary to rumor, there are many Jewish agents and officials in the FBI. There is also a good handful of Negro agents, who are used undercover in all kinds of cases.

The record also indicates that Hoover has never allowed the FBI to be used as a strike-breaking weapon, which is more than can be said for many police forces. A high government source reports that in one of the big nation-wide strikes last year, it was suggested that Hoover put FBI agents on the trail of union leaders, seeking violations of obscure Federal laws. Hoover flatly refused and threatened to resign. The suggestion was quickly forgotten.

Concerning the charge that Hoover has fascist tendencies, this seems doubtful when you realize that among his best friends have been Franklin D. Roosevelt, Fiorello La Guardia, Morris Ernst and Congressman Emanuel Celler, none of whom are especially noted for camaraderie with Nazis.

Concerning the charge that the FBI is a Gestapo or an NKVD, Hoover claims that the difference between his Bureau and a totalitarian secret police is that the FBI merely investigates and turns the information over to another agency for action. A Gestapo both investigates and acts.

In the Federal Loyalty Program, the FBI hasn't the power to fire anyone. It merely gives information on the individual to the individual's boss without recommendations. The boss then does the firing, if he thinks it necessary.

No FBI agent has ever been found guilty of using brutality, and no case of false arrest has ever been proved against the Bureau. The American Civil Liberties Union, a watchdog in such matters, hasn't been able to pin a single civil-rights violation on Hoover's men.

The charge that Hoover is a publicity hound goes back to Public Enemy days. In retrospect, it is only fair to say that it probably was necessary for the FBI to take

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the headlines away from the Dillingers and Floyds, who had been built up as heroes in the public mind. "In those days," reminisces Hoover, "we not only had to outshoot the gangsters—we had to outglamour them!"

The FBI did just that, and the legend began to grow that Hoover is a hardened, cynical crime-hunter who never makes a mistake. But this claim isn't true, either. Not long ago, the Director was working in the garden of his new home when a man drove up in a truck. He praised the Hoover garden and then remarked: "Say, Mac, I've got a load of sheep manure, best fertilizer there is. I was supposed to deliver it down the road, but they're not home. How would you like to take it for half price?"

Hoover ended up by buying the load for $30; and that evening, when Associate Director Clyde Tolson came over, J. Edgar proudly showed his acquisition.

"Sheep manure?" said Tolson, a country boy from Iowa. "Why, that's mostly dirt and sawdust. You've just been conned out of 30 bucks!"

The Director of the FBI went personally to work on the case of the Itinerant Truck Man, but he hasn't caught him yet.

Wise and Otherwise

When the white men discovered this country, the Indians were running it. There were no taxes. There was no debt. The women did all the work. And the white men thought they could improve on a system like that! —*The Scandal Sheet*

Nature is wonderful! A million years ago she didn't know we were going to wear spectacles, yet look at the way she placed our ears. —*Annapolis Log*

Doing business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You know what you are doing but no one else does.
—Edward L. Renno

The fond mother, showing off her teen-age daughter, suggested brightly: "Say something in algebra for Mrs. Smith, darling."
—Helen M. Rose

Said one cannibal to another cannibal after the jungle party dinner, "I get so fed up with people sometimes." —*As-You-Go-News*

High heels were invented by a girl who was kissed good-night on her forehead. —Anonymous

Once there were things people couldn't talk about, but now they can't talk about anything else.
—Pauline Mayo

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HUMAN SALVAGE *in* Harlem

by NORMAN M. LOBSENZ

In a low-cost clinic designed to help the lonely and unfortunate, a group of farsighted doctors is using medical science as a weapon in their fight to turn potential delinquents into useful citizens

"MY BOY USED TO BE a good boy," the woman said. "But lately he's been playing hookey, staying out at night and running around with hoodlums. He won't listen when I tell him he'll get in trouble."

"Where is your boy tonight?" asked the psychiatrist.

"He's waiting outside."

"Let me have a talk with him."

The 13-year-old was suspicious when he sat down across the table. Ten minutes later he was talking his heart out to his new friend, the first person ever to be sincerely interested in his problems.

"Mom makes me stay in the house or on the porch," the boy complained. "I can't even go to the park to play ball. And I'm supposed to be home by six. The other fellows started to call me a sissy."

"And you're not a sissy, are you?" the psychiatrist asked.

" 'Course not. I play hookey more'n any of 'em. And I don't go home till I feel like."

"You're going to show them, aren't you?"

"You bet, Doc!"

To Dr. Frederic Wertham, a foremost psychiatrist and founder of the first mental-hygiene clinic in New York's Harlem—this was a familiar problem pattern. Here a youngster of basically good character and upbringing was on the verge of becoming a delinquent.

Truancy, Wertham knew, would

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be only the beginning. Without proper guidance, the boy would go from truancy to window-smashing, to minor thefts, to gang warfare, to sex escapades. In short, he would become completely maladjusted and stand on the threshold of a full-fledged criminal career.

To Wertham, it was a pattern born out of the frustrations of exploitation and prejudice. In half an hour, the doctor accomplished his two objectives: to get at the root of the situation, and to win the boy's confidence.

Wertham had the boy visit the clinic regularly for a few weeks, to make him understand why he felt and acted as he did. At the same time, Wertham showed the mother how her unthinking strictness only made her son more disobedient.

To channel the boy's urge for freedom into constructive paths, Wertham had him join a Boy Scout troop and attend a summer camp—a great step forward, considering the lack of such facilities for Harlemites. Some months later the boy was back on the right road, with a good school record, a healthy home relationship and wholesome outside activities.

It was for just such adolescents that Lafargue Clinic was opened; today they make up more than a fourth of its patients. The story of the clinic—founded without official sanction, financial support or even an office—is the story of one man's long devotion to an ideal.

FOR MORE THAN A decade, Frederic Wertham has fought to make psychiatric treatment available to the millions of people who cannot afford the high fees of private consultants, and to those discriminated against because of color.

Wertham pioneered in this field. In the early '20s, while teaching psychiatry at Phipps Clinic of Johns Hopkins University, he was the only psychiatrist in America who would treat Negroes privately. When he was called to New York to organize the New York County Court of General Sessions Psychiatric Clinic (first of its kind in the country), and later to head the Bellevue Hospital Mental Hygiene Clinic, Wertham grew impatient with traditional methods.

Believing that expert psychiatric help should be available equally to all people, Wertham tried to interest city officials and private philanthropists in setting up such a clinic. But in vain. In 1946, after countless rebuffs, he decided to translate his dream into actuality with no backing at all, save for a handful of friends and co-workers.

His acute housing problem was solved by the offer of two tiny rooms in the parish-house basement of St. Philip's Episcopal Church, in the heart of Harlem.

"I chose Harlem," Wertham says, "not as an interracial experiment, but because conditions there have created one of the world's greatest psychological problems. Harlem's social conflicts have caused a vast number of personality breakdowns. The Negroes' problem is simply an exaggeration of other people's problems."

Statistics pile up imposing evidence for these statements. Harlem's 400,000 people live in an area designed to house 75,000. Fifty-three per cent of Manhattan's

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juvenile delinquency cases originate there. Segregation, employment prejudices, slum housing, poor educational opportunities, lack of medical care, and modern recreational facilities—all these react to create neurotic frustrations. To combat these is the self-appointed task of Lafargue Clinic, named after the Negro doctor and social reformer who devoted his life to battling bigotry and oppression.

The cluttered basement rooms (the clinic recently took over the entire floor) became headquarters for the loyal volunteers who joined Dr. Wertham. Today that staff numbers 20—including six psychiatrists, a psychologist, eight social workers, a registered nurse with psychiatric training, experts in reading, speech difficulties and physiotherapy, and a secretarial unit. Among the psychiatrists is former Army doctor André Tweed, one of the few recognized Negro psychiatrists in the country.

THE NIGHT THE CLINIC opened, a mere handful of people trickled in—scared, ashamed, defiant—the typical Harlem attitude toward "outsiders." But Wertham and his staff treated them courteously and matter-of-factly, showing by their actions that they were scientists, not professional "do-gooders."

Word traveled quickly. Within a few weeks the appointment book was filled. Today, though the staff works much more than the official three hours twice a week, there is still a long waiting list. And soon the clinic will be open a third evening, specifically to treat individuals requiring long-range therapy.

The patients include Negro and white, young and old, New Yorker and out-of-towner. Some learn of the clinic from friends, some from welfare agencies, others walk in from the street.

Some can afford more than the 25 cents (50 cents if a court appearance is needed) that the clinic charges to remove the stigma of "charity." Others can't pay even that. Often the clinic advances money for carfare, food or medicine. But sometimes, after a staff member refuses a poor person's quarter, he will find it later, hidden under a sheaf of papers.

After a preliminary interview with a social worker, a patient is assigned to one of the psychiatrists who work in screened-off cubicles. To them comes every kind of problem: a war veteran who can't settle in a job; a young woman in love but afraid of marriage; a boy who disobeys his parents; a girl barred from her home because she is to bear an illegitimate baby; a man who is scared of people; a woman who simply "feels queer" and wants to be told why.

For example, more than a half year was devoted by staff workers to starting an entire family on the road to mental rehabilitation. A 16-year-old girl who had served a reformatory term for truancy and shoplifting was referred to the clinic. Social workers found that her mother was psychotic, and vented her delusions on the long-suffering daughter and husband.

Step by step, the clinic arranged for the mother's hospitalization, helped the husband to adjust himself to the situation, and not only persuaded the girl to return to school but also found her a part-

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time job. Her self-respect restored, and with the certain prospect of a normal home environment, the girl is now a model student and daughter. When the mother completes her recovery, the clinic will have saved a family.

CHIEF AIM OF LAFARGUE is to instill in its patients "the will to survive in a hostile world." Wertham has evolved a theory of "social psychiatry" which holds that all neuroses and psychoses do not necessarily result from internal problems of the individual, but that many are due to the impact of society. This approach is a major reason why the clinic successfully handles large numbers of patients, since there is no need for a long delving into the subconscious if the cause of the trouble is in the physical environment.

"If, for instance," says Wertham, "we can make a hypochondriac realize that he is subconsciously using illness to escape looking for a job in the face of discrimination, then we can begin to harmonize that conflict."

With no financial resources of its own, Lafargue Clinic has depended on contributions from well-wishers. At Christmas, greeting cards containing cash and checks flood the mailbox. Other persons and groups have given toys for play therapy, vitamins, and books to establish a circulating library.

When the clinic opened, professional social workers said Wertham's work would conflict with the services of private psychiatrists and public agencies and, by locating in Harlem, would actually be practicing segregation. In reply, Wertham points to the costly fees of most private consultants, and to the discrimination and prejudice practiced by some public institutions.

As for segregation, Wertham feels that Lafargue Clinic is a living gesture against discrimination. "Because I am doing what others have for years only been talking about," he says, "my clinic is considered something unusual. But I am doing nothing new—simply what has not been done before."

Despite the debate he has aroused, Wertham refuses to make the clinic into a test tube for social experiments. He fights to keep it what it is—a modest basement room where the lonely, the frightened and the unwanted can find a measure of help and understanding.

A Dead Giveaway

A KINDLY, MIDDLE-AGED gentleman was riding to work on a city bus that was packed like a Christmas stocking. A well-dressed, dignified-looking matron entered and stood beside his seat. Graciously the man arose and offered his seat to the woman. She accepted and he hooked himself to a strap.

No sooner had she settled herself, however, than she nudged her neighboring passenger and whispered: "Old-fashioned old goat, ain't he?"

—MURIEL VOS

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by JUDITH CORTADA

Scientists of the Dust Mop

Taylor-Maid Service, brain child of an enterprising ex-GI and his wife, has brought new efficiency to house cleaning and turned domestics into white-collar girls

IN A DAY WHEN everything from baby's diaper to the corner skyscraper is tailor-made, you couldn't expect a young New York couple called Taylor to overlook the obvious advantage of such a name. From Taylor-made, it is only a step to Taylor-Maid Service, which operates on the theory that a maid should be paid "by the package" (according to the size of the apartment she cleans), not by the hour, and tries to cure the domestic worker's most serious ailment—unreliability—by elevating her to the status of white-collar worker.

A corporal in the Army during the war and formerly a salesman, Jacques Taylor, now 37, often heard from his wife, Dorothy, a personnel worker in a war plant, about the difficulties of keeping their apartment clean. She had discovered that few maids do a good job when no one is around to watch them.

They decided that hundreds of working wives faced the same problem, and that the answer was a maid service which rewarded skill in a trained houseworker who needed no supervision. Beginning in February, 1946, with 15 maids servicing 100 apartments, the Service now sends out 70 maids to clean 375 apartments in midtown Manhattan.

Enraptured customers sometimes exclaim: "How did a man ever think this up!" Asked if he ever gives credit to his wife, Taylor admits, "Too seldom."

In the beginning, the Taylors decided on the unit-payment plan because it inspires the maid to develop skill. The more efficient she

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is, the more apartments she cleans and the more she earns.

Arrangements are made with the Service by phone or with the maid on her first visit, and a printed cleaning schedule is hung in the broom closet. The form also lists the days for laundry and the location of cleaning equipment, and specifies that "Taylor-Maid Service does not include dog-walking or baby-minding."

Anyone who thinks house cleaning requires only a strong back, a dust rag and a vacuum cleaner should look at the Taylors' cleaning manual, which provides a step-by-step plan. One early step in the 14 listed for the living room is the bringing of all cleaning equipment into the room on one trip. The No. 8 rule reads: "Empty garbage can and re-line. (Don't lock yourself out of the apartment if you go down hall to incinerator.)"

Taylor-Maids, all Negroes, earn from $18 to $35 a week, depending on the number of apartments they clean, and their income continues when customers go on vacation. They have the same benefits as white-collar workers: social security, unemployment and hospital insurance, workmen's compensation, holidays and vacations.

For a three-and-a-half to four-room apartment, Taylor-Maid charges $6.75 for two weekly visits, $8.30 for three visits, $13.85 for five and $16.60 for six. Some supplementary services, including baby-sitters, cooks for special occasions, maids to serve and do dishes, butlers, and workers for window and woodwork washing have been added during the past year.

To obtain customers, the Taylors circularized East Side apartment dwellers and also advertised. But Taylor had to jockey for preferred position in the classified advertisements. Knowing that an ad that started with the name of the Service would wind up near the end of the alphabetical column, he devised this one: "Aardvarks are rare and Taylor-Maid is a rare service."

It didn't get Taylor-Maid into first place; the AA Auto Service beat him. But Taylor still thinks it was a good idea, even though he gets calls from people who ask, "Is this the Aardvark Maid Service?"

Some Things We Learn

Nothing can hurt us save only as we let it—each failure brings us nearer to success if we but profit by our mistakes.

We get out of life just what we put into it. If we want happiness, we must first learn to make others happy; if we want love and kindness, we must first give our devotion and affection.

A lot of people seem to think the greatest accomplishment in this world is to live in it without work. —*Brickwork*

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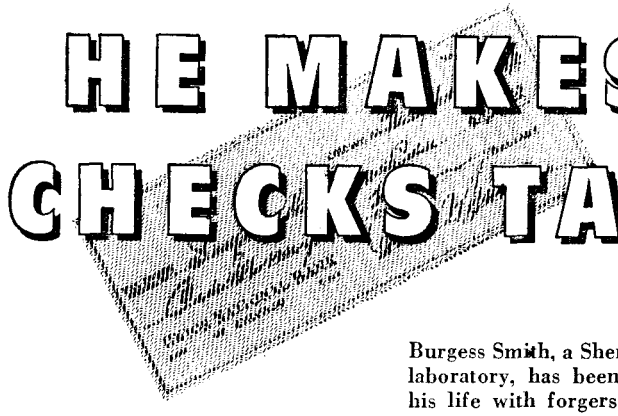
HE MAKES CHECKS TALK



Burgess Smith, a Sherlock Holmes of the laboratory, has been matching wits all his life with forgers and counterfeiters

by LAWRENCE LADER

IMAGINE THAT A MAN with a counterfeit check enters your local bank. He hands the teller the check. But instead of merely scanning it by eye, the teller holds it over a thin beam of light, projected from a machine on his counter.

As the beam passes through the check, it picks out any defect in the paper, any erasure or change. Suddenly there is a whirring noise, and a telltale word comes forth from the machine—"Void!" Swiftly and surely, one more crook has been caught—thanks to an invention of Burgess Smith which may be in use in all banks in the near future.

Making check paper "talk" is just one of the miracles concocted in Smith's laboratories during the last 40 years. As one of the country's leading experts on forgery and counterfeiting, he has successfully matched wits with crooks from New York to Borneo. To Treasury officials, bankers and businessmen, Smith has become a legend, combining the scientific wizardry of Thomas Edison with the infallible sleuthing of Sherlock Holmes.

When German agents began entering this country with forged passports during World War I, Federal officials rushed to Smith for help. Working alone in his laboratory so no one else would know the secret, he developed a new kind of paper with hidden cryptic marks that stopped the spy invasion.

When forgers began to fake rubber licenses in the East Indies and flooded the market with contraband rubber, British and Dutch authorities appealed to Smith. From his laboratory, he brought forth another miracle in paper—a new kind of license approvable only by officials who knew its secret.

When countries in South America were being harassed by thousands of immigrants entering on counterfeit passports, Smith produced a tamper-proof passport that has been adopted by most countries below the border today.

Yet of all the appeals filed with Burgess Smith, the most desperate came from American businessmen, who were losing millions annually to counterfeiters and forgers. This

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time he came up with his greatest miracle—a check paper called Protod Greenbac that has contributed to the safety of checks used today in most commercial transactions.

For a man who has fought crooks all his life, Burgess Smith at 73 looks more like a kindly professor than the king of laboratory sleuths. His eyes crinkle when he smiles. His long white hair is combed straight back, almost reaching to his coat collar. At his desk in Rochester, New York, he sits surrounded by piles of books and notes. Yet give him a new problem in counterfeiting or forgery, and Smith springs into action.

Not long ago, he was summoned hurriedly by Mexico City police, who had run up against a check counterfeiter with new and startling methods. The crook had purchased two bank drafts for two pesos each. Later, he turned up at another bank and cashed a draft for 40,000 pesos. When Smith examined the fake paper, he discovered that the thief had carefully cut a small panel from one draft, containing the two-peso figure, and inserted a blank piece from the other draft, on which he faked the 40,000-peso figure.

In all his career, Smith had never seen panel substitution executed so perfectly. Confident that it could be done only by a crook with two identical drafts, he told the police to look for an accomplice inside the bank. Soon they arrested a clerk who admitted his part in the fraud, and within the month the counterfeiter was caught.

Smith's biggest battle against forgers started in 1918 when he received an S.O.S. from the Todd Company of Rochester, New York, possibly the world's largest manufacturer of checks. U.S. businessmen faced a crisis involving millions of dollars. Crooks were raising typewritten checks by simply erasing the original amount and writing in new figures. Handwritten checks were being raised with ink eradicator. Forgers were even purchasing ordinary check paper, sold on the open market, and printing facsimiles of checks used by many big corporations.

The Todd Company decided that old-fashioned check paper, defenseless against alteration, had to be replaced by a new kind. Walter L. Todd went to Burgess Smith.

"You've got to develop a paper," said Todd, "that will practically stand up and holler if a crook tampers with it."

Smith retired to his laboratory. Six weeks later he produced Protod Greenbac, based on the principle of camouflage which he helped develop for Navy ships.

His first step was to print the word "void" many times across the face of the check in secret, invisible ink. Second, a camouflage plate, made up of thousands of dots, was printed over it. Finally came a second camouflage plate of dots, slightly out of line with the other. The back of the check was printed in a complex green design, giving the paper its name.

If a crook tried to alter the check by bleaching or ink eradicator, the telltale "void" would spring to the surface. As a further safety step, Todd refused to sell blank Greenbac paper. Every check is made in the company's well-guarded Rochester plant. Each is numbered, each is insured for $10,000 against forgery

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or counterfeiting. In the 29 years since Smith first perfected the camouflaged dots, no Greenbac check has ever been counterfeited successfully, thus saving American business untold millions of dollars.

BURGESS SMITH WAS BORN in Macon, Georgia, in 1874. His father was a printer, and in the print shop Burgess learned to mix inks, engrave plates and repair machinery. Also he was a youthful inventor, developing a tobacco stripper, a telegraph printer and a process for making color photographs.

At 18, Burgess left for Washington to work as a Navy Department draftsman. But his technical talents soon attracted the Treasury's Bureau of Engraving and Printing. When a scandal arose over the purchase of inks for the Bureau, Smith conducted the investigation so expertly that he was made Director of Technical Works.

Since no other government job demanded more secrecy, the Bureau decided to exempt him from Civil Service, and by executive decree Smith became the only man in the United States entrusted with the supervision of manufacturing millions in currency and stamps.

Whenever a seemingly impossible problem arose, the solution was: "Get Burgess." For example, the Bureau faced a crisis late in World War I. Because of the need for more revenue, the Post Office Department had raised postal rates from two cents to three cents. With the deadline for the new issue set at 30 days, Bureau officials estimated that it would take a year to engrave the plates and set up machinery. At this point, Smith stepped in.

"I can print the whole issue by lithography," he said.

No U. S. postage stamps had ever been printed by lithography, since it was assumed that all detail would be lost. But Smith ran off the issue in a few weeks.

Smith's ability to solve almost any problem in mechanics or chemistry is uncanny. During World War I, after hundreds of thousands of Liberty Bonds had been printed, Bureau officials discovered that they contained an extra coupon which had to be removed in 30 days. Since each packet was bound with circular bands, to unwrap them and clip each coupon would have taken a staff of 50 women three months. Then Smith was called in.

Noticing that the coupon formed an oblong at the lower corner of each bond, he made a simple suggestion: why not run each packet through a band saw and cut off all the coupons at once? Smith and two assistants promptly set to work and did the whole job in 72 hours.

"In the years I've known him," says one of Smith's associates, "I've never seen Burgess stumped."

In an age of laboratory scientists who boast university degrees, Smith is a rare example of the self-taught genius. His laboratory at Rochester always looks as if a hurricane had swept through it.

His laboratory techniques often astound his college-trained assistants. "When he finds some substance he can't identify," one of them said recently, "he smells it, and if he's still puzzled, he tastes it. Thank God, he's never missed yet!"

Once Smith tackles a problem, he refuses to stop until he has reached a solution. He arrives at

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his office every morning at 8:10, wearing the battered black hat, dark suit and white stiff collar that are his hallmark. He is always the last to leave the office at night.

Each day, he patiently answers questions from Todd employees in a soft, friendly voice. A maintenance superintendent wants to know how he can clean a galvanized vat with solvents that won't chip the paint. Smith reaches into a drawer and comes up with a new formula.

A printer comes in to say that his new press isn't taking inks properly. Smith asks three pointed questions. Suddenly a smile breaks over the printer's face. Smith's clever queries have given the answer.

After 40 years of combating forgers and counterfeiters, Smith's safety crusade still goes on. His experiments as director of research at Todd's have already guaranteed the introduction soon of checks that will actually "talk." Another project involves new kinds of identification cards for government and armed-forces personnel.

One of them looks like a plain card in daylight. But put it under a fluorescent light and a specially designed shield appears.

"But here's my favorite," Smith says, pulling a sample card from his drawer. "See this little square patch at the corner? Scratch it with your fingernail and it reveals a key word that identifies the bearer beyond doubt."

But despite his devices, Smith insists that only constant vigilance will finally defeat the crooks who still fleece the American public of $400,000,000 annually.

"People just aren't careful enough," Smith complains. "They leave blank checks lying around. They put canceled checks in an open drawer without realizing that a canceled check is a perfect model for any forger. Even shrewd businessmen still use old-fashioned checks, signed in ink, instead of counterfeit-proof checks and mechanical check writers."

Smith offers himself as proof of how easy it is to be fooled. Summoned to Philadelphia by a Treasury official to examine new counterfeit $1 bills, he tried to allay anxiety.

"Why, they're such bad imitations," said Smith, "that anyone could detect them."

Later that day, when Smith needed cash to continue his trip, he asked the Assistant Treasurer to cash a check. He took the money and counted it. Then the Assistant Treasurer insisted he count it again. Smith made the count three times before he caught on. Three of the badly executed counterfeits were in the money he had taken.

Feminine Foible

AMONG THE SIGHTS that fill the soul of man with awe and wonder is that of his wife cleaning the house so she won't be embarrassed when the cleaning woman comes.

—BILL VAUGHAN in THE KANSAS CITY *Star*

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THE NIGHT THE WORLD TREMBLED

by CAROL LYNN GILMER

Gripped by frenzy, millions around the world wept, prayed and reveled as they awaited Halley's Comet—and Doomsday!

OUR MODERN civilization has never seen a more widespread demonstration of superstitious terror than on the night of May 18, 1910, when millions of people around the globe cowered in fear, awaiting the end of the world.

For months, the mass hysteria had been building up. It had caused suicides and work stoppages; it had upset the New York stock market and precipitated a peasants' revolt in China. Yet it had not been inspired by the dire predictions of a fanatical prophet. Instead, the panic stemmed from sober pronouncements made by leading scientists about the return of Halley's Comet.

On September 11, 1909, Max Wolf, an astronomer in Heidelberg, Germany, announced that he had located Halley's Comet, hurtling through the firmament right on schedule. The news was neither startling nor unexpected, since records showed that for more than 2,000 years this particular comet had been visiting the earth on an average of once every 76 years.

As far back as the 18th century, astronomers knew that it would appear around 1910, so no one greeted Wolf's announcement with alarm. True, a few pseudo-scientists promptly revived age-old superstitions that surrounded the comet. Its visit in 1066 had coincided with the Norman invasion of Britain. On other occasions, floods, wars, plagues and famines had followed in its wake. But such superstitious warnings would have failed to dent our 20th-century skepticism had the scientists not issued another announcement. It was a garbled version of this news that touched off the Doomsday scare.

Once Wolf had located the comet, other astronomers agreed that the comet would pass so close to the earth that on May 18, 1910, our globe would be swept by the tail of the fiery visitor. This announcement, plus information that spectroscopic analysis of the comet's tail had revealed the presence of cyanogen, an inflammable poison gas, jarred even the most cynical.

Fear began to spread. Mountebanks and quacks, seizing on these "scientific proofs" of their warnings, found countless converts and panic was quickly unleashed among impressionable souls.

No sooner had Percival Lowell,

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astronomer at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, called the comet "the airiest approach to nothing set in the midst of naught" than his words were countered by the dreadful prophecies of General Ballington Booth, head of the Volunteers of America. Booth predicted deluges of water sweeping the earth, fierce destruction by fire and a general "winding up" of all things.

Fear of cyanogen and falling meteors provided the chief foundation for growing terror; but as the time drew closer, the gullible were ready to believe the most fantastic predictions. In France, prophecies of Camille Flammarion, popular writer on astronomy, were revived. He foresaw a merging of our atmosphere with that of the comet to form huge clouds of nitrous oxide, or laughing gas. M. Flammarion predicted a brief period of merrymaking, followed by a mass seizure of ecstatic hysteria which would mark the end of the world.

By early April, the comet was plainly visible to the eye. Destruction, glowing malevolently for all to see, was on its way. Mass terror grew. In the Philippines, rank panic spread as the comet hung brightly in the sky. To the northwest, it touched off wild unrest in the Hankow and Peking areas of China. To peasants, the appearance of the starry host was a signal to revolt against their overlords, and blood ran in the streets.

Meanwhile, world-wide jitters began to exhibit themselves in individual examples of mental unbalance. A passenger on a Jamaica-bound steamer saw the comet off Cuba and threw himself into the sea. A wealthy Hungarian landowner cut his throat and left a note saying fear of the comet had caused his death. A farmer in Alabama took poison and died in agony.

Even sober-minded citizens cast apprehensive glances at the glow over the horizon. W. E. Corey, president of the U.S. Steel Corporation, warned friends to call in their money and "get out from under" as a financial crash would come.

As the fateful day approached, frenzy increased. Preparations for escape stole the headlines. Observatories were swamped with calls asking how to fight cyanogen. In Chicago and Berlin, housewives stuffed doors and window frames with rags. In Manhattan, an armored cellar stocked with 100 cylinders of oxygen was built for a prominent manufacturer. In Asia Minor, immersion in barrels of water at the fatal hour was believed to be the answer, and hogsheads were prepared.

Other people turned to religion. In Mexico, natives built crosses on the highest hills and prayed to them day and night. Russia was the scene of all-night church services. And in Puerto Rico, plantations were deserted as natives staged candlelight processions.

In the United States, too, many quit work to prepare for Doomsday. At silver mines in Colorado, miners stayed underground until the comet had passed. Work halted in Southern cotton and tobacco fields as Negroes prayed for salvation. And in Pennsylvania, anthracite miners stopped work and collieries closed down.

Then, at last, the great day came —May 18, 1910:

Around the world, the dawn was

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greeted with awed expectancy, but somehow it seemed strangely normal. The daylight hours brought neither doom nor destruction. But, said the believers, it was darkness which held real terrors.

Excitement mounted as twilight fell. While many prayed, others decided to spend their last night on earth in celebration. The Plaza Hotel in New York held a fiery "Comet Cocktail" in honor of the occasion. In other cities both here and abroad, "Comet Parties" were arranged on roof gardens or in parks where a clear view of the sky could be obtained.

But while café society was making the most of this excuse for revelry, New York's lower East Side was the scene of panic and rioting. By 8:30 P.M., reserve police held back crowds in Mulberry Bend Park where thousands knelt in prayer and song. Streets were thronged with men, women and children in night clothes, preparing for the hereafter.

Twenty-five thousand people milled back and forth over Williamsburg Bridge, across New York's East River. Somehow, on the bridge, suspended between wind and water, people felt greater safety against the comet's dread presence.

And so the night was passed. Relentlessly the time drew near—the fatal hour agreed on by astronomers all over the world. Then, in one of the greatest anticlimaxes in history, nothing happened. Phosphorescence in the sky was noted by a French observatory. Ships' compasses were slightly affected by an electrical disturbance. But that was all. No poison gas; no celestial collision; no end of the world.

Next morning, the New York *World* summarized the uneventful event thusly: "The town had prepared itself for a new sensation. It was keyed up to a high pitch at the prospect of being sprinkled with star dust, smothered with noxious gases or bombarded by meteorites. But the show did not come off, and New York went home feeling it had been buncoed."

And so the world, still very much in existence, settled back to wait another 76 years for a return engagement by Halley's Comet. According to the laws of nature, however, the 1986 appearance probably won't be as spectacular as the 1910 show, for the comet travels near the sun on the years when it appears and dissipates a portion of its substance each time.

By 1986, it is expected to show itself only as a pale glowing body with a smaller tail. And in the course of a few more appearances, it should diminish to a point where it will no longer be visible to the eye. After that, mankind will only recall the once-awesome Halley's Comet as an astronomical has-been.

A Wild Notion

If you are losing in an argument with your wife, try a kiss. —*Brickwork*

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How I Beat Petrillo

by **Dr. Joseph Edgar Maddy**
(Director, the National Musical Camp)

A militant music teacher tells of his fight to the finish with a labor czar

It happened on a Saturday night in July, 1942. I was on the stage at the National Music Camp in Interlochen, Michigan, putting the teen-age symphony orchestra and choir students through a final rehearsal before they went on the air the following evening.

Their sustaining concert program for NBC was to be a summer offering while big-name symphony musicians were vacationing. NBC knew the public wanted good classical music: we in turn were ready to supply it. But a union boss named James C. Petrillo said "No."

In the midst of rehearsal I was called to the phone. "Maddy," said an NBC executive in Chicago, "Petrillo has just ordered the Interlochen broadcasts canceled."

He didn't say Petrillo had given any reasons; he didn't say NBC was going to fight the order. He simply told me that the head of the American Federation of Musicians had stopped a series of popular noncommercial broadcasts that had been going on for 12 summers. Interlochen and the school children who comprise this unique camp in the woods were forbidden use of the air waves.

I shall never forget the shocked bewilderment of those hundreds of boys and girls assembled on the stage. They had practiced long and faithfully, and had told their parents throughout the U.S. to be listening for the Sunday-evening broadcast. No wonder there were tears on row after row of youthful faces.

One 17-year-old jumped up from his chair. "How can he do it?" he cried. "How can anyone stop us from using the radio? This is America, isn't it?"

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Right then, I wasn't sure what to say in answer. It was hard to believe that while the people of America were stamping out foreign dictatorships in a grim global war, the force of despotism was flourishing at home. Yet here it was —Petrillo telling our children they couldn't use the radio!

When the youngsters had quieted down, I promised I would try to do something about the situation. But what? How do you begin the democratic process of trying to pin a dictator's ears back?

I could be certain of one thing: Petrillo was no easy opponent. He was a powerful individual—smart, clever, determined, cautious. As head of the powerful AFM, he had never tasted defeat.

He was one of the few men who had openly defied President Roosevelt and gotten away with it. He had laughed at Congress, hiding behind the very laws it was supposed to uphold. He had actually prohibited a local band from playing *The Star-Spangled Banner* at a ship launching.

Time and again he had aroused the enmity of the public, even of his own followers. But despite all these acts, the law was on his side. There seemed only one way to stop him. Change the law. So this became our plan of attack.

But first we had to appraise our foe carefully. The "Interlochen Incident" was only the beginning. In the fall of the same year, Petrillo prohibited broadcasting of programs by students of the Eastman School of Music and the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Then he boldly extended the ban to include *all* school instrumental musicians in America.

Although he angrily said that no one had any right to ask *why*, he voluntarily offered this explanation: "It is easy to understand that the more free music the radio stations receive, the less need there is for the professional."

The truth is, the Interlochen broadcasts weren't "free music." NBC had maintained a stand-by union orchestra in New York City during all past programs originating in Interlochen. In fact, I have challenged Petrillo repeatedly to cite a single instance in which broadcasts by any school band or orchestra have deprived any union musician of a single dollar.

He has ignored these challenges, meanwhile bragging: "There will never be any more school bands or orchestras on the networks without permission of AFM."

As czar of the union, Petrillo told a friend of mine: "Music educators are training students to take the bread and butter from union musicians, causing them to starve to death."

The facts show differently. In 1918, there were about half a dozen major symphony orchestras in the U. S. A quarter-century later there were at least 35 such organizations —a direct result of music education in our public schools. In 1918, a large majority of our symphony

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Dr. Joseph Edgar Maddy is an outstanding pioneer in American musical education. Once a shy little music teacher in Rochester, New York, he dreamed of an outdoor camp where boys and girls could get together and play all the music they wanted. Today the National Music Camp at Interlochen is a living, growing institution, run almost single-handed by its frail but energetic founder.

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members were foreign-born. Today, fewer than 50 per cent come from abroad. Musicians trained at Interlochen are to be found in nearly every symphony orchestra in America.

The concertmaster of the Rochester Philharmonic is an Interlochen graduate. Others are on the rosters of the NBC, St. Louis, Cleveland, Chicago, Los Angeles, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Boston symphonies. They are all members of Petrillo's union; they have to be. Yet they are forbidden by Petrillo to return to Interlochen.

No other country on earth has experienced such a musical awakening as has America during the past 35 years. At present, there are some 3,000,000 boys and girls in school bands and orchestras. Of these, about three per cent will become professional musicians. The remainder will become loyal supporters of better community music, symphony orchestras, opera companies, summer concerts, better recordings, better radio and motion-picture music.

Likewise, many thousands of professional musicians have become teachers in our educational institutions, as well as leaders of school orchestras and bands. Other thousands have derived more income from giving private lessons to members of these school organizations than they ever earned as performers. Their annual income is estimated at $50,000,000, to which may be added another $75,000,000 paid in salaries to instructors and assistants in schools.

In his drive for power, Petrillo has evidently forgotten these thousands of "his boys" who are making a good living. When, for instance, he forbade union members from teaching at Interlochen following the broadcast ban, the "gain" was a loss of $20,000 in salaries.

By this act, alone, he was extending his autocratic control into the field of education, thereby threatening *all* music teaching in the U. S. Suppose, for instance, that the high-school band of Middletown was scheduled to broadcast a concert. Petrillo had said "No." To make good his ban, all he needed to do was place the school on the union's unfair list, forcing the band director either to resign his teaching job or lose his membership in the AFM, which meant the privilege of ever again earning money as a musical performer.

The punishment would go even further than that. The University of Michigan could not engage AFM members to instruct students at its Interlochen branch, so it affected colleges, too. It meant that great artists like Percy Grainger, Howard Hanson, Edwin Franko Goldman, Guy Fraser Harrison and others could no longer inspire student musicians as guest conductors. And finally, it involved all people in America who like to hear young musicians perform.

It was such a threat that I resolved to fight at any cost. But understand this: Petrillo's action in forbidding school broadcasts has no relation whatever to his action in forbidding union musicians to make transcriptions and recordings. That is an entirely separate dispute.

I am in full sympathy with AFM efforts to obtain the best employment, wage and living conditions for its members. Until recently

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"Greatest Single Center of Youth Culture"

"INTERLOCHEN IS THE GREATEST single center of youth culture in the United States. Any notion that it is not strictly educational in concept and operation is fantastically wrong. Its phenomenal growth and popularity, despite the artificial and arbitrary handicaps which it has suffered, is one of the great cultural encouragements of our time. Any blacklisting of the National Music Camp, or any accusation of unfairness or dishonesty in connection with its operation, is not only unfounded but also represents a violation of American principles and an assault on American education."

—SENATOR ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG OF MICHIGAN

(when Petrillo expelled me from the Union) I had been a loyal member of the AFM for 36 years. In fact, in Richmond, Indiana, my efforts to support the union's principles once forced me to quit a good teaching position. But when I joined the AFM, and for many years after, it was a democratic organization, governed by its members.

NUMEROUS PEOPLE ASK ME: "Why do AFM members support Czar Petrillo?" The answer is a simple one: they are afraid of his power to expel any member of any local without reason or trial. Members obey him—or else!

Petrillo's ban on the Interlochen broadcast was not the first time he had attacked us. Previously, when I had been invited to bring the camp orchestra to the Music Educators National Conference in Chicago, arrangements were made for an NBC network program. Two days before the scheduled broadcast, Petrillo phoned me, saying we would have to employ a 50-piece "stand-by" union orchestra at $12 a player—or no broadcast!

All over the country, parents and friends of the young musicians were eagerly looking forward to the broadcast. So, rather than disappoint them, I engaged the union orchestra out of my own pocket. But I decided to announce over the radio the reason why.

Promptly Petrillo phoned me again, saying threateningly: "You better be careful what you say on the air!"

That warning made the issue indelibly clear. It was not just a question of high-school musicians "taking time away" from union musicians (which they were not doing). The issue involved the individual's right of free speech over the airways; the parents' right to hear their own children perform the kind of music they enjoyed.

This was the action of James C. Petrillo, not the musicians' union. It was one man exercising power, not a group of men as a majority demanding fair jobs and wages. But this time we were ready for him.

I believe to this day that Petrillo wishes he hadn't accomplished the Interlochen ban or even attempted

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it. I think he knew immediately afterwards that he had made his first mistake. The public didn't object when he threw his power around for labor. In line with the government policy of securing for the common man a living wage and the right to enjoy it, the public could take his attacks against Big Business opposition. They even condoned his action in obtaining royalties on every record for his union's trust and benefit fund. But when he started to push their children around, when he started to tell Americans what they could or could not listen to over the radio, the result was explosive.

Students at Interlochen deluged Petrillo with letters of protest. But in vain. So they went further: they prevailed on parents to write more letters and telegrams. They enlisted high-school and college students all over the country: from each locality came a leaflet bombardment aimed at Congress.

Meanwhile I wrote to numerous Congressmen. I prepared a pamphlet explaining the significance of the ban and its effects. These were distributed to schools, educators and public officials. I begged newspaper friends to bring the real issue to light. I even asked help from my friend, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, whose daughter was a former Interlochen student and who knew the camp and its aims personally.

The result of all this was electrifying. Newspapers and magazines were unanimous in condemning Petrillo. In one week there were more than 600 editorials denouncing his attack on our freedoms. Public indignation rose to a high pitch. Acting on a resolution introduced by Vandenberg, the Senate ordered an investigation of Petrillo, the first time lawmakers had called him up for questioning.

But ordering a Congressional investigation is apt to soothe public wrath, and this Senate investigation was no exception. The recording issue was discussed at length: unsuccessful efforts were made to induce the parties to effect a compromise. Brief mention was heard of the banning of school children from the air, but no attempt was made to reach a solution. We at the National Music Camp were not even allowed to present our case.

After dragging along for more than a year, the hearing was considered closed. The Senate subcommittee seemed to believe that "from the legislative standpoint, nothing can be done." I was shocked when one member suggested that I communicate with Petrillo in the hope that "some sort of arrangement might be worked out which would be reasonably satisfactory."

All this showed a leaning toward appeasement, toward a Munich-like peace with a man who had no right to offer any terms. But we weren't whipped. There were more telegrams, more letters of protest, more personal interviews. I prepared a second form letter entitled, "Young America Fights for Constitutional Rights," which was mailed to 32,000 music educators and 8,000 prominent citizens.

One result was a reopening of the hearing. Another was the act of the school children of Wichita, Kansas, who demanded that Congress enforce the Bill of Rights by enacting legislation to prevent interference

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with broadcasting of noncommercial programs, when presented by academically accredited, tax-exempt, educational institutions.

That set the wheels of justice spinning. In April, 1946, Congress passed the Lea Act, guaranteeing school children the right to the air. At last the school children of America had won a great victory.

But their elation was short-lived, for Petrillo challenged the Lea Act and the law was declared unconstitutional by a Federal Court in Chicago. Thus he maintained control of school broadcasting until June 23, 1947, when the U.S. Supreme Court reversed the Chicago decision and upheld the new law.

Realizing that he was beaten, Petrillo—to save face—offered to make peace with the school children by drafting a Code of Ethics covering the activities of school and union musicians. This code has now been approved by members of the Music Educators National Conference and the AFM.

Such is the story of how a seemingly insignificant incident in a Michigan village aroused the citizens of America to fight for the things their country stands for. It means that this summer, when Interlochen returns to the air, there will be free music in the woods and on the air, for all Americans to cherish and enjoy.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

If *You* Were Secretary of State: In a stimulating and provocative article, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, distinguished author and foreign correspondent, analyzes and clarifies American foreign policy.

Do Mysterious Cycles Shape Our Lives?: Science is on the threshold of significant new discoveries about our universe—discoveries of vital importance to all of us. Here is an article you can't afford to miss.

America's Legendary Heroes: This vivid seven-page picture feature in full color brings the robust heroes of American folklore to life in a series of paintings done especially for Coronet by Howard Mueller.

How to Win a College Scholarship: Are you "too poor" to go to college? Then read this article. It divulges important but little-known facts about the opportunities awaiting boys and girls eager for a college education.

The End of a Perfect Day: Here, in eight pages of rich and colorful pictures, is an inspiring interpretation of an inspiring and beloved song — Carrie Jacobs Bond's "A Perfect Day."

I Was FDR's "Hobby Horse": The curator of President Roosevelt's books, stamps and amazing trophies takes us behind the scenes at the White House to shed new light on Roosevelt as "The Great Collector."

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SLEEP YOUR TROUBLES AWAY

by GEORGE W. KISKER

By inducing slumber with a dramatic type of painless therapy, science has found a way to improve and often cure sick minds

ALTHOUGH THE DAY outside was bright and sunny, the hospital ward lay in darkness. Not a sound was heard in the long room as a nurse sat quietly watching the 20 beds along the walls. Every patient was fast asleep.

Yet only a half-hour earlier, the ward had been a noisy place. Some of the patients had been laughing, others crying, still others staring at the ceiling—very much like the scene in the ward of any large state hospital. But now everything was calm. The men were being treated by a dramatic method called *prolonged sleep therapy.*

Under this method the patient suffering from mental difficulties is put to sleep and kept asleep, the length of time depending on the specific type of treatment. There are two types: one is called *electronarcosis* or electric sleep, the other *drug narcosis* or drug sleep. Today doctors in many parts of the U.S., Canada and Britain are applying both methods in cases of mental disturbance and personality disorder.

First experiments with electric sleep were conducted some 50 years ago by the French scientist, Leduc, who ran a current through rabbits and dogs and found that they remained motionless. When the electric current was turned off, the animals awoke.

Soon Leduc tried the experiment on himself, starting with a low current and gradually increasing it. At first he couldn't speak, then couldn't move his arms or legs. Finally Leduc fell into a "dream-like" condition in which he seemed to be sleeping yet could hear conversation in the room.

Almost half a century elapsed before an application was found for Leduc's discovery. Today we know that electric sleep can be used to treat—and cure—many cases of mental disturbance and personality disorder. In both mild and severe cases, electric sleep offers good hope of recovery.

The treatment is quite simple. The patient lies in bed while the doctor fastens two or more electrical connections to a headband. Flow of electricity is controlled by a special

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machine standing beside the bed. When the machine is turned on, the initial current, usually between 150 and 250 milliamperes, is continued for about a half minute. Then the current is reduced to less than 90 milliamperes, and raised again to 125 milliamperes.

When current first enters the body, there is a spasm as the muscles contract, then a moment later the body becomes rigid and stays so until the current is lowered. Even more sensational, the heart stops beating for three to seven seconds. And there is absolutely no breathing for nearly a minute or even longer!

Breathing doesn't resume until the current is lowered and the body relaxes, while the heart starts again and speeds up to 150 or more beats per minute. Despite these radical physical changes, electric sleep is neither painful nor dangerous.

Ordinarily the treatment lasts from five to ten minutes, although in some cases patients have been kept asleep for half an hour. But usually the electric sleep begins to "fade out" at the end of seven or eight minutes. When the patient begins to show signs of restlessness, the current is shut off.

JUST HOW AN ELECTRIC current is able to bring on sleep is a mystery yet to be solved. In fact, no one really knows the secret of *ordinary* sleep. Some neurologists speak of a "sleep center" in the brain. If such a center exists (and it seems likely that one *does* exist), it is possible that electricity touches it and sets the sleep process into motion.

Whatever happens, this painless treatment has a beneficial effect on many mental patients, sometimes bringing improvement after everything else has failed. Moreover, investigations at Los Angeles County Psychopathic Hospital have indicated that electric-sleep treatment for certain types of schizophrenia is superior to the "electric-shock" treatment used so widely today.

The improvement in patients is sometimes remarkable. One man who had been confined in an institution for years was able to return to his law office after a series of treatments. "If it hadn't been for electric sleep," he said, "I would still be in that asylum. I knew I should not have behaved as I did, but I was unable to control myself until after the sleep treatment."

While the method is used primarily for mental patients, doctors believe it has other applications. In one hospital they are experimenting with electric sleep in cases of acute insomnia, while a prominent New York surgeon believes it might be substituted for ether or similar anesthetics in minor operations.

At the Alfred Ullman Laboratory for Neuropsychiatric Research in Baltimore, Dr. H. S. Rubenstein has combined electric sleep with drugs, in order to overcome a patient's fear of electricity. Dr. Rubenstein first administers a sleep-producing drug, then turns on the current. Under his method, the sleeping period is much longer—20 to 22 hours a day for as long as two weeks.

In the drug treatment, one method frequently used is the application of two different drugs. The first, a slow-acting narcotic, is injected early in the morning and brings on continuous drowsiness. The second drug, usually sodium amytal or paraldehyde, is given whenever it

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becomes necessary to keep the patient asleep.

To induce a state of half-sleep, Dr. C. H. Rogerson, a British physician, permits his patients to inhale nitrous oxide. This method also solves the fear problem because the patient himself adjusts the face mask and can stop the intake of gas whenever he desires. However, the disadvantage in Dr. Rogerson's method is that it is not possible to keep the patient asleep for any great length of time.

No matter which drug treatment is used, careful nursing is required at all times. The pulse must be taken, blood pressure recorded, blood samples analyzed and accurate charts kept of every minute of the treatment. Every six hours the patient's position must be shifted to avoid the danger of pneumonia.

"One of our problems," said a chief nurse at a New England hospital, "is trying to keep some of the cases from rolling out of bed." The problem was solved when one of the patients suggested putting mattresses on the floor! Other hospitals use beds with built-up sides and specially designed pads.

After a session of prolonged sleep, about a week is required to bring the patient back to normal activity. As one doctor remarked, "There is no sense in curing the mind if we injure the body while doing it." Patients are weakened by inactivity and their muscles must be restored through a schedule of daily massage and exercise.

Prolonged sleep therapy has been found most helpful in such mental cases as manic excitements and some types of schizophrenia. Its chief value is seen in decreasing the duration of psychotic attacks. Moreover, the prolonged sleep brings on a state of relaxation in which the patient becomes more cooperative. With this cooperation, a doctor is frequently able to discover the origin of the mental trouble. Once *that* is known, the chances for a cure are greatly increased.

Vicious Circle

DEPRESSION TALK MAY HAVE a certain psychological effect. Remember the folk story of the French artist who sat sipping his wine in a café? Spying a headline "Hard Times Coming" in a newspaper on his table, he canceled his order for a second bottle of *vin* and explained why.

"Hard times?" exclaimed the café owner. "Then my wife must not order that silk dress."

"Hard times?" said the dressmaker. "Then I must not remodel my shop."

"Hard times?" sighed the contractor. "Then I cannot have my wife's portrait painted."

After receiving the letter from the contractor canceling the order to paint his wife's portrait, the artist went back to the café and picked up the same newspaper he had read there before. Studying it more closely, he found that it was two years old! —*Rotarian*

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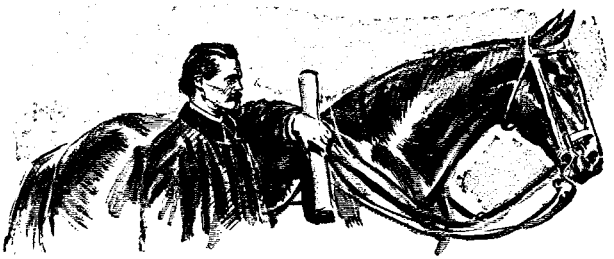
by PETER J. HARKINS



Air Ace of the Civil War

With his daring exploits, a colorful young balloonist thrilled Washington and influenced the course of the war

ABRAHAM LINCOLN smiled as he handed the scrawled memo to the rangy man in cavalier boots.

"Lieut.-Gen. Scott," the card read, "please see Professor Lowe once more about his balloon. A. Lincoln."

With that casualness was born the first U.S. Army Air Force. The day after his visit to Lincoln, the colorful flier who had swept into the Capital in cape, wide-brimmed hat and cavalier boots, became a Washington legend. As retreating Union soldiers surged back from defeat at Bull Run, Lowe calmed Washington fears by ascending above the Confederate lines and reporting that the supposed Rebel advance on the Capital was a myth.

One week after visiting the President, the 29-year-old aerialist, "Professor" Thaddeus Sobieski Constantine Lowe, thrilled Washington with an ascent from the White House grounds. With an eye on the history books, he linked his balloon to the President's study by wire, and from 1,000 feet in the sky sent the first air-to-earth telegraph message. "The city with its girdle of encampments presents a superb view," he informed Lincoln.

On August 2, 1861, he was appointed "Chief Aeronaut, Balloon Corps, Union Army," and began a career which enabled gunners for the first time in history to fire at an unseen target by use of his range-finder and a device which he called an altimeter. He linked his balloon by telegraph to the White House and gave a blow-by-blow account of an actual battle. He also fought and captured the ship that was the pride of the three-balloon Confederate Air Force!

But when Lowe walked out of Lincoln's office, these triumphs were weeks away. "I made my first flight in Ottawa, Canada, on July 17, 1858," he told the President. "I

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was first to conceive (and he believed he was) of a constant West-to-East air current in the upper atmosphere."

As Lowe told this to Lincoln he never dreamed that his proof of the existence of the upper air current would some day help found the U. S. Weather Bureau. His only thought regarding the Easterly air current was its value for propelling a huge balloon across the Atlantic, a project which he had nevertheless abandoned in favor of a shorter—and safer—hop from Cincinnati to the East Coast.

Before dawn on April 20, 1861, America's pioneer pilot stood beside his balloon, the *Enterprise*, near Cincinnati. A gay party of friends had come to see him off. Lowe studied the heavens, inspected the valve and his instruments. Then he tipped his top hat to the ladies and climbed into the basket. The mooring ropes were released and the *Enterprise* bounded in the air.

"Upon reaching 14,000 feet," Lowe said later, "I came within the Eastern air flow, which I knew existed. I drifted steadily east and the cold grew more intense."

At dawn the balloon rose to 18,000 feet and Lowe was able to make out the Allegheny Mountains dead ahead. At 8 A. M. he sighted two farmers in a field below. Opening the gas valve, he drifted toward the earth.

"Hello!" he shouted. "What state am I in?"

The farmers looked everywhere but up, then decided the voice came from the woods. "You're in Virginny, suh!" they yelled.

The flier's thanks blended with the patter of sand ballast he released to gain altitude. The farmers took one look at the *Enterprise*, dropped their hoes and ran.

Soon Lowe saw the sparkling Atlantic ahead and decided to land. But the farmers had kept running until they reached a telegraph station, where word of Lowe's flight was flashed ahead. When he attempted to land, a delegation of farmers warned him to "git."

Lowe looked at their shotguns and "got"—straight up and westward now—and as he drifted, Southern squirrel shooters tried their marksmanship on his ship. Soon he decided to land, guns or no guns, so he picked out a cluster of cabins near Pea Ridge, South Carolina. More farmers were gathered there, but Lowe came down, his left hand on the gas valve, his right on a Colt pistol.

The frightened farmers melted away. As Lowe stepped from his airship, 350 miles and nine hours out of Cincinnati, not a soul was in sight. Soothingly he called for aid in mooring his craft: "I won't hurt you! Please come out!"

From one cabin stepped a girl "about 18, six feet tall and magnificently proportioned," Lowe later recounted. In a moment other people began to appear, demanding to know where the stranger had come from.

The Civil War was only a few days old, and Lowe realized the danger of identifying himself to armed Southerners, so he prevailed upon them to leave their guns under a fence. Then he whipped out an India-rubber bottle he had carried in the balloon and cut it open to show that the water had frozen solid. An old man croaked: "That

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proves he's from another world! How could he get that big block of ice in such a small nozzle?"

As the others growled in agreement, Lowe waved his pistol and demanded to be taken to near-by Unionville. No one seemed anxious to argue with a Colt, so they piled him and the balloon in a wagon and started toward Unionville. Lowe fell asleep to the mumblings of "Yankee scum!" His escorts had decided he was a Northern spy.

IN UNIONVILLE, THE jailer didn't want him—the jail was full. "Take him to Black, the hotel owner," he told the farmers.

Black recognized the flier. "I saw you make a balloon flight in Charleston last year," he told him. Then, to the farmers, "He's all right, boys. You can go home."

But the next morning there was a mob outside Black's hotel. Nobody believed Lowe's story of his flight from Cincinnati; who ever heard of anyone traveling 350 miles in nine hours?

Desperate, Lowe showed them a copy of the previous day's Cincinnati *Commercial*, which carried a story of his flight. The newspaper convinced Unionville, and after a one-day grandstanding tour of the town, Lowe headed for the railroad station and home. On that long journey, he conceived the idea of a weapon which would defeat the Confederacy: balloons for war!

He was in Washington when the Union defeat at Bull Run occurred. Washington was terror-stricken by rumors that Confederates would soon capture the White House. Lowe informed the War Department that he was going on a reconnaissance mission, then he piled his balloon in a wagon and headed for Bull Run. He rose over the battlefield and informed the War Department by telegraph that half the Southern army, thinking the war over, was on its way home!

When his captive balloon broke loose, Lowe was forced down behind Rebel lines near Alexandria. When he failed to return, his newly wedded wife appealed for help, but Union troops refused to invade Confederate territory. So Mrs. Lowe piled into a wagon alone. After dark she led the horse and wagon to the woods, located her bruised husband in his hideout, loaded him and the battered balloon into the wagon, and covered them with hay. Then she posed as a farm-woman for Confederate pickets who challenged her three times on the triumphant journey back to Washington.

On the strength of this feat Lowe managed to see Lincoln and received the scrawled note to Lieut.-Gen. Scott on July 25, 1861. He then made his ascent from the White House grounds and waited for Scott to be impressed. But the general was too busy to see him. For four weeks Lowe fumed while committees considered his Air Force.

The President finally escorted Lowe to Scott's office personally and forced the doughty General to see him. Lowe was hired as chief aeronaut of the Balloon Corps and a grateful Congress offered him $30 a day to "free lance" but Lowe magnanimously volunteered to fly for $10, with the rank of civilian attache. It was this status which again entangled him in red tape.

For weeks he galloped about

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Washington on the business of building six war balloons. One day he arrived at the City Gas Works to fill one of his balloons, only to find another craft near the valve.

His estimate of balloon costs had been $200 higher than a Mr. John Wise's, so they were accepting the latter's contract. Lowe, of course, could fly the cheaper ships.

But Lowe mistrusted the rival craft and refused to fly any balloons but his own. And he proved to be correct: Wise's balloon wouldn't fly. So in August, 1861, Lowe flew into action in his own ship. The effects of his observations upon Union strategy became immediately apparent. Daily the Balloon Corps was sent aloft a score of times —sketching, mapping, observing, and being sniped at by the enemy.

By spring of 1862, Lowe's observations had thoroughly bedeviled Confederate generals who, having failed with rifle and cannon fire, made a last frantic effort to down the balloons.

One night, 35 disguised Rebel sharpshooters strolled into the Union encampment at Gaines Mill. Lowe saw one of them trying to explode a balloon by holding a match to the ship's hydrogen valve. He downed the saboteur, then shot it out with the Rebels until help came. The spies were captured and executed without trial.

On June 27, 1862, Lowe received the surprise of his life. As he rose to make his usual morning observation near Richmond, floating high over the Rebel lines he saw another balloon, seemingly made of a thousand brightly colored patches.

Envious Confederate generals had demanded an airship of their own. But the South lacked silk, so Southern belles ransacked their homes for every silk gown in Dixie. Tailors cut up the dresses, applied shellac, and the balloon was pieced together in varicolored patches. But it was doomed from the start.

Noting that the balloon was moored to a steamer in the James River, Lowe descended and sent his own ship up again with another observer as decoy. Rounding up some cavalry, he skirted the Confederate lines until he reached the river's edge. Then he and his men opened fire on the balloon's ground crew so they could not lower the craft; when the tide went out, the mooring steamer was left stranded. Lowe and his cavalry then boarded the ship and overpowered the crew.

ONE DAY LOWE SAW MATTHEW Brady, pioneer war photographer, circulating about camp, and arranged an aerial-photographic venture. Lowe took a few pictures of battle-grounds and sent them to Washington.

At the battle of Chickahominy River in 1862, Lowe scored another first. He ordered telegraph lines strung directly to the White House and, as the battle raged, he wired President Lincoln a blow-by-blow account of history in the making.

But in spite of Lowe's many contributions to Union victories, the War Department was dissatisfied. His expense accounts were attacked by Capital critics, and Washington decided to reduce his daily pay from $10 to $6. Lowe protested bitterly, then offered to resign. To his amazement, Secretary of War Stanton snapped up his resignation. Lowe packed and left the Army.

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Without him, the Balloon Corps ceased to function and his balloons vanished from the sky.

The Balloon Corps was dead, but the colorful Lowe carried on, traveling about the country for balloon exhibitions. When the war ended he revived his plan for an Atlantic flight and built a balloon attachment for a hydroplane of his own invention, years before the Wright brothers were born. But Lowe was unable to get backing for his ocean flight so he turned again to exhibition flying.

As time passed and aviation proved a profitless medium for his talents, he turned to science and invented an artificial ice machine for commercial purposes—forerunner of the refrigerator ships and cars of the 20th century. He also invented equipment for utilizing the great natural-gas deposits of California's oil fields, erected an astronomical observatory on a mountain outside Pasadena, and constructed a railroad to transport sight-seers to the summit of the peak.

Today, on a forgotten metal plaque near the ruins of the Lowe Observatory, is etched a testimonial to the man who, while not the "father" of the Weather Bureau, was certainly its nurse. He was the inventor of instruments which were the forerunners of the modern rangefinder and altimeter, and America's first military aviator. The mountain now bears Lowe's name, "High in the Clouds Where He Loved to Be."

A Business of Your Own

A policeman . . . a Chamber of Commerce clerk . . . a schoolteacher . . . a salesman in a men's clothing store . . . a clerk in a music shop . . . a paint salesman—these are the varied backgrounds of six men who have found new scope for their talents, greater financial opportunity, and the sense of security that comes only from having a business of one's own. These six men are now franchise representatives selling CORONET calendars to business firms in their communities. Their case histories, which are typical of many hundreds more on file, are vividly portrayed in a booklet entitled, "From All Walks of Life."

To men everywhere who feel limited in their present sphere of employment, and who can accept the challenge of a calling which offers them increased independence and substantial financial reward, plus the deep satisfaction of a career which is both interesting and stimulating, this booklet is recommended reading. In addition to the case histories narrated, it includes a Quiz Section which explains, in simple question-and-answer form, the basic requirements for entering this fascinating field of employment.

The booklet is available, on request, to adults who are sincerely interested in investigating this opportunity. Simply address a letter or post card to CORONET Calendar Division, Department H, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.

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by MAURY B. GODCHAUX

MOVIE STARS

Thanks to a humane public, they are carefully guarded against injury as they perform for Hollywood's cameras

HOLLYWOOD SUFFERED a rude shock a few years ago. During the filming of a Western, a horse leaped a cliff into the Lake of the Ozarks and was dashed to death in the rock-studded shallows below.

There was nothing phony about the shot: it was all in the script. The horse had been sacrificed in the name of realism by an enthusiastic director. But when the picture was released, the studio, the Hays Office and the exhibitors received shocked letters from animal lovers all over America. Film companies finally realized that the public would not tolerate needless cruelty to animals, even for art's sake.

Will Hays, then filmdom's czar, asked the American Humane Association for guidance. Promptly the AHA sent out its ace trouble-shooter, Richard C. Craven, white-haired, kindly protector of animals for more than a generation.

Craven found a deplorable situation. Some studios, seeking to silence the outcry against cruelty, had agreed to hire humane officers during the filming of animal sequences. But wildcat "humane societies" had mushroomed. Any five persons could form such an organization and nominate their own humane officers.

Competition was lively for the easy studio money, and soon unscrupulous directors discovered that if they couldn't get one humane officer to pass a dangerous animal shot, they could find another less-conscientious objector.

Hays and Craven put their heads together, and in 1940 the movie industry accepted the AHA as the final arbiter of humane sentiment in the filming of animal pictures. It was further agreed that a representative of the Association be invited to attend whenever animals went before the cameras.

Then the Association of Motion Picture Producers, Inc., adopted a resolution outlawing the vicious "Running W"—a cable device to trip horses in battle scenes or cavalry charges. Many an animal had suffered a broken leg, shoulder or

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neck when tripped at a dead run.

With the aid of Craven and his assistant, Mel Morse, a former SPCA agent, film makers were soon enjoying the services of the "falling horse." Twelve highly trained animals are now the backbone of horse operas and will take a fall at a prearranged signal, dropping on spaded earth or sawdust beds.

Recently Morse flew to a town in Ohio where 20th Century-Fox was filming a trotting-horse race sequence. Several thousand townspeople were being used as atmosphere, and the great race began. Suddenly one horse smashed into the wooden rail alongside the track. A scream rose from the stands, for the crowd had not been warned of the action shot to come.

The excited spectators watched incredulously as the horse plowed through the fence as casually as though the boards were silk. Delighted by their reaction, an assistant director held up samples of the splintered planking. It was fragile balsa wood; 100 feet of rail had been specially constructed to save the horse from injury.

In one of the *Flicka* pictures, the script called for a young colt to become entangled in barbed wire. The wire was actually soft rope, and the barbs were simulated with rubber bands. In filming the scene, the most the colt received was a thorough tickling.

During the production of *Thunderhead*, two stallions were called upon to fight a death duel on a mountain crag. The audience could not know, however, that the animals had been raised together since birth, wore sponge-rubber hooves and had their mouths taped. Being trick horses, both animals reared on command and pawed the air. For close-ups each horse was shot separately. Then, through the use of clever split-screen work, the animals never had to lay a hoof on each other.

Screen horses—of which there are about 1,000 in Hollywood—are too valuable to be risked in dangerous sequences. They earn from $25 to $150 a day, depending on their talents, and are used to guns, klieg lights and fire. Turmoil and excitement never bother them, and when the director shouts "Action!" they start moving.

Thanks to the aid of the AHA, only two horses have been lost through accident in the last seven years. Other injuries total far less than those incurred on the bridle paths in Los Angeles' Griffith Park.

In Character

THE WAITER WHO GUARDS the corner table at the Stork Club couldn't help overhearing a very famous movie actress sinking verbal hooks into her acquaintances not long ago. For about an hour the woman shredded the reputations of most of her intimate friends, then decided that she was hungry, and ordered a chicken sandwich and a glass of milk.

"Wouldn't you," asked the waiter, "prefer the milk in a saucer?"

—*Tales of Hoffman*

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Ever eat at Krebs?

It's known from coast to coast for both the quantity and quality of its food

by LLOYD MANN

IF YOU HAVE $3.50 LEFT in the world and wish to commit suicide as pleasantly as possible, try eating yourself to death at "Krebs —1899" restaurant at Skaneateles, New York. It will cost you just that —no more, no less.

This famous restaurant on U.S. Route 20 has been packing 'em in from every state in the Union for 48 years. Skaneateles may seem a remote spot for a gourmets' paradise, particularly one that doesn't open until noon, serves only one meal a day—dinner—and closes at 9 P.M. Yet daily from April to November, some 750 customers wait hours for a table.

The secret is the finest American food in the country, and mountains of it, served in the Colonial tradition. That is, you pick your soup, appetizer, salad, beverage and dessert, but for the main course you take what they have prepared.

"We're probably the only restaurant that serves this kind of meal," says owner Frederic Perkins.

"Krebs—1899" uses 100 quarts of heavy cream and 150 pounds of butter a day, while 3,000 broilers are sent up from Maryland each week. All the beef served at Krebs' is shipped from Nebraska. They have never served a canned fruit or vegetable, and are always first in their area to serve corn on the cob or honeydew melon.

Here's a typical Krebs meal: first, fresh shrimps or crabmeat; then a fruit or vegetable juice; next clear or creamed soup (peanut soup is a once-a-month specialty); then enough lobster Newburgh to sink Babe Ruth. Only now do you come to the main course, which is fried spring chicken, plus prime ribs of beef or baked ham, and creamed mushrooms, all with fresh vegetables and salad, of course. And you can have as many helpings as you wish. Finally you attack dessert, which might well be mince pie with rum sauce. Then you get up from the table and fall flat on your face.

Frederic Perkins, the present owner of "Krebs—1899," is a foster son of Fred Krebs, who opened the restaurant in that year and started stuffing innocent Americans from coast to coast.

The gratifying thing to Perkins and his wife is not the tremendous patronage they draw from the surrounding countryside, although that constitutes the bulk of the trade. It's the people from Iowa, California, Utah, Washington, who come back time after time. Whenever they motor east, they always stop at Skaneateles for dinner. Otherwise, their trip wouldn't be a trip.

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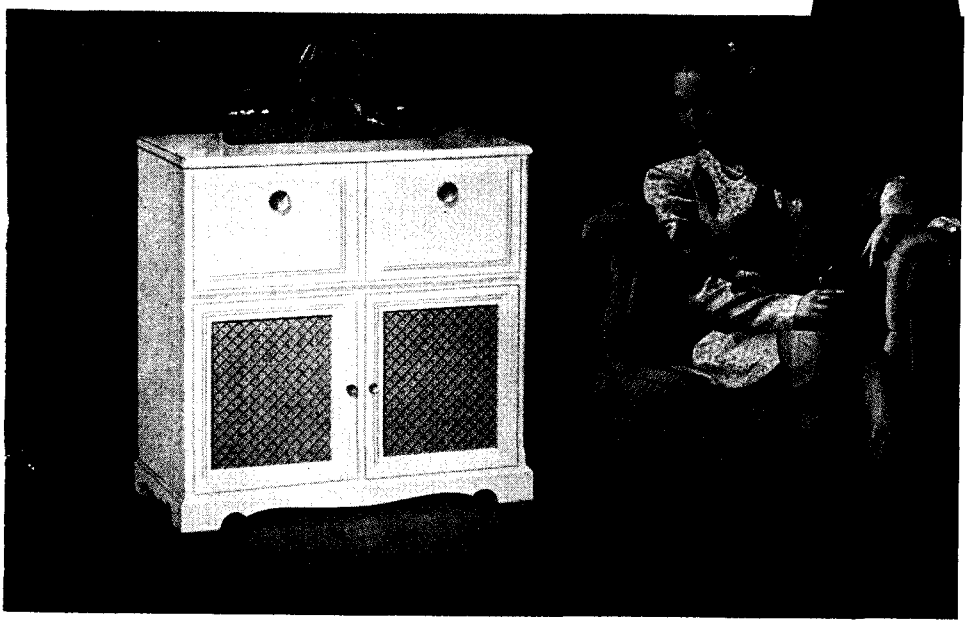

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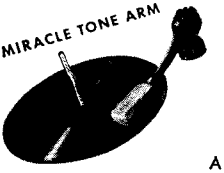

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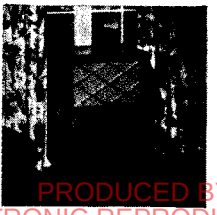

Admiral

FM-AM RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

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The All-Wrong Murder

by THOMAS CONWAY

The shrewdest detectives in the world have been unable to explain the strange and confusing chain of events in a Greenwich Village killing

AT 9:05 A.M. ON A RAINY Tuesday in April, 1937, Justice John Francis O'Neil, a pal of the late Mayor Jimmy Walker, walked down the 12 steps leading from his brownstone home to West Twelfth Street in Greenwich Village and turned eastward into the strangest murder mystery in the files of the New York Homicide Bureau.

What happened in the next five minutes has baffled the shrewdest detectives in the world, though everything about the killing was wrong—the time, the place, the weapon and the getaway.

On the morning of April 27, Justice O'Neil was scheduled to wind up a Municipal Court suit against a cosmetics corporation. As he stood waiting for a downtown bus at Twelfth Street and Sixth Avenue, a stocky, swarthy man approached him. The man wore a brown polo coat and a brown fedora. He seemed to pat the Justice familiarly on the back and then whack him with a folded newspaper, as though in horseplay. Here's how the eyewitnesses saw it:

Haig Kapigian, grocer (with Thomas Spratto, barber, and Irving Miller, shoe-store employee, concurring): "It looked like he gave the old man a couple of *pats* on the back. The old man put his hands on his back and turned around twice. The young fellow stood still. Then he started to walk across the street, and about half-way across he started to run. I saw the Judge start to go back fast toward his house."

Samuel Beckerman, neighborhood laundry boy: "The Judge was walking back towards his house, and when he is right in front of the grocery store, I see this other fellow come up and *pat* him on the back. At least, that's the way it looked to me. The Judge, he turns around to see who did it; then he starts to walk toward his home."

Thus far, there was nothing suspicious except the little man's flight. But O'Neil was already dying from two savage knife blows, one an eight-inch thrust that penetrated his right lung.

Curiously, a fifth man, apparently a stranger in the neighborhood, saw what the other four witnesses had missed. "That fellow running away just stabbed that man!" he shouted. Then he disappeared before police arrived.

With surprising stamina for his 69 years, Justice O'Neil walked home and called to John Burke, a janitor who had been his friend for many years. When Burke asked where the stabbing had occurred,

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the Justice said, "Corner of Sixth and *Eleventh.*"

Burke helped the Justice to nearby St. Vincent's Hospital where, for five days, O'Neil fought gamely for his life. "I'll pull through," he whispered to his wife from an oxygen tent. But he died next day.

Within half an hour of the attack, more than 40 detectives were ransacking gutters, sewers and vestibules for the weapon. But it was never found. Nor was the motive.

For the previous six months, all O'Neil's cases had been jury trials, meaning that decisions were primarily those of the juries, not the judge. Even that red herring—mistaken identity—was ruled out.

Detectives vainly canvassed apartments in the Justice's block trying to find someone who resembled him. They dug into his past when he had been an Assistant District Attorney under famed William Travers Jerome and later under District Attorneys Swann and Banton. In all his years in that office, they found, he had never participated in prosecutions.

Then they went to his funeral, mingling with more than 1,000 mourners, but the murderer was not there. Finally they returned to three storybook clues they had picked up the first day — the peculiar statements of the eyewitnesses, the disappearing fifth witness, and Justice O'Neil's seeming slip of the tongue when he said the attack had occurred at Sixth and Eleventh, rather than at Sixth and Twelfth.

Supposing, the detectives reasoned, that the Justice *had* been stabbed a block away at Eleventh Street, as he said. He might have walked a block toward home and then stood there in a coma till the man in the brown coat slapped him in horseplay.

That would account for the "patting," for the stranger's panicky flight as he realized the Justice's condition, and for the fact that the murder weapon was not found in the neighborhood.

Then who was the stabber? *The fifth witness*, who shouted murder but fled before police came? After the attack at Eleventh Street, he could have trailed the Justice and when he saw the man in brown whack the dying man, tried to fasten the crime on him.

Is this the correct theory? Police do not know. Logically, the Justice couldn't have walked to Eleventh Street and back again and remained standing if he had been stabbed. But then, logic had little to do with this all-wrong murder.

The Doctor's Dilemma

WHEN THE SAFETY PIN which held up the pants of a doctor gave way in the hospital while he was delivering a baby, the good doctor kept at his task and it wasn't until the baby's twin brother was delivered that he reached for his pants to pull them up again. —HAROLD HELFER

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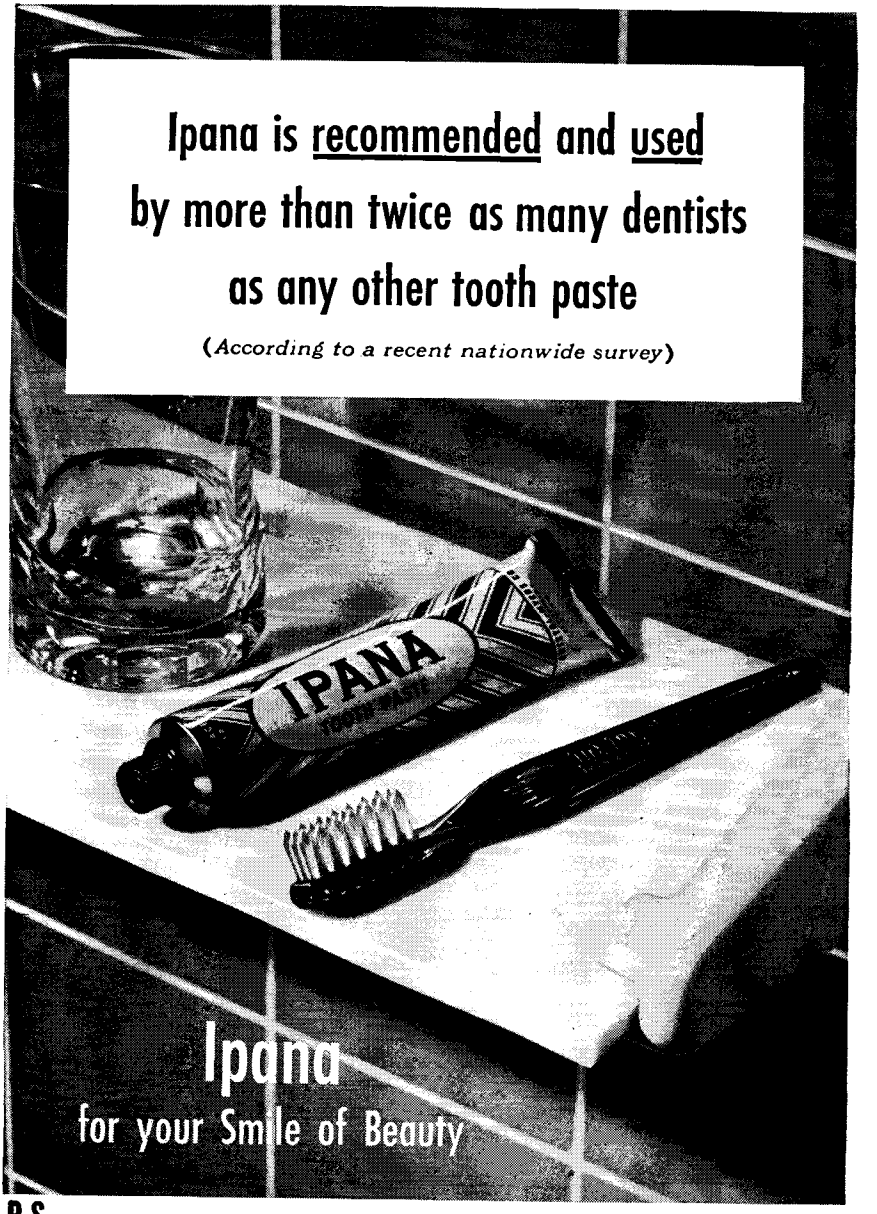
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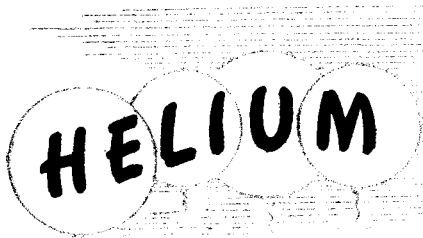
by NORMAN CARLISLE



Medicine's Handy Man

Once useful only for inflating balloons and airships, an amazing element is now proving its worth in the fight for life

THE MAN LAY GASPING. His eyes, red and swollen from sleepless nights caused by asthma, watched the doctor bend over him.

"I want you to try this," said Dr. Alvan Barach as he adjusted a mask over the man's face and turned a valve. Almost instantly the patient's gasps stopped. In two minutes he was sound asleep, breathing evenly.

The patient was inhaling a special man-made atmosphere containing 80 per cent helium, one of the most elusive and amazing of all elements. The gas that 30 years earlier had cost $2,500 a cubic foot was at last cheap enough to be used as a new tool of medical science. Stepping out of its onetime limited role as a noninflammable substance used to inflate airships and balloons, it had become helium, the lifesaver.

Helium is a rugged individualist, refusing to combine with any other element. It is just about non-everything: noninflammable, nonexplosive, nonpoisonous, tasteless, odorless and colorless. It is light—just one-seventh the weight of air—and therefore can get into places that air won't enter.

Helium liquefies at 4.2 degrees above absolute zero (—268.9 Centigrade). Cool it just two more degrees and helium begins a truly astonishing behavior.

This super-fluid, called helium II, can be poured into a glass—but it won't stay there. It promptly flows *up and out*, and onto the table. Put an empty cup in a saucer of helium, and the liquid will flow *up* the sides of the cup and down into it. Maybe this doesn't make sense, but that's helium for you.

The story of helium begins in 1868, when an English scientist, J. Norman Lockyer, rubbed his eyes in amazement as he studied the sun with a spectroscope. In the spectrum he saw a strange yellow line, unlike the line produced by any known element. Soon Lockyer announced to the world that he had discovered a new element, not found on earth but present on the sun.

He called it "helium," from the Greek word for sun, *helios*, and

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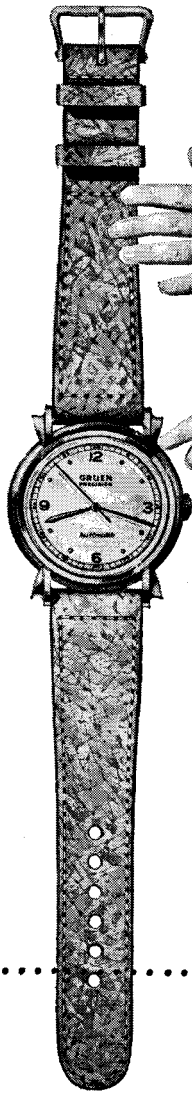

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for nearly 30 years, as far as anybody knew, helium was an element peculiar to the sun. Then in 1895, Sir William Ramsay, while working on radioactive substances, found a brilliant yellow line in the spectrum of his test tube. Further experimenting established two facts: helium exists on earth, and helium is associated with radioactivity. But there the matter rested, since helium looked strictly like a laboratory curiosity.

True, minute quantities of it were found in the air we breathe, but just where else helium might be found, nobody seemed to care. Then, in Dexter, Kansas, drilling was started for natural gas. Soon the good citizens of Dexter gathered to witness a ceremony in which the mayor would ignite the first natural gas piped into town. The mayor lit a match, held it to the open jet. The match went out. He tried it again, with the same result. There was something mighty strange about that gas.

The mayor called the University of Kansas and asked Dr. H. P. Cady to test a sample of the gas. The trouble, Cady reported, was that it contained two per cent helium, a most noncombustible substance. This didn't help Dexter, but it did prove that helium was a constituent of natural hydrocarbon gas.

Despite the discovery, however, only a single cubic foot of the gas had been refined by 1917. Then the U. S. saw a practical use for helium as a noninflammable lifter for airships and balloons. The search began in earnest, and a big deposit was found near Fort Worth, Texas. Before the end of World War I, almost 150,000 cubic feet had come from this field, and the price dropped from $2,500 to 50 cents a cubic foot.

Although other fields were later found in several states, the consumption of helium remained a government monopoly until 1937, when the Bureau of Mines began selling the gas to civilians. During World War II, Congress appropriated $16,000,000 for four new helium plants. Today, as much as 10,000,000 cubic feet per month is available for private enterprise alone, and the nation's medical researchers have helium available at approximately a cent a cubic foot. In several fields, helium is already saving lives. In others, it is one of the really promising new tools of medical science.

WHEN YOU BREATHE ordinary air, only 20 per cent is vital oxygen. Some 78 per cent is nitrogen, with the rest being made up of small quantities of various gases. Now nitrogen is heavy and sluggish, helium light and fast moving. By substituting helium for nitrogen, you get a man-made atmosphere that will perform an astonishing variety of medical tasks.

After the dramatic instance in which one asthma sufferer found prompt relief, Dr. Barach and his associates plunged into experiments to determine whether helium could be applied to others. A stream of people poured through Dr. Barach's clinic at Columbia University in New York, many of them sufferers who were used to frequent doses of adrenalin. Unfortunately for them, adrenalin tended to lose its effect. Would helium help?

Dr. Barach gave oxygen-helium

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treatment to 54 patients with various types of asthma. He was able to report that 49 were helped, some after all other methods had failed. Later, Dr. Barach tackled 30 even more difficult cases, this time combining drugs with his helium-oxygen mixture. Twenty-seven showed positive improvement, greater than experience indicated might be expected from the use of drugs alone.

Other doctors have teamed helium with penicillin to relieve bronchial infections. One useful method of administering certain drugs is to atomize them, the resultant mist being called an "aerosol." When an aerosol of penicillin is breathed by an asthma patient, it penetrates inaccessible corners of the lungs, with healing effect. Helium's role in aerosol treatment is to ease the patient's task of inhaling the mist.

Helium also gives promise of making the lives of tuberculous patients more bearable. In severe cases, doctors deflate the lungs to rest the lung tissue. To create a pressure which will keep the lung from expanding to full capacity, the doctor inserts a hypodermic syringe between the patient's ribs, shooting air into the body cavity containing the lung. But oxygen has a way of uniting with the blood and escaping. This means continuous injections, which patients find vastly unpleasant.

Doctors wondered—could artificial helium-oxygen air be used? While oxygen united with the blood, helium wouldn't unite with anything. Certainly it was worth trying. At a Navy hospital, a group of patients was selected; all of them had been receiving weekly injections of air. Now the doctors administered helium-oxygen. At the end of a week, when the air would ordinarily have disappeared, quantities of helium-oxygen were still present.

In other hospitals, helium has come to the rescue of the anesthetist, who has found that helium is easily inhaled by the patient, has no toxic effects and, because it is a fine conductor, carries off static electricity. In hospitals where helium is used in anesthetics, not a single explosion has occurred.

Helium has already come a long way since it was just a curious element found on the sun. But you will be hearing more about its new applications as doctors put this most amazing element to work in the labyrinth of modern medicine.

You Can't Have Everything

THE YOUNG COUPLE had just finished inspecting the tiny apartment. Stepping out of earshot of the agent, they whispered briefly. The wife nodded at last, and the husband, turning to the agent, said resignedly, "Well, I guess we'll take it, although it is much too small."

"I don't see why," retorted the real-estate man. "After all, the apartment was planned for two people."

"That may be true," the young husband agreed, "but you see, we were hoping to be able to keep a goldfish as a pet."

—Wall St. Journal

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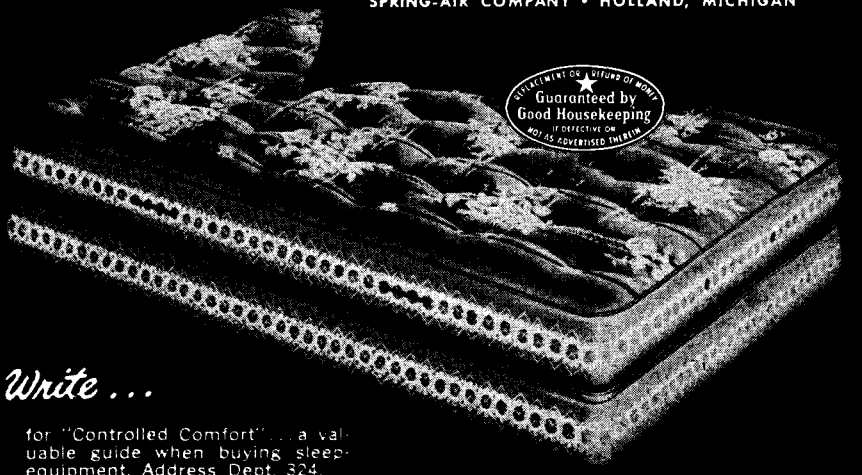

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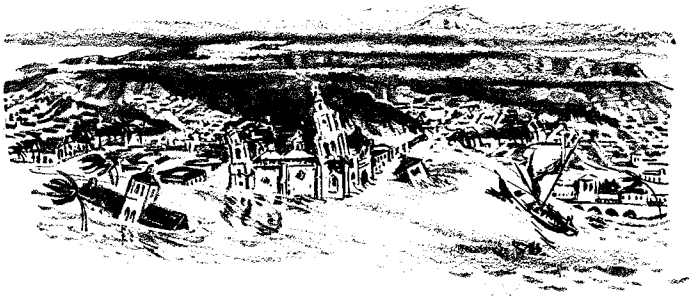
How the ocean swept over Port Royal, Jamaica, and swallowed the "city of sin"



VENGEANCE
in Fire and Brimstone

by **M. S. DANK**

HISTORY TELLS OF MANY disasters that destroyed cities and wiped out huge populations, but it is doubtful whether there are many to equal the combination of catastrophes which, in 1692, not only blotted out the Caribbean city of Port Royal but sent it fathoms deep beneath the sea.

When Port Royal's history is restudied, moralists will say that the city suffered a retribution in proportion to its sins, for Port Royal, in the late 17th century, was called the "richest and wickedest city in the world." Situated on the island of Jamaica, in the heart of the Spanish Main, it was the natural rendezvous for most of the buccaneers of the day. Most famous of them all, Sir Henry Morgan, had his headquarters there until his death in 1688.

Port Royal was located on a spit of land which curved around a harbor seven miles long and four miles wide—a harbor which even today ranks among the best in the world. Scarcely a day passed that some pirate ship did not drop anchor and unload cargoes of fabulous treasure—gold bullion, silks, Church plate, jewels—anything of value that had been taken from victims at sea or in raids against cities of the Western Hemisphere.

The entire waterfront was lined by warehouses bulging with loot. The gold-laden, swaggering buccaneers, after weeks at sea, behaved in the traditional manner. Liquor, women, drugs—every vice existed in Port Royal, in greater extravagance than anywhere else in the world. Perpetual brawls raged in the streets, and the flow of blood seemed endless. Murder, rape and theft were commonplace. Hundreds were hanged every year from the city's gallows. But hundreds of additional criminals took their place;

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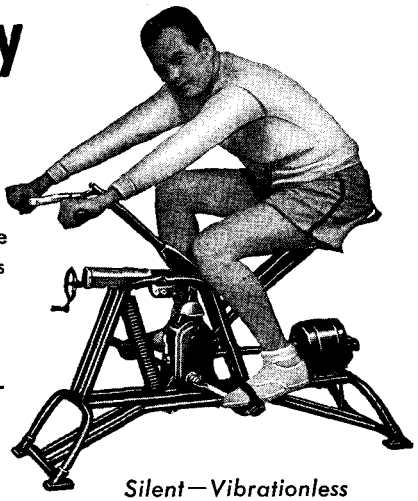

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by 1692, Port Royal could boast some 1,500 buildings and a population of about 10,000. It was the buildings that best revealed the city's wealth, for virtually every one was several stories high and built of brick brought from England at great cost. But cost was unimportant in this fabulous city. Those after quick profits had only to go to the beaches where the pirates had heaped their plunder, make a vague offer, and cart off the treasure to a warehouse to be sold at fabulous prices to European traders.

THIS, THEN, WAS PORT ROYAL on June 7, 1692, a blazing, cloudless day. The Caribbean lay still and quiet; birds and insects were unusually silent. The heat even drove brawlers from the streets.

Just before noon, a noise like thunder issued from the mountains behind the harbor. Suddenly the island of Jamaica began to tremble, gently at first, then with increasing violence. In Port Royal, buildings began to collapse. Streets filled with screaming, panic-stricken people. Plunderers began working their way through treasure-laden ruins.

One road from Port Royal led inland between two mountains to a settlement known as Sixteen-Mile Walk. Suddenly the mountains collapsed with a mighty roar, coming together over the village and blocking the river which flowed through the valley toward the harbor. Further inland, at Yallahs, another mountain split in half and one section swept into the plain below, overwhelming several settlements.

Then a second shock struck. It was as though a giant hammer had descended. The sea was driven back half a mile. Port Royal was split open in more than a dozen places, and into the crevasses toppled entire streets, along with scores of screaming men, women and children. At some points the earth closed again quickly, squeezing the life from those who had fallen in.

Port Royal rocked and heaved like a storm-wracked ship at sea. Falling houses crushed scores of fleeing inhabitants, streets opened and closed like a gigantic accordion. Wells and springs spouted water, until choking sulphur fumes sifted through every opening in the earth.

Then the sea returned. With a thunderous growl it swept back to its original shores, overwhelming ships anchored offshore, pounding some to the bottom as though by a giant's fist. Then the huge wall of water descended upon Port Royal, smashing buildings or sweeping them from their foundations.

Through the streets it raced, picking up bodies, buildings and debris. It undermined houses that still stood, toppling them and their wild-eyed, shrieking inmates into the streets where gaping cracks caused by the earthquake swallowed them.

Lewis Galdy was one who dropped into a crevasse which opened as he fled through the streets. A few seconds later another mighty tremor catapulted him out, into the oncoming tidal wave. The helpless man was swept out to sea; when the waters finally receded he managed to swim to a small boat pitching about in the maelstrom.

A sudden roar made him look up as the city of Port Royal slipped slowly into the sea with most of its population. Within a few minutes, nine-tenths of the opulent city was

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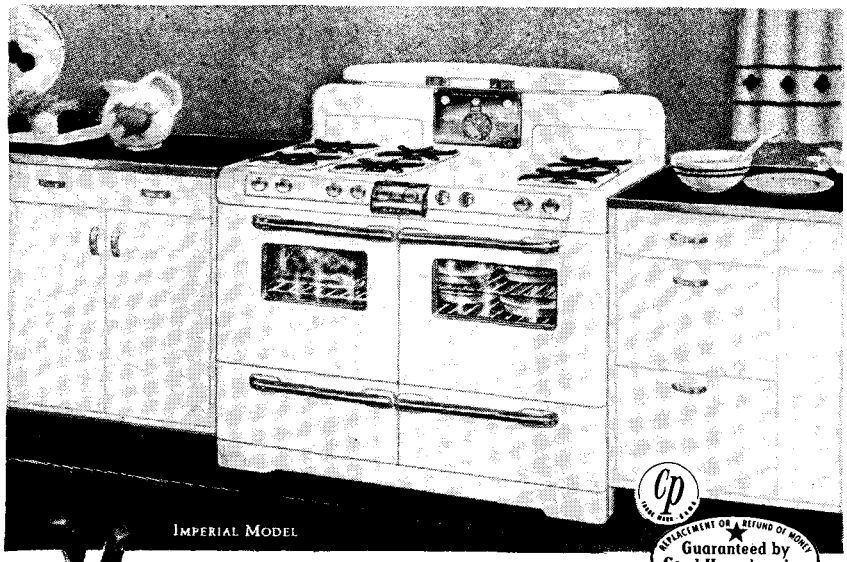

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fathoms below the surface.

Of the 1,500 buildings that comprised Port Royal, only 200 remained. Three thousand persons were carried to death when the city slid beneath the sea, and for weeks after, the harbor was covered with floating bodies.

But the disaster was not yet complete. The river which had been dammed near Sixteen-Mile Walk suddenly broke and swept down to the harbor, causing another huge wave which smashed into the part of the city still remaining. Houses yet standing were flattened, and many inhabitants who were congratulating themselves on a miraculous escape were swept to death.

For three weeks Jamaica was tortured by almost continuous tremors. Eyewitnesses declared there was scarcely a mountain that did not change outline, hardly a large rock which was not split. And the fury seemed to center about Port Royal.

Even the temperature soared to new heights, the sky blazing with unbearable fierceness. Swarms of insects clouded the atmosphere. The stench of death overwhelmed the city. Then, inevitably, pestilence struck. Within a few days malaria, yellow fever, dysentery and other plagues began to take their toll, and another 3,000 people died. The remainder set up shelters across the harbor at what later was to become Kingston.

Before long, however, an attempt was made to rebuild Port Royal, but it seemed as though a Supreme Being, filled with wrath at the city's wickedness, had decided that it must be no more. For the next century and a half, every time an effort was made to restore Port Royal, tidal waves, hurricanes, fires or plagues attacked the city, until finally its inhabitants gave up the struggle and moved to Kingston.

Today Port Royal stands chiefly as a naval base and port. For more than a century after that first terrible earthquake, the spire of a church was visible beneath the sea, still standing erect. Even today, local storytellers say that when storms churn the Caribbean, the bronze church bells can clearly be heard.

Some day, treasure hunters will go to Jamaica to seek a fabulous fortune in pirate loot. But they won't need charts. Several fathoms down, in crystal-clear water, they will see the coral-crusted remains of Port Royal, still standing as they did when they slid into the sea on that terrible day in 1692.

What a Life!

IF A MAN RUNS AFTER money—he's money-mad. If he keeps it—he's a capitalist. If he spends it—he's a playboy. If he doesn't get it—he's a ne'er-do-well. If he doesn't try to get it—he lacks ambition. If he gets it without working—he's a parasite. If he gets it after a life of hard labor—he's a fool who got nothing from life.

—Pop Offs

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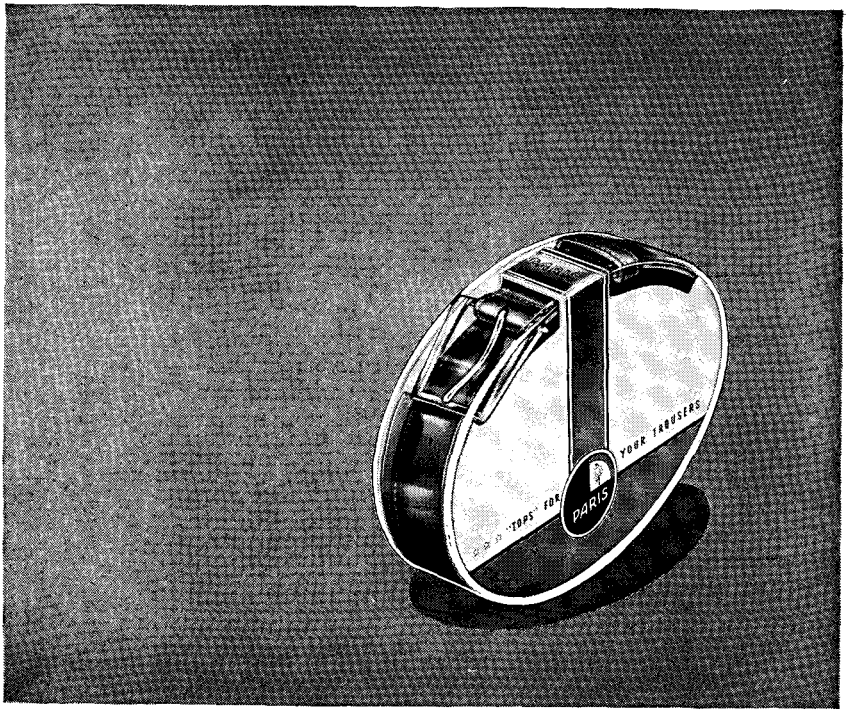

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A Country Doctor's MIRACLE

by CAROL HUGHES

Single-handed, a horse-and-buggy doctor with modern ideas fought to save lives in a backwoods community; today a fine hospital is a monument to his faith and courage

"LET THOSE WHO WILL talk of the 'good old days,'" says Dr. Rufus L. Raiford of Franklin, Virginia. "As for myself, I hate the sight of an antique."

A doctor who graduated from horse-and-buggy to motorcycle, to Model-T Ford, to a Lincoln, and finally to his own hospital, Dr. Raiford knows the "good old days" for exactly what they were in medicine: crippled children, mothers dying in childbirth, wholesale disease in rural America and the country doctor a vanishing species.

As he battled death in lantern-lit shacks, grieved over deformities that could be traced to simple fractures, and watched children die, a legend existed in America that all farm people were healthy. Fresh air, eggs and milk, the myth ran, just naturally made them so.

While other doctors bowed to the inevitable and scurried off to the city, Dr. Raiford "never had time to go." Finally, disgusted with rural doctoring and tired of the myth, he realized that whatever was to be done, he must do himself.

Single-handed, the plodding physician went from a three-bed hospital in the rear of his home to a modern 80-bed institution in Franklin, which today enjoys the

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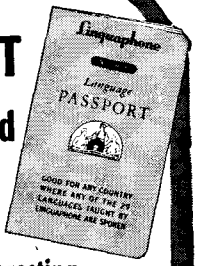

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services of six physicians, 67 employees and a bevy of nurses. The hospital is now the jealous pride of people who once scoffed. For they realize that Raiford's achievement is a 25-year epic of faith, drudgery, poverty—and courage.

Today, the Raiford Memorial Hospital is a symbol of what can be done to solve the desperate problems of rural health and stop the flight of country doctors to the cities. Here is a hospital synchronized with a "Group Clinic," in which the specialized knowledge of all physicians is pooled for the benefit of all patients at minimum cost.

Dr. Raiford has known the *needs* of rural health for 40 years. Born and educated as a Quaker, he was graduated from the Medical College of Virginia at Richmond in 1906, then married Miss Lora Burgess of that same city and returned to his home town of Corinth to hang out his shingle. In that era, rural medicine and doctoring were horrors, with no equipment and no sanitation. Much of Raiford's territory was populated by poverty-stricken folk in shacks.

On his honeymoon night, the young doctor and his bride spent six hours driving on miry roads to reach the home of a Negro family where a child lay dying of pneumonia. They sat all night in the cabin in lamplight, fighting a battle of life and death. The child lived.

Gray-haired, kindly Mrs. Raiford says today: "I knew that night what my life would be like, yet I was glad I had married a doctor."

Although Raiford's shingle said he was an ear, nose and throat doctor, soon he was doing everything from mending a broken toe to performing serious operations on kitchen tables. His talents ripened, but he had no medical facilities, no hospital, no ambulance. Although he labored the long hours, drove the hard miles, it all ended with the paying patients going to city specialists, while he struggled as best he could with the ones who were too poor to go.

While he brooded over this, case after case unfolded before him, magnifying the horror of the situation. One night he was called to the backwoods home of a woman about to have a baby. She lay on a bed without a blanket, on top of old newspapers. While Raiford boiled water for his instruments, he discovered there wasn't even a shirt or diaper for the new baby. While he waited he took the mother's dress, cut it up and sewed a tiny shirt. When the infant came, he had to sew a home-made diaper on. The cabin lacked even a safety pin.

Another case involved two children, stricken with laryngeal diphtheria. One lay in a bedroom downstairs, the other upstairs.

"We knew about diphtheria antitoxin," Dr. Raiford says, "but none was available."

All night long he moved between the two rooms, fighting to save the two youngsters; and all night long their rasping breath sounded a note of doom. At dawn, both died.

The ghastly experience left its mark on Raiford. Everywhere the tragic story was being repeated, and there seemed no remedy for it. In desperation, he vowed he would leave this hinterland community and go to the city.

Then fate intervened. The flu epidemic then sweeping the coun-

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In addition it covers many sicknesses including pneumonia, cancer, appendicitis operation, etc., paying the weekly benefits whether confined to home or hospital.

The purpose of this new policy is to bring sickness and accident protection within the reach of men and women who do not have large savings with which to meet sudden doctor or hospital bills, or lost income. The entire cost is only $12 a year (or $12.50 if paid in convenient monthly payments of $2.50 down and $2.00 a month for 5 months) for both men and women between the ages of 15 and 64 inclusive. Between the ages of 65 and 75 the cost is only $18 a year. Protects you 24 hours a day. No reduction in benefits regardless of age. No medical examination of any kind is required.

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try struck the district. Raiford was the only doctor. Harassed by helpless friends and wailing relatives, he was on call 24 hours, often visiting 100 patients in a day. Many stricken families were too poor to buy nourishing food, so Raiford bought canned soup and prepared it for his helpless patients.

For weeks, then months, he and Mrs. Raiford worked together, for he had taught her so well that patients thought she was a trained nurse. By her comradeship in toil, she inspired her husband in his superhuman task.

Rural transportation was always a problem. Raiford finally abandoned his horse and buggy in favor of a motorcycle, but he soon discovered that he could not carry sufficient medical and food supplies for hundreds of cases. Yet when he replaced the motorcycle with a Model-T, his problems really began.

"I would get stuck on a mountain road, with not a soul in sight," he recalls. "Then it was up to me to take the ax I carried, chop down a tree, brace it under the car and lift the wheels out."

Today, the Raifords like to tell of their "good old days"—most of it with humor but much of it close to tears. Few patients could pay in money. They gave the doctor hams, chickens, rabbits, vegetables, almost anything. Yet money was what he needed, for there were now two sons, Morgan and Fletcher, both needing care and education.

IT WAS IN THE EARLY 1920s that Raiford took the first step that ultimately led to today's Memorial Hospital. He moved to Sedley, a few miles north of Franklin, and into an eight-room house. There he installed three beds for patients and acquired Miss Beulah Nance as nurse. The makeshift hospital inspired quips in town, and some skepticism among his medical colleagues. However, patients began to arrive, and soon Raiford opened an office in Franklin.

When he finally took over an abandoned hotel and remodeled it as a small hospital with six beds, townspeople thought he had gone mad. Doctors hooted. Public opinion said that anyone who could afford hospital care would go to the city. But the doctor just kept on working and smiling while neighbors sat in judgment.

Money was forever a problem. His beds were always full, but his humanitarian principles were so far above money that his patients had only to whisper and he would send no bill. Finally, when the two Raiford sons were ready to attend medical college, Mrs. Raiford took over as business manager. Dr. Raiford still smiles in wonder today: "She collected the bills—and people kept on liking her!"

The hospital grew—expanded into a modern, profitable, 35-bed institution. Until 1942 it was owned entirely by Raiford. Then the war multiplied hospital needs, and Raiford found himself with an avalanche of patients. At this point he sought Federal aid through the Lanham Act, a wartime measure to provide funds for legitimate hospital requirements.

Dr. Raiford found that in order to qualify, he must turn the hospital into a community enterprise and charter it as a non-stock corporation. This he did, inviting local

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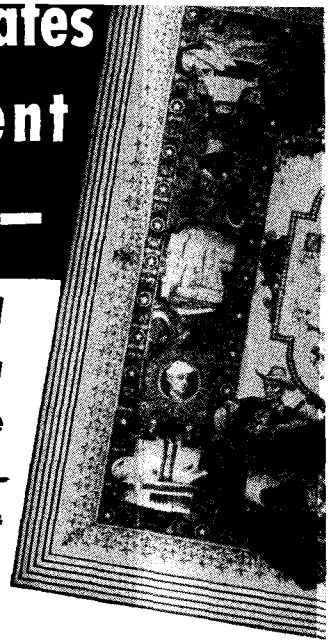

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businessmen to serve on the board while he remained chairman. As a result, he was awarded a Federal grant of $141,500, and priority to build. An additional $50,000 required to complete the project was then raised locally.

The Raiford Memorial Hospital became a buff-brick dream hospital with all the essentials, including an emergency power plant, a laundry—even an iron lung.

Framed on the wall of Raiford's office is the hospital's credo: "A better and wider distribution of good medical and hospital care to all the people of a country district, regardless of color, creed or economic station in life."

The institution has comparable facilities for all, regardless of color. Here the area's three Negro doctors bring cases for modern care and treatment; here their patients are efficiently served by white-uniformed Negro nurses.

The hospital has six physicians (including Raiford's two sons) in six major fields of specialization: surgery, internal medicine, eye, ear, nose and throat, obstetrics, pediatrics and radiology. But emphasis in the "Group Clinic" is on pooled knowledge. Any doctor can be called into consultation by any other doctor, and one patient may see the entire staff during the course of a single visit.

Gentle, kind, big-framed Dr. Raiford, at 66, is there every day, all day, and can pinch-hit for any specialist in any branch.

"I guess I do things a modern specialist wouldn't attempt," he says; "I've done everything—and nothing bothers me anymore."

The Raifords live today in a large and comfortable house three blocks from the hospital, with their two sons, daughters-in-law and grandchildren near-by. Their most treasured keepsake is a little theme written by an 11-year-old local schoolboy back in 1934, when the struggle was hardest:

"Dr. Raiford has devoted his life to the betterment of humanity. He has found the journey hard, has battled against obstacles, has penetrated doubt and fear. He has served mankind; therefore he has served God."

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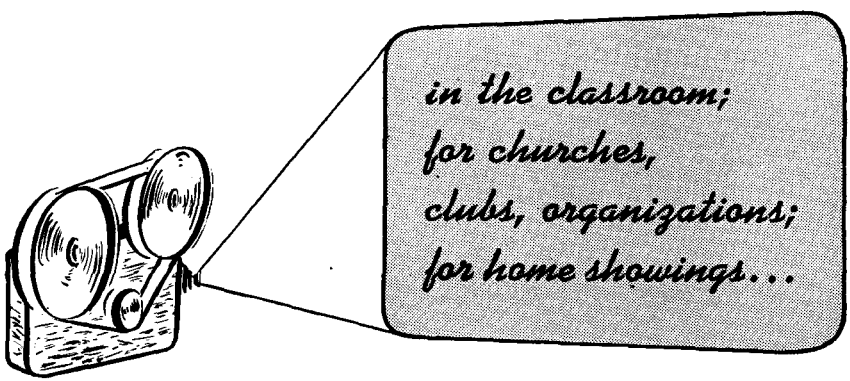

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This Month's Cover: In painting Coronet's nostalgic March cover, artist Jim Lockhart didn't have to look far for models: he found them right in his own home. The delighted —and delightful—children are his son and daughter, David, 4, and Patricia, 7; and the genial driver of the sleigh is their grandfather, Leland Lockhart, who came up from the South for a visit in Chicago and unexpectedly found himself the central figure in a wintry scene. Incidentally, it was while studying engineering at the University of Arkansas that the younger Lockhart first took up art. A stint as art editor of the college yearbook was enough to turn him from his chosen vocation.

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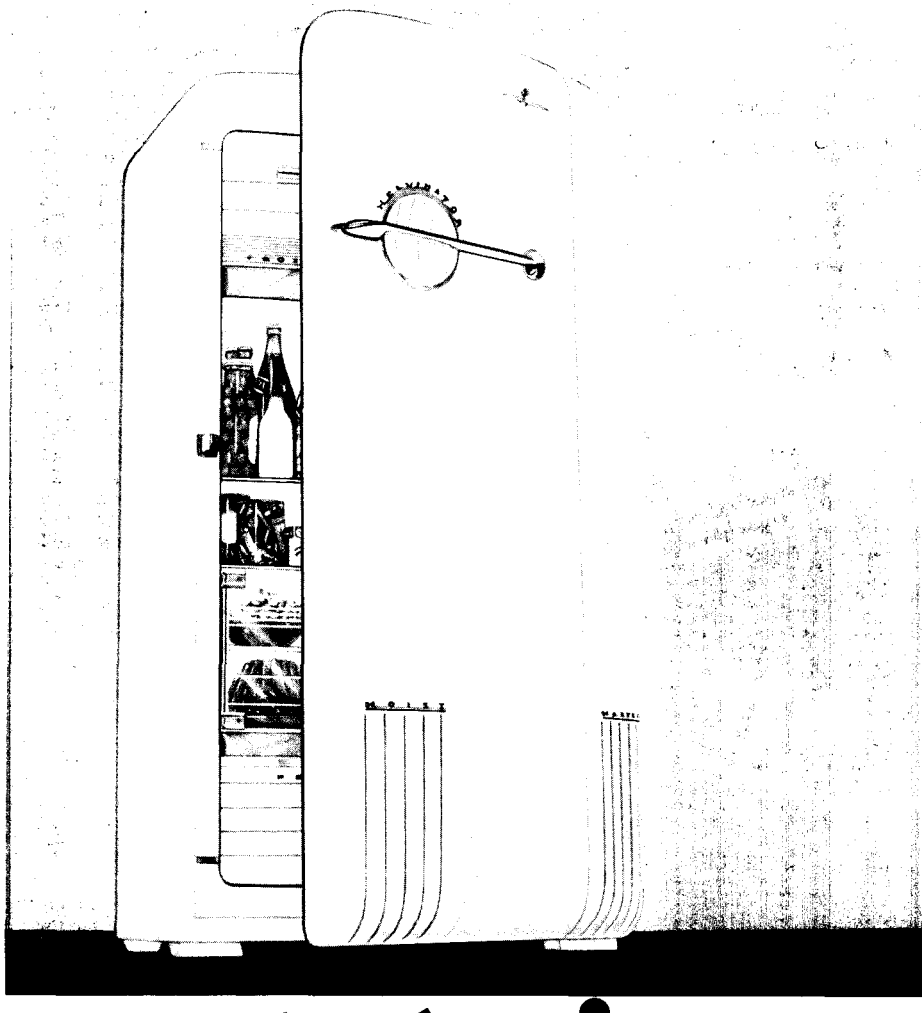

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